## PAMELA:

. O R,

## VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

### FAMILIAR LETTERS

Brom a Beautiful

Young DAMSEL to her PARENTS:

And afterwards,

### In her EXALTED CONDITION.

BETWEEN

HER, and Persons of Figure and Quality,

UPON THE

Most Important and Entertaining Subjects
In Genteel Life.

#### In FOUR VOLUMES.

Published in order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

The SIXTH EDITION; Corrected.

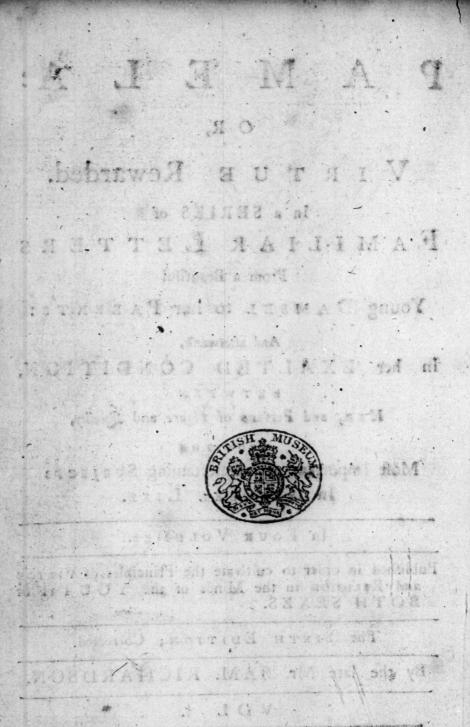
By the late Mr. SAM. RICHARDSON.

VOL I.

### LONDON:

Sold by WILLIAM OTRIDGE, opposite the North-side of the New Church, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.



Eold by Whiteh Oresmon, opening the North-Eds of the Miss Miss Charles, in the Shand.

# PREFACE

BYTHE

## EDITOR.

I f to Divert and Entertain, and at the same time to Instruct and Improve the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes:

IF to inculcate Religion and Morality in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally delightful and profitable:

IF to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, the Filial, and the Social Duties:

IF to paint VICE in its proper Colours, to make it deservedly Odious; and to set VIRTUE in its own amiable Light, to make it look Lovely:

IF

IF to draw Characters with Justness, and to support them distinctly:

IF to raise a Distress from natural Causes, and excite a Compassion from just ones:

IF to teach the Man of Fortune how to use it; the Man of Passion how to subdue it; and the Man of Intrigue, how, gracefully, and with Honour to himfelf, to reclaim:

IF to give practical Examples, worthy to be follow'd in the most critical and affecting Cases, by the Virgin, the Bride, and the Wife:

IF to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so lively a manner, as shall engage the Passions of every sensible Reader, and attach their Regard to the Story:

AND all without raising a single Idea throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in the warmest of those Instances where Purity would be most apprehensive:

If

IF these be laudable or worthy Recommendations, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation both in Truth and in Nature, ventures to assert, that all these Ends are obtained here, together.

CONFIDENT therefore of the favourable Reception which he ventures to be speak for this little Work, he thinks any Apology for it unnecessary: And the rather for two Reasons, 1st, Because he can appeal from his own Passions, (which have been uncommonly moved in perusing it) to the Passions of Every one who shall read with Attention: And, in the next place, because an Editor can judge with an Impartiality which is rarely to be found in an Author.

THE foregoing is the Editor's Preface to the Two first Volumes of this Piece, in Twelves: And there were, moreover, prefix'd to them, Two Recommendatory Letters; as also to the Four latter Impressions, an Introductory Preface, by an ingenious Gentleman, who kindly undertook to answer some Objections, made by well-meaning

meaning Persons, to a few Passages in the Work. But it has been thought adviseable to omit These, in the present Edition; because the kind Reception which these Volumes have met with, renders the Recommendatory Letters unnecessary; and because the most material of the Objections answer'd in the Introductory Presace, are taken notice of and obviated in the Third Volume, in Letters from the fair Writer to Lady Davers, and others of her Correspondents. And their Place is supply'd, not unusefully, it is presum'd, by the following Epitome of the Work.

THE Editor has been much press'd with Importunities and Conjectures in relation to the Person and Family of the incomparable Lady, who is the Subject of these Volumes: All that he thinks himself at Liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the Story has its Foundation in Truth: And that there was a Necessity, for obvious Reasons, to vary and disquise some Facts and Circumstances, as also the Names of Persons, Places, &c.

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OF THE

### FOUR VOLUMES.

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VI. To the same. Further Instances of her Master's Goodness to her. Her joyful Gratitude upon it. He praises her Person

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XIII. From her PARENTS. Their Concern and Apprehensions for her. They think it best for her to return to them; but are the easier, as she lies with Mrs. Jervis.

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Pertness;

Pertness; attributes her Fit to Hypocrisy; and tells her she shall return to her former Poverty and Distress. Her moving Behaviour on this Occasion.

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XXX. To the same. Her Master, contrary to what she feared, when she next sees him, treats her kindly. Bespeaks her Confidence in him. Avows his Love to her. Intimates, that he will make all her Family happy. Protests he has no View to her Dishonour in it. Particularizes those Parts of her Conduct and Behaviour which had mov'd him in her Favour: And tells her, that if she will stay but a Fortnight longer, she shall

find

find her Account in it. Her Distress and Difficulties upon these favourable Appearances. He gives her a short Time to consider of his Proposal, and retires. The different Agitations of her Mind on this Occasion; yet at last resolves to insist upon going away.

XXXI. To the same. She declares her Determination to go. He offers her a Sum of Money for her Father. She refuses it till she knows what he is to do for it, and what is to become of herself. He then intimates, that he will find her a Husband, who shall make her a Gentlewoman. She dissembles her Resentment of his base Designs, till she gets from him; and then, by Writing, signifies to him her Resolution to go to her Parents. He threatens her by Mrs. Fervis; but says she may go when she will. Gives Leave for his Travelling Chariot and Lincoln-shire Coachman to carry her, and sends her Five Guineas.—
Her Verses on her Departure.

The EDITOR'S Account of what happen'd after she set out: Of her being carried to her Master's Seat in Lincolnsbire, instead of to her Father's.—Of John's treacherous Baseness, in delivering all her Letters to his Master, before he carried them to her Parents.—The Copy of a Letter from the Squire to her Father, containing his pretended Reasons for not permitting her to go to them.—Her Parents Grief.—Her Father, traveling all Night, arrives in the Morning at the Squire's. What passed between Mrs. Jervis, the Squire, and the old Man, on that Occasion.—Copy of Pamela's Letter to Mrs. Jervis, which, as it afterwards appears, she was induced to write by a prescribed Form, lest her Parents Grief should be fatal to them.

XXXII. From Pamela to her Parents. Bewails her wretched Condition, and the vile Trick put upon her. Writes the Particulars of it, tho' she knows not how to convey it to them.— Her Stratagems on the Road to escape, when she found herself betray'd, all frustrated by her Master's Precautions.—She is met by Mrs. Jewkes, and conducted to the Lincolnshire Seat. That Woman's vile Behaviour and Wickedness. Her Reproaches of the Coachman. Tampers, but to no Purpose, with Mrs. Jewkes.

### Her JOURNAL,

Begun for her Amusement, and in hopes to find some Opportunity to send it to them.—Describes the Servants there.—All her Hopes centre in moving Mr. Williams to affish her Escape. 178 SUNDAY. Mrs. Jewkes's Insolence to Mr. Williams; and still greater to her, ordering her Shoes to be taken from her. Describes the Person of the bad Woman.—John arrives with a Letter [2 3]

from her Master to her, requiring her to copy a prescribed Form of a Letter to her Parents, to make them easy. She complies for their sakes; and writes a moving one to her Master.

Monday. John's excessive Concern on restlecting upon his own Baseness, makes Mrs. Jewkes suspect he loves Pamela, and narrowly watch him: However, he privately drops a Letter, which Pamela takes up, in which he consesses his Villainy to her. Her Surprize upon it.---All the Cloaths her Lady and Master had given her, brought down to her, but locked up from her by Mrs. Jewkes.

Tuesday, Wednesday. Her Contrivance to correspond with Mr. Williams, and to keep from Mrs. Jewkes the Knowlege of her little Stores of Pens, Ink, and Paper. The Contents of her first Letter to him, reciting her Dangers, and begging him to assist her to escape. Suggests several Methods, and hopes much from his Key of the Back-door.

THURSDAY. Further Instances of Mrs. Fewkes's Insolence to her. Pamela refents her profligate Talk, and is struck by her. Forced to put up with this infolent Treatment, lest the Correspondence with Mr. Williams should be frustrated .-- A Letter from that Gentleman, 'declaring his Readiness to affift her. Gives her an Account of the Gentry in the Neighbourhood. That he will try, if she pleases, to move Lady Darnford to protect her. Praises her Beauty and Virtue.' Her Answer; 'defiring a Key may be made by his, to the Back-door. Hopes by his Means to be enabled to fend a Packet to her Parents. Has a Stock of five or fix Guineas, and defires to put half in his Hands to defray Incidents.'--She exults to her Father and Mother in the Success of her Plot .-- Is permitted to angle; and hooks a Carp, which, moved by a Reflection upon her own Case, she throws in again. 203

FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Mrs. Jewkes tricks her out of her little Stock of Money.—She receives a Letter from her Master, fignisying, 'That if she will invite him to come, her generous 'Considence in him shall not be thrown away upon him; and he will put Mrs. Jewkes into her Power; and permit Mrs. Jervis to attend her, &c.'---- A Second Letter from Mr. Williams, acquainting her, 'That he has been repulsed by every one to whom he has apply'd in her Favour. That he shall soon procure the Key she desires, and a Man and Horse to carry her to one of the distant Villages: So begs her not to be discomforted.'---- Her Answer. 'Fears her Master's coming may be sudden; that therefore no Time is

to be lost. --- Acquaints him with Mrs. Fewkes's Trick to get her Money.---Her moving Letter to her Master, in An-

fwer to his; in which she absolutely denies her Consent to his coming down.

SUNDAY. Is concern'd she has not the Key. Turns the exxxviith Psalm to her own Case.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Is pleased, that Mr. Williams has got a large Parcel of her Papers, to send away to her Parents. He has procur'd the Key for her; and now only waits for the Horse.—Mrs. Jewkes suspects by his Looks, that he is in Love with Pamela, and pretends to wish it to be a Match between them.—His third Letter, intimating, 'That 's she has but One way honourably to avoid the Danger she is in; and that is, by marrying. Modestly tenders himself.' Her Observations upon it to her Parents.—In her Answer to Mr. Williams intimates, 'Her Gratitude for his generous Offer; but that nothing but to avoid her utter Ruin, can make her think of a Change of Condition; and that therefore he must expect nothing from her but everlasting Gratitude.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Lays a Trap to come at Mrs. Fewkes's Instructions; but fails in it. Mr. Williams promises to assist her to his Power, though she has not so readily come into his Proposal, as he wished.

SUNDAY. That the has a strange Turn to acquaint her Parents with, in the Contents of two Letters from her Master; one to Mr. Williams, the other to Mrs. Jewkes. In the former, he acquaints Mr. Williams, 'That by the Death of the late Incumbent, he has an Opportunity to make him doubly happy in a lovely Wife, and a fine Living. That he will account for his odd Conduct in this Affair to him, when he fees him. That he only defires he will let him know, that Pamela approves of him, and he of her.' Mrs. Jewkes communicates her Letter, which confirms the Contents of the other. She upbraids Pamela with her past Mistrusts of the Designs of so good a Master. But she, still suspecting a Stratagem, cautions Mr. Williams upon his honest Joy, and open-hearted Declaration; of which Mrs. Jewkes takes Advantage: But yet is fo civil to them both, that she hopes now for a happy Deliverance, and to be foon with her Parents.

The JOURNAL continued.

Further Instances of Mrs. Fewkes's Civility to her, who presses her to encourage Mr. Williams's Address; and, upon her Refusal, supposes the has some Pre-engagement. Mr. Williams goes home to write a Letter on his own Account to her Parents. She begs they will not encourage his Address.

Monday Morning. Mr. Williams is attack'd by supposed Robbers, on his Return to the Village. His woeful Letter to Mrs. Fewkes, giving an Account of the Disaster. Mrs. Fewkes ridicules

ridicules the Misfortune. Pamela's Mistrusts increase. Refuses to accompany Mrs. Jewkes to make him a Visit. In her Absence, has great Temptations to make her Escape: But is frighted at her own apprehensive Fancies, and unable to refolve.

Monday Afternoon. Mrs. Jewkes returns from visiting Mr. Williams. Raillies Pamela, and makes a Jest of his Fright. Declares she had got out of him all that was plotting between him and her. Advises her to send a Letter of Thanks to her Master, for his Favour to her, in relation to Mr. Williams: On her Refusal, declares her to be quite unfathomable. Pamela apprehends Mischief hatching.

Tuesday, Wednesday. Mrs. Jewkes's Change of Temper to Mr. Williams. He is surprised at it. Pamela writes to him, blaming his Openness. Desires to know what he had said to Mrs. Jewkes; and proposes to resume the Project of escapeing.

Thursday. His Answer. 'Thinks Mr. B. neither can nor dare deceive him in so black a Manner. That John Arnold acquaints him, that his Master is preparing for his London Journey; after which he will come into Lincolnshire. That John refers to a Letter he had sent before, but which is not come to hand; yet hopes there is no Treachery. Owns he was too free in Talk with Mrs. Jewkes: But said not a Word of the Back-door, Key, &c.'-- Her Reply, expressing her great Uneasiness and Doubts; and impatiently wishes for the Horse.

FRIDAY. Mr. Williams's Answer. 'He thinks her too apprehensive. Doubts not, that Things must be better than she
apprehends.'--- Sends her a Letter from her Father: Signifying
his and her Mother's grateful Hopes, that their Prayers for her
are at last heard; and their Pleasure to find her Virtue in View
of its Reward. Thinks she cannot do better than to marry
Mr. Williams: But refers this to her own Prudence.' Her
dutiful Joy upon the Receipt of this Letter.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY. Mrs. Jewkes quarrels with Mr. Williams.

Pamela is more and more convinced there is Mischief brewing.

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Monday, Tuesday. All now out! --- Two Letters brought from Mr. B. one to Pamela, the other to Mrs. Jewkes; but being folded and sealed alike, that to her, was directed to Mrs. Jewkes, and Mrs. Jewkes's to her. Is quite confounded at the Mistake; but more at the Contents; in which he declares to Mrs. Jewkes the utmost Resentment against her, on Mr. Williams's Account.

Sends down a Swiss, who is to affist in preventing her Escape: That John Arnold has proved a Villain, and shall meet with

6 his

his Reward. That he has order'd his Attorney to arrest Mr. Williams in an Action of Debt, and will utterly ruin

'him. That he hates her perfectly now, and on his Return from London will decide her Fate.' Her Affliction and Despair make even Mrs. Fewkes pity her; who gives her the Letter written for her, which is full of violent Upbraidings and Threatnings. --- Her Reflections upon her hard Fortune: Begs Mrs. Fewkes to let Mr. Williams know her Master's Resentment, that he may sly the Country. Mrs. Fewkes glories in her wicked Fidelity, and threatens to be more circumspect over her than ever. ---- Her Apprehensions of Colbrand the Swis, whose odd Person and Dress she describes. 267

Wednesday. Mr. Williams actually arrested. She forms a new Stratagem for her Escape, resolving to get out of the Window into the Garden, when Mrs. Jewkes is asleep; and to throw some of her Cloaths into the great Pond, to make it believ'd she had drowned herself, in order to gain more Time for escaping by the Back-door; and trust the rest to Providence. — Overhears Mrs. Jewkes owning to Monsieur Colbrand in her Cups, that the Robbery of Mr. Williams was owing to a Contrivance of her own, to come at his Letters.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. That every thing has been worse and worse; and all her Contrivances ruin'd. She recounts the Particulars of her fruitless Attempt. Her Sufferings and Bruises. Being quite desperate, is tempted to drown herself. Her Soliloquy by the Pond Side. Has the Grace to escape the Temptation, and limps away to the Woodhouse, and, half-dead with her Bruises and Distresses, creeps behind a Pile of Fire-wood. --- Mrs. Jewkes's Fright on missing her: She raises the House; and at last, finding some of her Cloaths in the Pond, they conclude she had drowned herself. Their dismal Lamentations; fearing their Master's Resentment. Nan, at last, finds her in the Wood-house, unable to stir. Mrs. Jewkes's Cruelty to her.

SUNDAY Afternoon. That Health is hardly to be coveted in her Circumstances. Dreads the coming of her Master. Yet having heard, that he had been near drowning in the Pursuit of his Game, she could not help rejoicing in his Sasety. Wonders what is the Matter she cannot hate him for his ill Usage of her. ---- Hears, that John Arnold is turn'd away; and that Mr. Longman, Mr. Jonathan, and Mrs. Jervis are in Danger, for offering to intercede for her, knowing now where the is

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Mrs. Jewkes more and more infolent to her. Talks filthily to her, and ridicules her Notions of Virtue.

THURS-

THURSDAY. Apprehends from some particular Dispositions, that her Master will soon come. Her moving Resection on his pretended Love to her, and his Promise not to see her, without her own Consent. Believes he perfectly hates her; else, that he would not leave her thus to the Mercy of this bad Woman.

FRIDAY. Mrs. Jewkes apprehends the deligns another Escape. Her Violence to her upon it. She locks her up without Shoes in the Day, and makes her lie between herself and the Maid at Night. She is weary of her Life. -- That she has just given her her Shoes, and laid her Commands upon her to dress herself in one of the Suits she had lock'd up from her, against three or four o'Clock, telling her, she would have a Visit from Lady Darnford's two Daughters. That she will not obey her; resolving not to be made a Shew of.

Ibid.

Five o'Clock is come, and no young Ladies. --- She thinks she hears their Coach. Resolves not to go down to them. Steps to the Window; and, to her utmost Surprize and Terror, there beholds her Master just arrived.

Seven o'Clock is come, and she has not yet seen him. Doubts not that something is resolving against her. Is full of trembling Consustion and Grief.

Ibid.

SATURDAY Morning. Relates, that at half an Hour after Seven the preceding Night, her Master came up to her. His stern Behaviour, and violent Reproaches. Withdraws threatening, and leaves her ready to die with Grief and Apprehension. Mrs. Jewkes's impertinent Soothings, and detestable Hint, that she may make up all by the Morning.—Her Master orders her down to attend him at Supper. His harsh Treatment of her, as she waits upon him. Mrs. Jewkes's officious Stories against her. On her Knees she begs he'll hear her tell of that Woman's Usage of her. He cruelly interrupts her, and justifies Mrs Jewkes. And after many Reproaches and Threatenings on his Side, and vile Instigations on Mrs. Jewkes's, he bids the latter take her up Stairs, and he'll send her a few Lines to consider of; her Answer to which shall fix her Doom. Ibid.

SATURDAY Naon. Sends Proposals to her in Writing, to live with him as his Mistress, offering her very high Terms for herself and Friends; and affuring her, that if she refuses them, he will put his Designs in Execution, and she shall have no Benefit from them.—Her noble and resolute Answer; absolutely resusing all his Offers with Disdain. He storms against her to Mrs. Jewkes upon it, who most impudently instigates him to execute all his Purposes.

SATURDAY Night. He sends Mrs Jewkes for her. She is going down; but finding Mrs. Jewkes lead to his Chamber, she turns back, notwithstanding his Menaces. Mrs. Jewkes ridi-

cules

cules her Fears, and upbraids her with the Appeal she would have made to her Master against her.

Sunday. Her Master, being from home, sends a Letter to Mrs. Jewkes, signifying, that he is going to Stamford on Mr. Williams's Account, and shall not be back till the next Evening, if then. That she must not trust Pamela without another's lying with her, as well as herself. She sees this Letter, thro' Mrs. Jewkes's pretended Carelessines, and rejoices at this further Reprieve.

Tuesday Night. She gives the Particulars of the worst Attempt he had yet made, and of Mrs. Jewkes's wicked Assistance, and her narrow Escape, by falling into Fits. On her Recovery he gives her Hopes, that he will never offer to compel her again. Desires, for her own Sake, that she will not attempt to get away for a Fortnight to come, and that she will forgive Mrs. Jewkes. Is pleased with her Answer. Seems to be all Kindness. Talks of Love without Reserve; which, with other Liberties which he calls innocent, makes her very uneasy.

WEDNESDAY Morning. Sends for her to walk with him in the Garden. Likes not him, nor his Ways. And why. He refents an Expression which his free Usage provoked from her. She expostulates with him on his Proceedings.

Wednesday Night. His great Kindness and Favour to her before Mrs. Jewkes. Mrs. Jewkes's respectful Behaviour to her upon it, and Apprehensions of her resenting her past Baseness. His Goodness to her, and Admiration of her Prudence, fill her with Hopes of his honourable Designs. But, on a sudden, he damps all again, and leaves her in a State of Uncertainty. 354

THURSDAY Morning. Mr. B. being to go to Stamford, acquaints her, that either Mrs. Jervis or Mr. Longman, whom, with Jonathan, he has discharged, will attempt to convey a Letter to her in his Absence: That he will take it kindly, if she will confine herself pretty much to her Chamber till he returns. She promises not to stir any-where without Mrs. Jewkes. 368

FRIDAY Night. A Gipsey, under Pretence of telling Mrs. Jewkes and her their Fortunes, finds means to drop a Letter for her, the Contents of which alarm her with the Intimation of a Stratagem of a sham Marriage designed. Her passionate Resections upon him and his Designs on this Occasion.

SATURDAY Noon. Her Master returns. Mrs. Jewkes, coming upon her by Surprize, seizes a Parcel of her Papers, and carries them to him. Her Apprehensions on this Account. 377

SATURDAY, Six o'Clock. Intreats him to return her Papers unread. He refuses. Her sharp Expressions hereupon make him angry with her. She endeavours to pacify him.---Having read the Papers, he sends for her, and insparingly discovers,

that she has Papers of a later Date than these, and insists upon seeing them. She refuses; but he frightens her into a Compliance.

Sunday Morning. On reading her last Papers, which contain her Temptations at the Pond, he is greatly moved. His kind Behaviour to her; yet, apprehending that this Kindness is but consistent with the sham Marriage she dreads, she still insists upon going to her Parents. He falls into a violent Rage hereupon, will not suffer her to speak, and bids her begone from his Presence.

SUNDAY, Three o'Clock. Her Reflections upon the Haughtiness of People in a high Condition.—Is surprised by a Message from Mrs. Jewkes, that she must instantly leave the House. Prepares to go, but cannot help being grieved.—The travelling Chariot is drawn out. Colbrand is getting on Horseback. Wonders where all this will end.

### CONTENTS of Vol. II.

The JOURNAL Continued.

MONDAY. MRS. Jewkes infults her on her Departure. Her wicked Hints to her Master in her hearing. He rebukes her for them. Pamela bleffes him on her Knees for it.---Wonders she could be so loth to leave the House.—The Chariot drives away with her. She can hardly think but she is in a Bream all the time. --- A Copy of her Master's Letter to her, deliver'd at a certain Distance, 'full of Tenderness and Respect, declaring his honourable Intentions to her, had she not unseafonably, in the midst of his Kindness to her, preferred going to her Parents.' She laments that she gave Credit to the Gipsey-story. Accuses her Heart of Treachery to her. MONDAY Morning, Eleven. More surprising Things still, as the fays. Thomas the Groom overtakes her with a second Letter from her Master, declaring, 'That he finds he cannot live without her. That if she will return, it will lay him under the highest Obligation.' Her Reasonings with herself, whether to go back, or to proceed. At last, resolves to oblige him.

Tuesday Morning. Her Master's Pleasure and Gratitude on her Return. Orders that she be left intirely at her own Liberty to go and come as she pleases, and the Chariot to be at her Service. Acquaints her, that he had set Mr. Williams at Liberty, and taken his Bond. He gives her a Letter to peruse from Lady

Lady Davers, who severely and lostily expostulates with him on her Account, declaring, 'That if he should marry her, she will renounce all Relation to him; but begs that he will give her a Sum of Money, and marry her to some Fellow of her own Degree.' Pamela's serious Reslections upon the Pride of People of Birth and Condition.

Wednesday Morning. Her Master takes an Airing with her in the Chariot. His great Kindness. Gives his Reasons for dismissing Mr. Longman, Mrs. Jervis, and Jonathan, and for his Resentent against his Sister.—Intimates the Slights she will receive from Persons of Figure, if he marries her; and asks, how she will imploy her Time, when she has not the genteel Amusements, to which she will be intitled as his Wife. Is highly delighted with her remarkable and instructive Answer. Clears up, to her Satisfaction, the Gipsey's Information. Acquaints her with the neighbouring Ladies intending to make him a Visit, on purpose to see and admire her.—Mrs. Jewkes's Humility, and Apprehension of her Resentment. He intercedes for her.—She resolves, throughout her future Life, to rely on Providence, who has brought such real Good to her out of such evil Appearances.

Thursday. Declares his Intentions of privately marrying her.—
His Servant, who had been fent by her, at his Request, for the
Papers which were in her Father's Hands, returns without them,
and reports her Parents Grief, who apprehended she had been
subdued to his own Terms. He directs her to write to make
them easy.—An accidental Conversation between her Master
and Mr. Williams, which gives her Hopes of their Reconciliation.

FRIDAY. She gives the Particulars of what passed in the Visit of the neighbouring Gentry. Their high Encomiums upon her Person and Behaviour. Miss Polly Darnford particularly fond of her.

FRIDAY Afternoon: Her Father's unexpected Arrival, while all the Guests are together. Is kindly received by her Master, and all his Fears for his Daughter's Virtue dissipated.—The Company greatly affected at the first Interview between her Father and her. Writes to her Mother all the moving Particulars of it.—Her Master's Kindness, and Declarations of his honourable Intentions, give inexpressible Joy to her Father.

SATURDAY. Her Master, seeing by the Papers brought by her Father, how hardly she had been treated by Mrs. Fewkes, offers to remove her from her Presence. Is pleased with her forgiving Temper.—Takes an Airing with her Father and her, and designedly falls in with Mr. Williams. His Kindness to that Gentle.

Gentleman. Gives him up his Bond, and requests him to officiate next Day in his newly fitted up Chapel.

SUNDAY. Mr. Williams accordingly officiates. Her Father performs the Clerk's Part with Applause. Mr. B.'s pleasant Remarks on her Paraphrase on the cxxxviith Psalm. Mr. Andrews joyfully takes Leave, to carry the good Tidings of all these Things to his Wife.

Monday. Mr. B. brings her a Licence, and presses for the Day. Her Desire that it may be on a Thursday, and Reasons for it. He raillies her agreeably on that Head. The Thursday following fixed upon. He proposes, in a generous manner, that Mr. Williams shall marry them.

TUESDAY. Her ferious Reflections on the near Prospect of her important Change of Condition. Is diffident of her own Wortbiness. Prays for Humility, that her new Condition may not be a Snare to her. How she intends to behave herself to the Servants.

WEDNESDAY. Her alternate Fears and Exultation, as the Day draws nigh. His generous and polite Tenderness to her. Her modest, humble, and thankful Returns. Readily, at his Proposal, consents to let Mrs. Fewkes attend her at her Nuptials. 153

THURSDAY Morning. His generous and encouraging Tenderness to her. Her grateful Acknowlegements. 165

THURSDAY Afternoon. The happy Celebration of her Nuptials. Her joyful Exultations to her Parents upon it. Mr. B.'s Generosity to Mr. Peters, and Mr. Williams. — Are broken in upon by three rakish Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, which obliges her to dine without him. — Mrs. Jewkes's dutiful and submissive Behaviour to her. — The different Aspect every thing bears to her, now her Prison is become her Palace.

FRIDAY Evening. His polite Demeanour to her, and Generofity to her Parents. Gives her a large Sum to distribute among the Servants on Occasion of her Nuptials. He kindly complies with her Intercession for Mr. Longman, Mrs. Fervis, Fonathan, and John Arnold.

SATURDAY Morning. Copy of Mr. B.'s Letter to Mr. Longman, and of hers to Mrs. Ferwis, in the kindest manner desiring them to take Possession, with Fonathan, of their former Offices. ---- Rejoices in her Happiness, and prays that her Will to do Good may be inlarged with her Opportunities.

SATURDAY Evening. Mr. B.'s kind Intentions towards her Parents. His generous annual Allowance to her for her private Charities.

SUNDAY. Has now nothing to wish for, but a Reconciliation between Lady Davers and her Brother. His Rules to her, in relation

relation to Dress, and to different Parts of Family Management; and to her own Deportment, on particular Occasions.—
The neighbouring Gentry, on their Visit to Mr. B. railly her upon her stollen Marriage.——Mr. B. sent for Post-haste to visit a dying Friend. Her serious Resections on the Occasion.——Observes, in the resormed Behaviour of Mrs. Jewkes, the Force which the good Examples of Principals have on Inseriors.

Monday. On Receipt of a Letter from Mr. B. she prepares to go to meet him at Sir Simon Darnford's; but, to her great Consulion, is prevented by the Arrival of Lady Davers, with Lord Fackey, her Nephew. The Particulars of the harsh Treatment she met with on that Occasion: Which at last obliges her to leap from the Parlour Window, and to sly to the Chariot, which carries her to Sir Simon's. --- What passed on that Occasion between Mr. B. and her, and between them and the rest of the neighbouring Gentry, and some Guests of Sir Simon's, who greatly admire her.

Tuesday. Lady Davers's outrageous Behaviour to her Brother. He argues with her on the Difference between a Gentleman's and a Lady's marrying beneath themselves. She at last provokes him to a violent Resentment, in which Pamela, interposing, incurs his Displeasure.—At last a happy Reconciliation takes Place.—She gives the Particulars of a Conversation between Mr. B. and herself, when alone together, in which he tells her what he expects from her suture Conduct; which she afterwards reduces into forty-eight Articles, and remarks upon.—She is a little tinctured with Jealousy upon a Charge made by Lady Davers, in her Passion, of an Intrigue between him and Miss Sally Godfrey.

Wednesday. She relates briefly to Lady Davers her past Trials and Distresses, who is greatly delighted with her Story; and desires to see all her Papers, that she may admire her more, and doubts not they will justify the Step her Brother has taken. She promises, with Mr. B.'s Consent, to oblige her Ladyship as soon as her Parents return them. — Wonders, to herself, if Miss Godfrey be dead or living.

WEDNESDAY Night. The neighbouring Gentry take Leave of Mr. and Mrs. B. on their fetting out for Bedford/bire,---- Mrs. Jewkes, with Tears, begs her to forgive her patt Wickedness to her. --- Miss Darnford and she agree upon a Correspondence by Letters. Her Value and Esteem for that young Lady.

SATURDAY. Lady Davers sets out for her own Seat; and Mr. and Mrs. B. for Bedfordsbire. --- Her Emotions of Joy and Gratitude on her Arrival as Mistress of the House she was lately

rurned out of. Mr. B.'s polite Tenderness to her. Her kind Reception of Mrs. Jervis, and affable Behaviour to the Servants.—Mr. B. purs in Force his generous Intention of affigning her a large annual Sum for her private Charities; and directs her to make the like bountiful Presents to the Servants of this House, that she did to those of the other. 369

SUNDAY Night. Has the Pleasure to think, she is not pussed up with this great Change of Condition. Repeats her Supplications for a grateful and humble Heart.

Monday. Desires her Father will send her back all her Papers for Lady Davers. Declares, that their own Creditors shall be paid all their Debts, Interest as well as Principal. --- Requests from them a List of such honest and industrious Poor, as they know to be true Objects of Charity.

Wednesday Evening. Mr. B. brings home to Dinner with him Four of the neighbouring Gentry. What passed on that Occasion. --- She tells her Parents, how much Mr. B. is pleased with their undertaking to manage the Kentish Estate, as he had

directed her to propose to them.

Thursday. Mr. B. carries her to Breakfast ten Miles off, to a neat Dairy-house. He acquaints her with the Method which the Governess of a neighbouring Boarding-school takes, to reward the Diligence of the Misses, by a Ride in a Chaise and Pair to breakfast at this House. Four of them arrive while he is speaking; one of which proves to be the Child he had by Miss Sally Godfrey. Her generous and affecting Conduct on this Occasion.—As they return, he gives the moving Particulars of that Amour, and of the Lady's remarkable Penitence and Prudence; which she greatly admires, and generously extols.

Monday Morning. She gives an Account of their publick Appearance the Day before, at Church; and of what passed in the Morning and Afternoon on that Occasion.

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TUESDAY. An affecting Instance of Mr. B.'s Goodness to her, in settling his Affairs in such Manner, that, in case of his Death without Children by her, neither she nor her Parents should lie at the Mercy of his Heirs. His Request to her, that she will not, in such Case, marry one certain Gentleman; and Reasons for it. Her inexpressible Concern on the tender Subject. He kindly tries to divert her, by repeating a Copy of Verses of his own Composing. Her serious Resections upon the Vanity of human Life in its best Enjoyments.

FRIDAY. The most considerable of the neighbouring Gentry visit them, to congratulate their Nuptials, and all join to admire her. --- She resolves to have no other Pride but in making deserving Objects happy. --- Relates, that Lady Davers

has

has fent for her Papers, and promises, that her Lord and she will soon be ber Guests. --- Wants another Dairy-house Visit. Hopes, as Miss Goodwin grows older, she shall have her committed to her Care. --- Has just received the blessed News, as in a Rapture she calls it, that they are on the Point of setting out to be with her. Prays for a happy Meeting. Impatiently longs for it.

### CONTENTS of Vol. III.

The good old Couple, arriving at the Bedfordshire Mansion, were received by Mr. B. with great Demonstrations of Esteem and Respect and by their beloved Daughter with Transports of dutiful Joy: And having resided there, till every thing was in Order for their Reception at the Kentish Farm, they set out to take Possession of it, accompanied by the happy Pair, who staid with them a Fortnight: And then returning to Bedfordshire, Mrs. B. writes to acquaint them with their safe Arrival, and to the following Essession.

Letter I. WISHES them long Life and Health in their fweet Farm, and pretty Dwelling. --- That Mr. B. intends to fit up some of the Apartments for his own Convepience, designing to retire thither now-and-then. Gives his Directions on that Head. Exults gratefully in her Happiness, and in his generous Tenderness.

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II. From ber FATHER. Their grateful Joy in their present happy Situation: How much it is heighten'd, when they reslect, that all is the Reward of their Child's Virtue. That, nevertheless, he cannot bear to enjoy all these Benefits, without paying for the Stock and Farm what any other Person would pay. His Conversation with Mr. Longman on this Head; and grateful Resolutions upon it. — Acquaints her, That some of his Relations are desirous to come and live with him, as Servants: Desires her Advice upon it. — Hopes to be favour'd now-and-then with a Letter from her, like some of her former.

Way both the and they have to make a fuitable Return to Mr. B. for his Goodness to them. That the must write to them, and cannot help it, if the would; and it is an Augmentation of her Felicity, to be able to add to their Comfort. 13

alV. To the same. That Mr. B. has thought of a Method to make them easy, in the Desire they have to be useful to his Affairs, and at the same Time respected by their Neighbours.

Gives her Opinion at large of the Offer of some of their Relations,

Relations, to serve them in the Farm; in which she shews, in what Instances Relationship should, and should not, be regarded.

V. From her FATHER. Expressing his grateful Acceptance of the Office her Spouse has conferred upon him: That he is intirely convinced by the Reasons she gives him, about taking any of their Relations. --- Acquaints her how much all their Kentish Neighbours admire and bless her and her Consort. 30

VI. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. That she and her Friends have been exceedingly diverted with perusing her Papers; and desires to have the Sequel of them. That Lady Betty praises her Story as the best she had ever heard; yet thinks she had a good Heart to go back again to him, when he had driven her from him on so slight an Occasion. But that, when they had read the rest of her Accounts, they would give her all their Judgments upon her Conduct.

VII. From Mrs. B. in Answer. Wishes to be favour'd with Remarks on her Conduct. Is prepared to receive Blame, and to benefit by it. --- Excuses herself from sending the rest of her Papers: But gives briefly the Contents of them; and, among the rest, the Story of Sally Godfrey, as related to her by Mr. B. --- Hopes, that some of the Scenes, particularly those of her two grand Trials of all, in the Papers her Ladyship had read, were not seen by the Gentlemen; and begs to know if they were. 38

VIII. From Lady Davers in Reply. How much they are all disappointed on her declining to send the rest of her Papers. Insists, however, upon her corresponding with her for the suture, in the same free Manner she used to do with her Parents; and mentions the Subjects she would have her write upon. Having more to say, will soon write again, without waiting for an Answer to this.

IX. From the same Lady. Is glad, that her Brother has let her into the Affair of Miss Godfrey. Desires an Account of the Manner in which he did it, and of her Thoughts upon it. Gives a brief Account of the Lady and her Family.--- Touches upon her Brother's intriguing Spirit.--- That Lady Betty and she will go over her Papers, and if they can find any thing censurable, will freely let her know it.--- Gives her Opinion how she ought to imploy her Time, in order to do Credit to her Elevation, and what their Family hopes from her Brother's Marriage with her.--- Will soon write again, having still more to say.

X. From the same Lady. That the Gentlemen have seen every Part of her Papers: Gives her Reasons, why those Scenes she is so scrupulous about, were necessary to be written by her, and ought to be read by those who saw the rest of her Marra-

tions.

tions. -- That they all blame her for bearing the wicked fewkes in her Sight; and think, that she ought not by any means to have put her on a foot with Mrs. Fervis, in the Present made her on her Nuprials.

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XI. From Mrs. B. in Answer to Lady DAVERS's Three Letters. That, in Obedience to her Ladyship's Commands, she enters upon the Particulars of the happy Fortnight, which Mr. B. and she passed with her Parents, on settling them in the Kentish Farm. Desires to know from this Specimen, before she proceeds, whether her Manner of Writing will be acceptable. 58

XII. From Lady DAVERS, in Reply. Leaves it to her to write in what Manner she pleases. Praises the Copies (which she had sent her) of the Three Letters, that passed between her and her Parents; and finds hitherto, that all her Conduct is unexampled Prudence. Desires to see the Letter she wrote to her Father, about their Relations offering to come to live with them. --- Admires her greatly; but tells her, to what it is she principally owes her Improvements.

XIII. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Attributes all the Advantages her Ladyship imputes to her, to her late excellent Lady; of whose Favours she gives a moving Relation.—Incloses the Letter her Ladyship requires of her, and also her Father's Reply to it; and, being incapable of dark Reserves, is pleased with the Hope, that her Conduct will be under her Ladyship's watchful Eye. Gives farther Particulars relating to the happy Fortnight they passed in Kent.

XIV. From Mrs. B. to the same. Proceeds to answer her Lady-ship's second Article, relating to Miss Godfrey's Affair. Seeks generously to extenuate the Lady's Fault, and shews what a dismal Mortiser Love is, making a Lady think meanly of herself, and highly of the favoured Objects. Begs her Ladyship's future Interest, that Miss Goodwin may be given up to her Care.

XV. From Mrs. B. to the same. She particularly states the Case, and defends her forgiving Conduct to Mrs. Jewkes. Declares, that she has no Notion of the slight Distinction, too commonly made, between Forget and Forgive.

XVI. From Mrs. B. to the same. In order to justify her Conduct by its good Effects on Mrs. Jewkes, she sends her Ladyship a Copy of a Letter from Miss Darnford, in which that young Lady, after mentioning her Papa's slinging a Book at her Head in a peevish Fit, acquaints her with Mr. Peters's Account of the great Change which her Example has wrought upon Mrs. Jewkes. --- Mrs. B. with this Letter, sends also the Copy of a moving one from Mrs. Jewkes to herself, to the same Effect: Then proceeds to answer what is objected to her, for

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putting

putting the two Housekeepers on a foot, in the Present she made to each on her Nuprials.

XVII. From Mrs. B. to the same. Gives her Ladyship a moving Instance of her Bounty and Affection for Mrs. Fervis; and at the same time of her prudent Regard to Mr. B.'s Interest. 105

XVIII. From the same. The generous and noble Manner in which Mr. B. confirmed and extended her Bounty to Mrs. Fervis.

XIX. From Lady DAVERS, in Answer to Mrs. B's last Six Letters. Her Ladyship pleasantly construes her good Conduct and Prudence as a Reproach to herself. Summarily expresses her Approbation of all she has written. --- Desires a Copy of her Answer to Miss Darnsord's Letter; and to the penitent one of Mrs. Jewkes. --- Exclaims against some of her Brother's libertine Notions formerly; and extols her for reclaiming him by her good Example and Conduct.

XX. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Sends her the Copy of her Answer to Miss Darnford, in which she gives 'Mr. B.'s Reasons, 'why every Member of Parliament should attend the Business

of it. --- Presses Miss to winter with them in London.--- Rallies Sir Simon for slinging a Book at Miss's Head, and for what he calls his innocent Double Entendres; and expresses how

'much she is delighted with the Account Miss gives her of Mrs.
'Jewkes's Penitence.'--- Then gives her Ladyship the Copy of her Answer to Mrs. Jewkes's Letter, 'Rejoicing in her Con-

version; encouraging her to Perseverance; arming her against Despondency, and warning her against returning to her former evil Ways. --- Gives her Ladyship an affecting In-

ther former evil Ways.' --- Gives her Ladylhip an affecting Inflance of contented Poverty and Refignation. -- Her ferious Reflections upon the Unsatisfiedness which attends even the highest Enjoyments. --- Is delighted with her Ladyship's Approbation of her Conduct to Miss Goodwin. Generously endeavours again to extenuate her Mamma's Fall, and to exalt her Merit for her remarkable Penitence.

XXI. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. That Sir Simon affects to be in a great Pet at her lecturing him as she had done, and threatens to demand Satisfaction of Mr. B. for it. --- That she fears Mr. B.'s former Character will prevent Sir Simon from permitting her to winter with them. That since she is denied a personal Conversation with her, desires in all their Names an epistolary one; and particularly to know how Lady Davers's first Visit to her passes. --- That since she wrote the above, it comes out, that her Papa's Refusal of her wintering with her, is owing to a Proposal made him of an Humble Servant for one of his Daughters. --- That Mr. Peters desires her to mention his hearty Sorrow for having formerly deny'd her the Pro-

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tection of his House; and hopes, that neither Religion nor his Cloth may suffer in her Opinion on that Account. --- Felicitates her on the Efficacy of her Example, as well upon Enemies as Friends.

XXII. From Sir Simon Darnford to Mr. B. Humorously complaining of the Freedoms Mrs. B. has taken with him to his Daughter. Insists upon Satisfaction from him. 153

XXIII. From Mr. B. in Answer to Sir Simon. In which, under the Notion of espousing his Cause against his own Lady, he puts ber into Fear, and at the same time severely rallies Sir Simon on the Liberties of Speech, and the indecent Double Entendre, in which he so much delights. That, however, it shall be in his own Power to punish or absolve the Delinquent as he pleases, if he will bring his Daughter with him to his House, and permit her to winter with them; which he, finally, requests of him as a Favour.

XXIV. From Sir SIMON DARNFORD, in Reply. Humorously resenting the Treatment he meets with in Mr. B.'s Letter. 170

XXV. From Mrs. B. to her PARENTS. That she daily expects Lord and Lady Davers. The Rules she intends to observe on this Occasion, in order to avoid the Censure of Pride on the one hand, or of Meanness on the other.—That she has begun a Gorrespondence with Miss Darnford, and intends to procure from Miss the Return of the Letters she shall write to her, for their Perusal.—Acquaints them with Mr. B.'s generous Goodness on Mr. Longman's telling them the Good they do in Kent to their poor Neighbours.—Expresses her Apprehensions of what may possibly fall out to disturb her Happiness, when they go to London.

XXVI. From her FATHER, in Answer. He thinks it not improper to mention of what Nature, and how easy, as to Expence, those Kindnesses are which they confer upon their poor Neighbours; and accordingly gives a moving Account of them.---He advises her not to be over-thoughtful of what may happen at London; and tells her why she ought not. 180

XXVII. From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. Is desirous to know how Miss approves of the Gentleman who is recommended to her. Her Opinion of the Value Riches ought, and ought not, to have, in a Marriage Treaty. --- She complains pleasantly of Sir Simon's Endeavour to set Mr. B. and her at Variance. --- Endeavours to extenuate Mr. B.'s former Faults, and has no Fear for his Morals, but from his Notions in favour of Polygamy, and from their future London Residence. --- Her generous Allowances for Mr. Peters's Frailty; and kind Opinion of his Merit and Piety. Has the highest Honour and Reverence for his Function, and will never let the Faults of a

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Few give her a disadvantageous Opinion of the Order.—Hopes, that Miss will favour her with an Account of her new Affair, and with such of their Conversations as may give her a Notion of a polite Courtship; of which (humourously describing her own) the says, the can have no Notion. 185

XXVIVI. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. Approves of her Apology for Mr. B. as she says it is the Part of a good Wise to make the best of her Husband's bad Qualities. Gives a Description and Character of Mr. Murray. --- Likes him not; and hopes, as he has not Delicacy enough to love with any great Distinction, that he may be brought to address her Sister, instead of her.

XXIX. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. That Lord and Lady Davers, the Countess of C. (Mother of Lady Betty) and Mr. H. (Lord Jackey) are arrived. Particulars of their first Salutations. Lady Davers presses her Brother to accept of the Title of a Baronet. A Conversation on that Subject.

XXX. From Mrs. B. to the same. Gives the Particulars of a Breakfast Conversation, which turns upon Lady Davers's excepting to her Lord's frequently calling PAMELA Sifter .-- Her Ladyship calls upon Mr. B. to account for his Attempt upon Pamela in Presence of Mrs. Jervis. Mr. B. entertains them with a History of the Commencement of his Love for her; in which he fets forth, 'The Violence of that Passion, and what e mean things it puts its Votaries upon: Pamela's surprising Docility, Merit, and Beauty; his Mother's Fondness of her, and Intentions in her Favour. Enters upon his own Character and Intrigues, which afford instructive Lessons to the Sex, how to avoid the Stratagems of Rakes and Libertines. Difavows any Intention to offer Violence to her Honour, when he concealed himself in the Closer; and accounts for his Conduct on that Occasion. Declares, that he has now a fincere Contempt of his former wicked Courses, which had made him a Curfe to Society, instead of a Blessing.'--- Mrs. B.'s Reflections to Miss Darnford upon this affecting Story. Her grateful Bleffings on the Memory of her good Lady.

XXXI. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. That Mr. Murray, as she wish'd, has dropp'd his Suit to her, and makes his Addresses to her Sister. Miss's pleasant Observations upon that Occasion. Hopes to get Leave in a while to attend Mrs. B. in Town. 261

XXXII. From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. Proceeds with her Journal, giving an Account of their entertaining Fourteen of the principal Gentry in the Neighbourhood, besides their noble Guests. Briefly draws their Characters. The Particulars of the Conversation that passed on that Occasion, in which the Profligate

Profligate of the one Sex are exposed and censured, and the Innocent of the other cautioned and instructed. 264

SATURDAY. Lady Davers and the take an Airing together. Her Ladyship's tender Behaviour to her. Admires her Family Management, which she briefly describes. She acquaints her Ladyship with the Boldness of some unknown Admirer, who had put under her Cushion at Church some Verses of Mr. Cowley's. The exemplary Delicacy of her Sentiments on this Occasion. Critically remarks upon the Lines, and justly censures the lewd Writings of Men of Genius, whose Works may do Mischiet to the End of Time. — Lady Davers, after admiring the Purity of her Notions, accounts for her own passionate Behaviour to her formerly at the Hall, and intimates some further Mischiet she had designed her, had she not escaped out of the Window as she did. — On their Return, the Countess and Lady Davers enter more particularly into the Description of all they admire in Mrs. B.'s Family Management.

Family Rules for the next Day. But will rather be censured for doing what she thinks her Duty, than for the want of it, and so will continue her usual Methods, as if her noble Guests were not present. Observes, however, that those who aim at very great Strictnesses in a beginning Reformation, rather discourage, than allure, the Persons they would reclaim. --- Her Consolations to a desponding sick Gentlewoman.

SUNDAY. Acquaints Miss with the Methods she takes in her Family on this Day. The good Effects it has upon all the Servants. The Domesticks of her noble Guests desire to join in it.—She relates the Particulars of what passed at Church, and Lady Davers's Goodness to her in publick.—The Ladies, on the Report of their Women, accompany her in her Evening Duties. Are greatly affected on the Occasion.—Lady Davers's Observation to the Credit of chearful Piety, and Resection on the Gloominess of some Pretenders to Religion.

Monday. She congratulates Miss Darnford on her dismissing Mr. Murray. Acquaints Miss with Mr. B.'s facetious Remarks on her Letter. The odd Character of Sir Jacob Swynford, Mr. B.'s Uncle by the Half-blood, who is expected to visit them; and who is greatly incensed at his Nephew's marrying her.

Tuesday. Mr. Williams comes to pay his Respects to his Patron, and (for Motives worthy of his Character) to ask his Leave to quit his Living for one of less Value. She gives the Particulars of a Conversation on this Occasion, relating to the Clergy's Treatment of one another, and on the Subject of Pluralities and Dispensations.

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XXXIII.

XXXIII. WEDNESDAY. Sir Jacob Swynford arrives. His unpolice Behaviour to Lady Davers, at his first alighting. scription of his Person, Dress, and Behaviour. He inquires after his Nephew, who, as well as Mrs. B. happens to be abroad; and rails at his Marriage. The Countess, on Mrs. B.'s Return, begs of her to pass for her youngest Daughter, Lady Jenny; and she is introduced to Sir Facob as such; who, in that Character, is highly taken with her Beauty and Behaviour, and rallies his Nephew, at his coming in, for not marrying such a

fine Lady as that.

THURSDAY. The Countels, at Breakfast, discovers to Sir Facob. that his favourite Lady Jenny, is Mrs. B. His Rage and Surprize upon it. Mrs. B.'s condescending and moving Behaviour to him, quite confounds him with Shame, and reconciles him to her. --- The Substance of a Conversation begun by Sir Jacob, of the bad Precedent Mr. B. has fet to young Gentlemen to marry their Mothers Waiting-maids. Lady Davers feconds Sir. Facob. Mr. B. calls upon his Spouse to defend him. Her pertinent Observationon this Head: Which, yet, not answering fully the Objection, Mr. B. undertakes his own Defence, and clears up the Point to their Satisfaction. --- Mrs. B. applies in a moving manner to Sir Simon Darnford for his Permission to Miss to visit her.

XXXIV. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. She gives the Particulars of a Quarrel betwixt herself and her Sister, whom she reprehends for her fond Behaviour to Mr. Murray. Sir Simon's

humorous Interpolition. XXXV. From the same. Her Notions of the Conduct a Lady ought to observe when courted. --- Particularizes the Pleasure which the Subjects of her Letters give them. She longs to be with her, out of the way of her ill-natured Sifter, and resolves once more to move her Papa on this Head.

XXXVI. From the same. She is all Joy and Rapture, having obtained Leave to attend her when at London. Sir Simon's humorous Condition, on permitting her to go.

XXXVII. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. FRIDAY. gives briefly the Particulars of her charitable Vifits and Bounty to her poor Neighbours. Lady Davers, and the Countels of C. (who accompany her on this Occasion) highly delighted with her prudent Method. Her Motives and Reasons for her Proceedings in this Way. --- Observes with how little Expence and Trouble a great deal of Good may be done, by a prudent Management, and proper Choice of the Objects. Her Rule where, and where not, to bestow her Favours.

SATURDAY. Her Discovery of an amorous Intrigue between Mr. H. and her Polly Barlow. Her prudent, instructive, and resolute Conduct hereupon, as well with regard to the Gentleman, as to the Girl. His ungenerous and ridiculous Behaviour.

SATURDAY Evening. She gives an Account of the free Behaviour and Conversation of Four rakish Gentlemen Visitors. Her Reflections upon what passed, and upon the profligate Lives of Gentlemen of their Character, which render them, as she observes, of very little Consequence to the Publick, or to the Families from which they spring.

XXXVIII. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. SUNDAY, MONDAY. Rejoices in the News, that she shall be favoured with her Company. Tells her how much Mr. B. admires her Letters. --- Her Reflections upon her Polly's Weakness. --- Sit Jacob takes his Leave, highly delighted with her. --- Mr. B. promises her another Dairy-house Breakfast. 462

Tuesday. Recapitulates briefly, how the Ladies and Gentlemen usually imploy themselves, in order to give Miss an Idea of what passes among them.

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WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY. Intimates a Debate which she has with Mr. B. about the extraordinary Prerogative of a Hufband, which, in a particular Instance, he insists upon. 467

FRIDAY. Their noble Guests take Leave of them, with Blessings and good Wishes. The Copy of a Letter delivered to her by Mr. H. excusing himself, at her Polly's Expence, for his Intrigue with her, and to thank her for not exposing him to his Aunt. Mrs. B.'s Reslections upon it.—Her Apprehensiveness, on occasion of the Circumstance she is in; and instructive Reslections on that Head.—Her savourable Observations to Mr. B. upon Lord Davers's amiable Character: He occasionally afferts the Necessity of a Husband's controuling his Wife in some Instances, for the Sake of the Reputation and Tranquillity of both.

XXXIX. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. Hears that Mrs. Fewkes is in a bad State of Health. Begs she will vouchfafe to visit her, and in her Name injoin her to spare for nothing that may contribute to her Recovery, or Peace of Mind.—Looks forward to the approaching Occasion with great Apprehension. 484

XL. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. Miss, for Reasons she gives, desires to know, whether Mr. B. is as respectful to her when they are by themselves, as when they have Visitors? Whether, in Compliment to ber Will, he gives up at any time his own? Whether he breaks not into her Retirements unceremoniously, making no Difference between the Field or his Stud, and her Chamber or Closet? And whether he has at any time borne with any Infirmity of hers?

This Letter, and the following, viz.

XLI. From Mrs. B. in Answer, Give instructive and entertaining Instances of the polite and tender, yet manly and generous Behaviour, of a good Husband, in Mr. B.'s Conduct to his Lady; and of the prudent and affectionate Returns of a good Wife, in her obliging Behaviour to him; which not only answer fully all Miss's Queries, but afford such Rules as may be worthy the Observation of every married Pair; especially of those who would aim at such a conjugal Delicacy, as may keep up a mutual Respect and Value for each other.

XLII. From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. Giving her the Particulars of her second Dairy-house Visit. How much Mr. B. as well as herself, was affected by a casual Expression of the Child: Which produces a very solemn Conversation between

them on their Return.

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II. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. A few curfory Observations on her Arrival at London. Gives the Character of two Gentlemen of the Law, Mr. Turner and Mr. Fansbaw, who pay their

Compliments to Mr. B. on his Arrival in Town.

III. To her Father and Mother. Requesting their Advice in a Dispute she has with Mr. B. on the Subject of a Mother's Duty to nurse her own Child, which she insists upon. Her Plea on this Occasion; and his Answer, in which he afferts the Prerogative of Parents and Husbands over their Daughters and Wives; and then gives Reasons, peculiar to himself, why he cannot comply with her Desire in this Particular. Her Difficulties on this Occasion.

IV. From her Parents, in Answer. They are concerned, that Mr. B. infifts so strenuously upon a Point so tender to her: But advise her to submit to his Will, in order to avoid worse Confequences. Give brief Hints what fort of Nurse they would have her chuse.

V. From Mrs. B. The Particulars of a tender Quarrel between Mr. B. and her, on Occasion of the above Dispute. ----- His nice Distinction between Tears of Penitence and Tears of Sullenness.

VI. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Sends her a Present of Childbed Linen. Tells her, that she must not put them off with a Girl; but must first present them with half a Dozen fine Boys; whose Names she pleasantly gives.—From her Brother's Tenderness to her, infers how much it is in the Power of a good Wise to make a good Husband.—Upbraids her, in a polite and tender manner, for not subscribing her Letter with the Word sister. Hints at several Regulations which she and the Countess have made in their Families, in Imitation of her Example, since their Return.

VII. From Mrs. B. in Answer. Is overwhelmed with her Ladyship's Goodness to her.—Acquaints her with the Arrival of
Miss Darnford.——Accuses herself of Aukwardness and Bashfulness, and wishes to be just what Miss Darnford is. Her Rule
to make the best of Defects she cannot conquer.—Humourously describes the soppish and fluttering Conversation and Behaviour of the two young Lawyers.

VIII. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. That she must decide an odd Dispute that has happened among them, in relation to her own Character; and acquaint them with some of those secret Foibles that leave Room for her to be still more perfect; and which yet they cannot discover.—She briefly extols the conjugal Purity and Decorum, as well in Word as Behaviour, which is observed between her Brother and her.

IX. From Mrs. B. in Answer. Is surprised at the Task her Lady-ship has set her; but, in Obedience to her Commands, accuses herself of divers Impersections.

X. From Miss DARNFORD to her Father and Mother. Describes the Happiness of Mr. and Mrs. B. and his polite Tenderness, and her consummate Prudence.—Gives Account of the Nature of her London Charities, and of the Performance of her Sunday Duties there. Observes that all is done with graceful Ease, and true Dignity, and without the least Intermixture of Enthusiasm or Ostentation.

XI. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Her Opinion of the Stage. Thinks the Poets, in the Plays she has seen and read, give unnatural Descriptions of Love. Her Observations on the Tragedy of the Distress'd Mother. Censures severely the Epilogue, that is generally called for, when this Play is acted.

XII. To the same. Her Observations on the Comedy of the Tender Husband, or Accomplish'd Fools. Thinks it ought to be called, The Accomplish'd Knaves.

XIII. To the same. Her Opinion of the Italian Opera; with Mr. B.'s Remarks upon that Subject.

XIV. To the same. Is carried to a Masquerade; which she describes, and gives some Particulars of the Conversations that passed there. Is very apprehensive, on seeing Mr. B. everywhere followed by a fine Lady in a Nun's Habit. Utterly dislikes

dislikes this kind of Entertainment. All the little Doubts and Jealousies (which are supposed natural to her Temper) excited on his Occasion. Her Opinion of true Wit; and what are its indispensable Requisites in publick Entertainments.

XV. To the same. That her Mind being ingross'd wholly by Thoughts of a more serious Nature, on account of her approaching Lying-in, she begs to be dispensed, for the present, from the lighter Subjects of the Theatre. Her Apprehensiveness on the Occasion.

XVI. From Lady DAVERS to her BROTHER. In a generous and tender Manner requests him to assure his Pamela, that he will legally secure to her Parents the Possession of the Good he has conferred upon them, if she dies. — Prays for a Son and Heir; but, however that shall be, that God will spare his Pamela; for that he can never have such another Wife.

XVII. From Mrs. B. to Mr. B. (Not to be delivered to him, but in case of her Death.) In a grateful and moving Manner thanking him for all the Benefits he had heaped on her and hers. Begging Pardon for all her Imperfections. Recommending to him some of her unfinish'd Charities; and all his Servants; and then taking a solemn Farewel of him.

XVIII. From Miss DARNFORD to Lady DARNFORD. Congratulates them on her Sister's Nuprials. --- Gives a brief Character of good old Mrs. Andrews. --- Mr. B.'s considerate Contrivance to have a Midwise in the House, unknown to his Lady. -- Miss concludes, with acquainting her Mamma, that Mrs. B. is happily deliver'd of a fine Boy.

XIX. From Miss DARNFORD to the same. Gives a fignal Inflance of the joyful Gratitude of Mr. B.'s Tenants, on the Birth of a Son and Heir to the Estate. That the Earl and Countess of C. and Lord and Lady Davers, are arrived to stand Sponsors at the Christening. --- Requests to stay with Miss. B. the Remainder of the Winter.

XX. From Miss DARNFORD to the same. That having received their Commands to come down, she will directly obey them. Instructingly particularizes Mr. B.'s polite Conduct to his Lady, and her obliging Returns.—That she sees but one thing, that can possibly happen to disturb their Felicity. Then recites the Behaviour of the Nun at the Masquerade, who, as she has been told by Mr. Turner, unmasked to Mr. B. and is the Countess Dowager of—and that a Letter or two have passed between the Lady and Mr. B. That, as Mrs. B. with all her Persections, has a little Spice of Jealousy, Miss trembles, she says, for the Consequences to both their Happiness, should she be once alarmed.

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XXI. From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers. That they are just returned from accompanying Miss Darnford, in her Way home, as far as Bedford, where she was met by her Papa and Mamma. — Her maternal Tenderness for her Billy. — Gives the moving Particulars of her Father's thankful Joy, on his first seeing the Child. — That Mr. B. has put into her Hands Mr. Locke's Treatise upon Education, requiring her Thoughts of it in Writing. His Reason for it. — She repeats a Conversation between herself and Mr. B. in which, under the Notion of asking Leave to take into her Care some neighbouring Child, in order the better to qualify her for instructing her Billy, when older; she surprises him into an Approbation of her Scheme, which is to obtain, that Miss Goodwin may be the Child. He is at first angry to be so surprised; but, on Consideration, censures his own Hastiness.

XXII. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Drops some Hints, that she has heard she is uneasy of late; and desires to know how she does. --- Praises her Brother's moderate Conduct in Parliament. Wishes him to act out of the House, and in it, with equal Honour.

XXIII. From Mrs. B. in Answer. That she has been in a little Disorder. But is unwilling to believe all that is said. That this, however, is a wicked Town. Wishes to quit it; but chuses not to go without Mr. B.

XXIV. From Lady DAVERS, in Reply. Understands, that Things go not well. Offers to make a Pretence of Indisposition, to come to Town, if she thinks it will be of Service.

XXV. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Is very thankful for her Goodness to her. Hopes all will be well. Desires to know what her Ladyship has heard; but that it becomes not her, till she cannot help it, to make Appeals. --- Apprehends, that her Ladyship's Presence will not avail. ibid.

XXVI. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. That what she has heard, is no Secret to any body; but that she shall not be first told of it by her. Desires to know what she has heard, and how she came to hear it.

XXVII. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Exclaims bitterly against Masquerades, to which she attributes her present Unhappiness. --- Acquaints her Ladyship with her Informant and Information. --- Receives a Letter, directed for Mr. B. in his Absence, from the Dowager Lady: Gives it him. His captious Behaviour upon it. --- Her alternate Hopes and Fears, Resolutions and Doubtings.

XXVIII. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Is greatly moved by her affecting Periods. --- Is vexed to hear, that the vile Lady, as the calls the Counters, has argued for Polygamy before her

Uncle. --- Leaves her to her own Workings: But that if she finds Matters to proceed to Extremity, the Storm she formerly raised at the Hall, was nothing to the Hurricane she will excite on this Occasion.

XXIX. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Mr. B.'s Kindness to her; but slighting Expression of her Billy. --- A fresh Occasion of Distress, in Mr. B.'s acquainting her, that that very Afternoon the Countess and the Viscountess her Sister are to come to drink Tea with her, and to see her Billy. Her Behaviour upon this affecting News, and his to her upon that. --- Her Comfort, and her Distress, on Occasion of this trying Visit. --- Is forced to break off on his coming in to receive his Guests. 171

XXX. From Mrs. B. to the same. Gives the Particulars of the Two Ladies Visit, of her own Deportment, and the Conversation that passed on the Occasion.—That not being able to refrain from a Flood of Tears at their Departure, on something unexpectedly spoken in Italian by the Countess and Mr. B. in her Favour, and explained to her by him, he goes out in a Passion. Her new Distress upon this Occasion, as he will hereby guess at the Reason of her Grief. He returns at Night, and locks himself into his Closet.

XXXI. From Mrs. B. to the same. She writes by Polly to beg Leave to attend him in his Closet, in order to account to him for her Conduct. He answers by Writing also, declining to see her, and promising to give her Cause a fair Hearing at some other Time. She ventures down. Her solemn Speech and Deportment makes him apprehensive for her Intellects. His tender Behaviour to her. Desires her to waive the Subject for a few Days, being to set out on a Journey at Four in the Morning; and intends to return on Saturday Night. 185

XXXII. From Mrs. B. to the same. Gives the Copy of a Letter written to her, signed Thomasine Fuller, acquainting her, That Mr. B. is gone with the Countess that very Morning to Tunbridge; and that they have agreed to live together as Man and Wise.'--- Is now endeavouring, by the Help of Religion, to bring her Mind to support the heavy Evil. Her Reasonings and Resections, and the new Scheme she is forming to make herself as easy as possible. Hopes they will not be so cruel as to take her Billy from her. That she will give them no Provocation by Law-suits or otherwise, so to do.

FRIDAY is concluding, and she hopes she is calmer than she was; and that, after a while, she may not, at the worst, be an unhappy Person.

SATURDAY Night. After impatiently expecting his Return, the receives a Note from him, at Eleven, that he shall not

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be with her till Monday, when he hopes to dine with her.

Monday, Eleven. Impatiently longs for his Return .-- He comes, and she resolves to have her Trial over, if possible, before Night be passed. His tender Reception of her. From her Behaviour he is still more apprehensive for her Intellects. Her whimfical Bar, and Apparatus for her Trial, as fhe calls it, increase his Concern for her Head, and prepare his Mind for the good Impression which the Solemnity of her Behaviour and Expressions, and her noble Conduct and Sentiments afterwards, make upon him: For, having by the Generosity of her Affection to him, by her prudently avoiding all Upbraidings and Reproaches, and by her Regard for his future Happiness, greatly moved him, he confesses his Error, and promises, that he will restore to her Virtue an Husband all her own. --- Her ecstatic Joy on this Occasion. ---Begs of her Ladyship to return her all her Letters on that Subject, in order to oblige Mr. B. who requests to see them, and promises to make a good Use of them, with the Countess.

XXXIII. From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers. That she has obtained Leave to get every thing ready to set out for Kent.—Mr. B. admires and applauds her Conduct in the late Affair. Promises to account to her for every Step he has taken, or shall take, in it; which he can do, he says, because the Lady's Honour is untainted.—He takes a tender Leave of her for a few Days. Her Resection upon the Benefits that may be made of Afflictions.

XXXIV. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Sends the Letters fhe writes for. Rejoices with her upon the Turn this afflicting Affair has taken.—Observes how watchful over their Conduct young Widows ought to be. Gives some Particulars of the Countess's Story.—Takes Notice, that her Bar, and other Parts of her Conduct, shew that her Intellect was in Danger, had this Affair proceeded; which redoubles her Joy, that it is likely to end so happily.

XXXV. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Relates her Journey to Kent. Her Joy to see her Husband, her Child, and her Parents, on one happy Spot together. --- That Mr. B. is set out with her Papers to Tunbridge. That he first gave her the Particulars of his Affair with the Countess, beginning at the Masquerade. --- She recites those Particulars, which contain Cautions to the Fair Sex, against the Wiles and Stratagems of the other; to both, to check the first Appearances of Evil. --- Mr. B.'s Comparison, Feature by Feature, of the Countess with his Pamela.

XXXVI. From Mrs. B. to the fame. Continuation of the Subject; in which Mr. B. clears up the Countes's Character, imputing to himself the bad Consequences that might have followed from their Intimacy. --- His Scheme to end this Affair with the Countes to the Satisfaction of all Parties. --- Platonick Love censured.

XXXVII. From Mrs. B. to the same. Her Billy is taken dangerously ill of the Small-pox. Her sorrowful Reflections upon the Troubles to which the happiest State is naturally subjected. — Her Precautions on the Likelihood, that she may have the Distemper herself. Mr. B.'s kind Assurances of the Continuance of his Affection, should she be taken with it, and suffer by it. Her pious Reflections and Resignation. — At last, after a cruel Suspense of several Days, the Pustules come kindly out upon the Child; but being taken ill herself, is forced to lay down her Pen.

Mrs. B. has the Small-pox; but is in a fair way of doing well; and that Billy is recovered.——That her Face is likely to receive no Disadvantage by it: That if it had, his Value for her would not have been lessen'd; for that, notwithstanding her Ladyship's Readiness to censure him on a certain Affair, he never loved any Lady as he loves his Pamela.

XXXIX. From Lady DAVERS in Answer. Congratulates him on the Child's Recovery, and the good way her Sister is in. Is the more rejoiced, as her Face is not likely to suffer; for a Reason which she gives. Her smart Observation upon the Cenforiousness he attributes to her. Warns him not to slight a Correction, which, she says, shews, that Providence chuses to try to reclaim him by Mercies, rather than by Judgments. 263

XL. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Acquaints her with hers and her Billy's Recovery, and Mr. B.'s kind Intentions to travel with her.—Gives the Copy of a polite Letter from the Countes Dowager, congratulating her Recovery; and her Answer: Also the agreeable Particulars of the Reception he met with from that Lady, when he attended her with a Resolution to break off the Intimacy between them. Thinks, that, by the Help of proper Reflections on this Affair, she has received a Cure for her own jealous Temper.

XLI. From Mrs. B. to Miss DARNFORD. Enumerates her prefent Felicities. Tells her, That they are about to turn Travellers.—Her Concern for Mrs. Jewkes's Illness. Begs Miss to vouchsafe a Visit to her in her Name, and to comfort her. The strong Sense she has of the Duty of visiting and comforting the Sick.—Sends Miss the Copy of a Letter from Lady Davers, proposing a Match between her and Mr. H. Acquaints her, that Mr. Williams is about to marry a Lady of Merit, Niece to his noble Patron; and that Mr. Adams has asked her Consent to address Polly Barlow. Her Puzzles on this Occasion, because of Polly's former Conduct.—Humorously describes the bashful Behaviour of the young Scholar, in a Conference she has with him on this Topick.—She briefly lays down to Polly the Duty of a Clergyman's Wife. 270

XLII. From Miss DARNFORD to Mrs. B. That she will comply with all she requests, in relation to Mrs. Jewkes, who cannot, as she thinks, recover. --- Her Answer to the Proposal about Mr. H. characterizing, with a just Severity, Self-admirers, Coxcombs, or Pretty Fellows. -- Then acquaints her with another Proposal of Marriage made to her, which has her Parents Consent, and meets not with her own Disapprobation. --- She informs her, with Concern, that her Sister and Mr. Murray live very unhappily together. Intimates to her the Death of Mrs. Jewkes. 281

XLIII. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. Acquaints her, that a Match is likely to be brought to Effect between Miss Darnford and Sir W. G. as a Reason why her Proposal of Mr. H. cannot take place.—Informs her of Mrs. Jewkes's Death, and makes a Compliment to her Ladyship of naming her Woman's Sifter to succeed her.—That she shall be favour'd, as on the Morrow, with the Care of Miss Goodwin.

XLIV. From Lady DAVERS to Mrs. B. Is glad Miss Darnford is likely to be so happy as with Sir W. G. --- Takes exceeding kindly her Compliment of the Housekeeper. --- Is glad, because it pleases her so much, that she is to have Miss Goodwin. 200

XLV. From Mrs. B. to Lady DAVERS. She fends her Ladyship a Copy of a moving Letter she has received from Miss
Goodwin's Mamma. --- Lays down the Method she intends to
take to bring Miss off from some Foibles incident to highspirited Children.

XLVI. From Mrs. B. to the same Lady. Has Three Marriages to acquaint her with; Miss Darnford's, Mr. Williams's, and Mr. Adams's. --- Gives the Character of Miss Judy Swynford, Sister to Sir Jacob, a Maiden Lady of near Sixty, remarkable for her Affectation of Youth and Gaiety.

XLVII. From Mrs. B. to the same. That once more she thankfully dedicates to her Ladyship the First-fruits of her Penmanship, on her Upsitting. --- Is glad to hear, that Lady Betty is likely to be happy with one of the worthiest Persons in the Peerage. --- Has had the Honour of a Visit from the Countess Dowager, to take Leave of her on her going abroad: And gives the Particulars of their Conversation. --- That Mr. B. requires her to write to him her Opinion of Mr. Locke's

Treatife of Education, as if he were absent. And that she has obtained his Consent to transmit what she writes to her Ladyship, if she is desirous to see it.

XLVIII. From Mrs. B. to Mr. B. In pursuance of his Commands, begins her Observations on Mr. Locke's Treatise. Gives her Opinion of his Regimen for Childrens Health. 324

XLIX. To the same. She considers Mr. Locke's Rules against leading on Children to do their Duty by Rewards; and his Advice to teach them to cross their Appetites, and to deny their Inclination. Thinks the Doctrine too philosophical for Children. Is of Opinion, that they should not be pressed to overcome natural Aversions. Her Reasons for it.

L. To the same. Mentions gratefully the Excursions Mr. B. has taken with her to the Sea Ports, and the more noted inland Towns of the maritime Counties. Then proceeds to consider the Preference Mr. Locke gives to a Home Education; and the Difficulties he enumerates, first, to find a well-qualified Tutor for that Purpose. Secondly, From the Examples they meet with from the meaner Servants. Thirdly, From the Examples of the Parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet. From all which she refers to Mr. B.'s Consideration, If a Middle-way may not be proposed in a School Education? Of which she gives her Thoughts. 337

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I.II. To the same. She considers Mr. Locke's next Inconvenience in a Home Education, as to the Company of the meaner Servants. Lays down what shall be the Rule of her own Conduct to her Billy, in relation to Servants and Inferiors. --- She inlarges then on the Hint she has given of the Example necessary to be set by Parents themselves. Expatiates on the Benefit of Emulation among Youth. Proposes a Method to excite this in the Home Education, which may be attended with Benefit both to the Youth and Family.

LIII. To the same. Approves of Mr. Locke's Advice to shame a Child out of his Faults, rather than to beat him; and agrees with him as to the Faults that deserve Correction; but differs as to the Time when, and as to the Person by whom this Correction is to be given. Applauds and improves upon a Hint of Mr. Locke, that when a Child has incurred its Parent's Displeasure, it should be in Disgrace with every one, till it had owned its Faults. Describes the Delights which those Mamma's have, who can make the first Education of their Children the Subjects of their Entertainment and Diversion. 370 LIV.

LIV. To the same. Disagrees with Mr. Locke, in relation to Childrens making their own Playthings, and some other Points. Is greatly averse to his Method of teaching Children the Letters by Dice. --- Is charm'd with his Observations, that a Mother may teach her Children the first Rudiments of Latin, French, Geography, and Arithmetic.

LV. To the same. She enters more particularly into those Parts of Education which relate to her own Sex; and shews the Benefits that would accrue to Men, as well as Women, from a more inlarged Education to the latter. --- Afferts an Equality of Genius in the Sexes.--Censures the Writings of some great Wits, who treat the Sex contemptuously; and shews the pernicious Tendency to Virtue and Morals of such a Conduct.

LVI. From Mrs. B. to her FATHER and MOTHER. Occafionally mentions the frequent Journeys she has taken with Mr. B. over most Parts of England. Then reviews briefly her past Conduct, and the View she always had in it, to Mr. B.'s Reformation: How all her Hopes of this fort were at an End on the Masquerade Affair; but that Providence out of that evil Appearance had brought about the Good she had so long been supplicating for. --- She then gives the affecting Particulars of a Conversation between them, in which he voluntarily disclaims and condemns all his past Frailties, and resolves upon a thorough Reformation: That, to her inexpressible Delight, he has ever fince behaved answerably to his good Resolutions. --- She then lays down the Rules with regard to Divine Worship, which she intends to observe in Popish Countries. ---Tells them, that her Davers and Pamela will be fent down to them, while Miss Goodwin and her Billy are to accompany her abroad.

LVII. From Mrs. B. to Lady G. (Miss Darnford that was)
Repeating briefly the Contents of several of her Letters to her, when abroad, which appear not in these Volumes; particularly the Marriage of the Countess Dowager, with Lord C.
--- Informs her of their Arrival at Dover, and happy Meeting with her Parents. --- The Improvement of her Children and Miss Goodwin.--- The Difficulties they had abroad with Mr. H.; who now, while she writes, by the Death of his Father, is become a Peer. --- Gives some useful Hints on the Subject of Travelling in Foreign Parts. --- Most pathetically bewails the Death of her beloved Mrs. Fervis, and of Fonathan, which happen'd while she was abroad. Takes Notice of the Deaths of Sir Simon Darnford, his Lady, and Mrs. Fones; which likewise happened during her Absence from England.

LIX. From Mrs. B. to the same. Transcribes, at her Request, from her little Book of Education, some Observations relating to young Gentlemens Travelling; in which she considers Mr. Locke's Sentiments, and gives a Scheme of her own, on that Subject. --- Expresses her Concern, that Mr. and Mrs. Murray live unhappily: And animadverts upon the different Behaviour of Gentlemen in Courtship, and after Marriage.

LX. From Mrs. B. to the same. At her Desire, for the sake of Two headstrong young Ladies, gives the Particulars of an instructive Conversation which formerly passed between herself, several of the Neighbouring Ladies, and the Dean, with Miss Stapylton, Miss Cope, Miss Sutton, and Miss L. Four young Ladies, of different Tempers and Inclinations: Who (admiring her Story, but not knowing the Design of their Friends in this Visit) were brought to receive Benefit from her Conversation: Which therefore (being apprised of the Intention) she adapts to their respective Characters and Tastes: And which is attended with happy Effects to each young Lady.

LXI. To the same. Sends her a Specimen of her Nursery-Tales, calculated for the Instruction of her attentive Little-ones. In which she comprises, in a very brief and intelligent Manner, the principal Duties of Children from Infancy to Manhood, and the Rewards which attend the Good, as well as the Punishments that follow the Bad.—After which, at Miss Goodwin's Request for a Woman's Story, she gives her the Histories and Characters of Four young Ladies, whom she calls Coquetilla, Prudiana, Profusiana, and Prudentia; interspersed with such Cautions and Instructions, as deserve the Attention of every young Lady.—Miss, greatly affected with the Story, hopes to imitate the Character of Prudentia, which she ascribes to Mrs. B. 473

CONCLUSION. Containing a brief Narrative of Facts which happened after the Period of Time comprehended in the preceding Letters; relating to

Mr. and Mrs. B. Miss Goodwin, Lord and Lady Davers, Lord H. Lady G. and Mr. Longman.

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# PAMELA;

OR,

## VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a Series of Familian Letters, &c.

#### LETTER I.

Dear Father and Mother,

HAVE great Trouble, and some Comfort, to acquaint you with. The Trouble is, that my good Lady died of the Illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for the Loss of her; for she was a dear good Lady, and kind to all us her Servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her Ladyship to wait upon her Person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor Mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my Lady's Goodness had put me to write and cast Accompts, and made me a little Vol. I.

expert at my Needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my Degree, it was not every Family that could have found a Place, that your poor Pamela was sit for: But God, whose Graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd at a Pinch, put it into my good Lady's Heart, on her Death-bed, just an Hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young Master all her Servants, one by one; and when it came to my Turn to be recommended, (for I was sobbing and crying at her Pillow) she could only say, My dear Son!—and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela!—And these were some of her last Words! O how my Eyes run!—Don't wonder to see the Pener so blotted!

der to see the Paper so blotted!

WELL, but God's Will must be done!and fo comes the Comfort, that I shall not be oblig'd to return back to be a Clog upon my dear Parents! For my Master said, I will take care of you all, my good Maidens; and for you, Pamela, (and took me by the Hand; yes, he took my Hand before them all) for my dear Mother's fake, I will be a Friend to you, and you shall take care of my Linen. God blesshim! and pray with me, my dear Father and Mother, for a Bleffing upon him: For he has given Mourning and a Year's Wages to all my Lady's Servants; and I having no Wages as yet, my Lady having faid the would do for me as I deferv'd, order'd the House-keeper to give me Mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own Hand Four golden Guineas, and fome Silver, which were in my

old Lady's Pocket when she dy'd; and said, If I was a good Girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a Friend to me, for his Mother's fake. And fo I fend you these Four Guineas for your Comfort; for Providence will not let me want: And so you may pay some old Debt with Part; and keep the other Part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am fure it is my Duty, and it shall be my Care, to love and cherish you both; for you have lov'd and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself. fend them by John our Footman, who goes your Way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal them up in one of the little Pill-boxes, which my Lady had, wrapp'd close in Paper, that they mayn't chink; and be fure don't open it before him.

I KNOW, dear Father and Mother, I must give you both Grief and Pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your Pamela; who will

ever be

## Your most dutiful Daughter.

I have been scared out of my Senses; for just now, as I was folding up this Letter, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, in comes my young Master! Good Sirs! how was I frighten'd! I went to hide the Letter in my Bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, To whom have you been writeing, Pamela?--- I said, in my Consussion, Pray your Honour forgive me!—Only to my Father and Mother. He said, Well B 2

then, let me see how you are come on in your Writing! O how asham'd I was!-He took it, without faying more, and read it quite thro', and then gave it me again; -and I faid, Pray your Honour forgive me!-Yet I know not for what: For he was always dutiful to his Parents; and why fhould he be angry, that I was so to mine! And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the Hand, and faid, You are a good Girl, Pamela, to be kind to your aged Father and Mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent Matters as these; tho' you ought to be wary what Tales you fend out of a Family. - Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he faid, Why, Pamela, you write a very pretty Hand, and spell tolerably too. fee my good Mother's Care in your Learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say, you lov'd Reading; you may look into any of her Books to improve yourself, so you take care of them. be fure I did nothing but curt'fy and cry, and was all in Confusion, at his Goodness. Indeed he is the best of Gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long Letter: So will only add to it, that I shall ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

## LETTER II.

## In Answer to the preceding.

Dear PAMELA,

VOUR Letter was indeed a great Trouble, and some Comfort, to me and your poor We are troubled, to be fure, for your good Lady's Death, who took fuch Care of you, and gave you Learning, and for Three or Four Years past has always been giving you Cloaths and Linen, and every thing that a Gentlewoman need not be asham'd to appear in. But our chief Trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel Girl you are; and some fay, you are very pretty; and indeed, Six Months fince, when I faw you last, I should have thought fo myself, if you was not our Child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone! \_\_\_\_Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great Feat for you; for what fignify all the Riches in the World, with a bad Conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, 'tis true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; tho' once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would fooner live upon the Water, and, if possible, the Clay of the Ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the Price of our dear Child's Ruin.

I HOPE the good 'Squire has no Defign; but when he has given you so much Money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and Oh! that frightful Word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as you

should do, almost kills us with Fears.

I HAVE spoken to good old Widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good Families; and she puts us in some Comfort; for the fays, it is not unufual, when a Lady dies, to give what she has about her Person, to her Waiting-maid, and to fuch as fit up with her in her Illness. But then, why should he fmile fo kindly upon you? Why should he take fuch a poor Girl as you by the Hand, as your Letter fays he has done twice? Why should he floop to read your Letter to us; and commend your Writing and Spelling? And, why should he give you Leave to read his Mother's Books? -Indeed, indeed, my dearest Child, our Hearts ake for you; and then you feem so full of Foy at his Goodness, so taken with his kind Expressions, (which, truly, are very great Favours, if he means well) that we fear — Yes, my dear Child, we fear - you should be too grateful, - and reward him with that Jewel, your Virtue, which no Riches, nor Favour, nor any thing in this Life, can make up to you.

I, Too, have written a long Letter; but will fay one Thing more; and that is, That in the Midst of our Poverty and Missfortunes, we have trusted in God's Goodness, and been honest,

and

and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our Lot is hard here; but the Loss of our dear Child's Virtue would be a Grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey Hairs to the Grave at once.

IF, then, you love us, if you wish for God's Bleffing, and your own future Happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your Guard; and, if you find the least Attempt made upon your Virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all cover'd with Rags, and even follow you to the Church-yard, than have it faid, a Child of ours preferr'd any worldly Conveniencies to her Virtue.

WE accept kindly of your dutiful Present; but till we are out of our Pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the Price of our poor Daughter's Shame: So have laid it up in a Rag among the Thatch, over the Window, for a while, left we should be robbed. With our Bleffings, and our hearty Prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN and ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

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## LETTER III.

Dear Father,

MUST needs fay, your Letter has fill'd me with Trouble: For it has made my Heart, which was overflowing with Gratitude for my Master's Goodness, suspicious and fearful; and vet. I hope I shall never find him to act unworthy of his Character; for what could he get by ruining fuch a poor young Creature as me? But that which gives me most Trouble is, that you feem to mistrust the Honesty of your Child. No, my dear Father and Mother, be affur'd, that, by God's Grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey Hairs with Sorrow. to the Grave. I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be affur'd, and set your Hearts at Rest; for altho' I have liv'd above myself for some Time past, vet I can be content with Rags and Poverty. and Bread and Water, and will embrace them. rather than forfeit my good Name, let who will be the Tempter. And of this, pray rest satisfy'd, and think better of

Your dutiful Daughter, till Death.

My Master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no Cause to sear any thing. Mrs. Jervis the House-keeper too is very civil to me, and I have the Love of every body. Sure they can't all have Designs against

against me because they are civil! I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more Hurt, than I am sure I would do them. Our John so often goes your Way, that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me, either by Writing, (for it keeps my Hand in) or by Word of Mouth.

#### LETTER IV,

Dear Mother,

FOR the last was to my Father, in Answer to his Letter; and so I will now write to you; tho' I have nothing to fay but what will make me look more like a vain Huffy, than any thing else: However, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret Pleasure one has to hear one's self prais'd, You must know then, that my Lady Davers, who, I need not tell you, is my Master's Sister, has been a Month at our House, and has taken great Notice of me, and given me good Advice to keep myself to myself. She tork me I was a very pretty Wench, and that every bour gave me a very good Character, and lov'd me; and bid me take care to keep the Fellows at a Diffance; and faid, that I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

Bur what pleas'd me much, was what I am going to tell you; for at Table, as Mrs. Fervis fays, my Master and her Ladyship talking of me, she told him she thought me the prettiest Wench she ever saw in her Life; and that I was too pretty to live in a Batchelor's House; since no Lady he might marry, would care to continue me with her. He faid, I was vaftly improv'd, and had a good Share of Prudence, and Sense above my Years; and it would be Pity, that what was my Merit, should be my Misfortune. - No, says my good Lady, Pamela shall come and live with me, I think. He faid, With all his Heart; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, faid she, I'll confult my Lord about it. She ask'd, How old I was; and Mrs. Fervis faid, I was Fifteen last February, O! says she, if the Wench (for fo fhe calls us Maiden-servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her Person as Mind.

Now, my dear Father and Mother, tho' this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my Master so willing to part with me? — This shews that he has nothing bad in his Heart. But John is just going away, and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

Your honest, as well as dutiful Daughter.

Pray make use of the Money. You may now do it safely.

#### LETTER V.

My dear Father and Mother,

7 OHN being to go your Way, I am willing T to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He fays it does him good at his Heart to fee you both, and to hear you talk. He fays you are both fo fensible, and fo honest, that he always learns something from you to the Purpose. It is a thousand Pities, he favs, that fuch worthy Hearts should not have better Luck in the World! and wonders, that you, my Father, who are fo well able to teach, and write fo good a Hand, succeeded no better in the School you attempted to fet up; but was forc'd to go to fuch hard Labour. But this is more Pride to me, that I am come of fuch honest Parents, than if I had been born a Ladv.

I HEAR nothing yet of going to Lady Davers; and I am very easy at present here: For Mrs. Jervis uses me as if I were her own Daughter, and is a very good Woman, and makes my Master's Interest her own. She is always giving me good Counsel, and I love her, next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good Rule and Order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes Delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read, is good Books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one

of our Men, Harry, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me, I think he call'd me his pretty Pamela, and took hold of me, as if he would have kiffed me; for which, you may be fure, I was very angry; and she took him to Task, and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to fee my Prudence and Modesty, and that I kept all the Fellows at a Distance. And indeed I am fure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to every body; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be look'd upon by these Men-servants; for they feem as if they would look one thro'; and as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup, with Mrs. fervis, (so good she is to me) I am very easy, that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. Fervis's fake, who they fee loves me; and they stand in Awe of her, knowing her to be a Gentlewoman born, tho' she has had Misfortunes.

I am going on again with a long Letter; for I love Writing, and shall tire you. But when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any Danger now: And indeed cannot but wonder at myself, (tho' your Caution to me was your watchful Love) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: For I am sure my Master would not demean himself so, as to think upon such a poor Girl as I, for my Harm. For such a thing would ruin his Credit as well as mine, you know:

Who, to be sure, may expect one of the best Ladies in the Land. So no more at present; but that I am

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

#### LETTER VI.

Dear Father and Mother,

M Y Master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a Suit of my late Lady's Cloaths, and half a Dozen of her Shifts, and Six sine Handkerchiefs, and Three of her Cambrick Aprons, and Four Holland ones. The Cloaths are sine Silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no Affront to him to make Money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of Fears, I warrant now, of some Design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me; and he gave her a Mort of good Things at the same time, and bid her wear them in Remembrance of her good Friend, my Lady, his Mother. And when he gave me these sine Things, he said, These, Pamela, are for you; have them made sit for you, when your Mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good Mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis gives you a very good Word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your Friend.

IWAS

I was so surprised at his Goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curt'sy'd to him, and to Mrs. Jervis for her good Word; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his Favour, and her Kindness: And nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my Knowledge.

О но w amiable a Thing is doing Good!—

It is all I envy great Folks for!

I ALWAYS thought my young Master a fine Gentleman, as every body says he is: But he gave these good Things to us both with such a Graciousness, as I thought he look'd like an

Angel.

MR s. Jervis says, he ask'd her, If I kept the Men at a Distance; for, he said, I was very pretty; and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my Ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good Word, and took Occasion to launch out in my Praise, she says. But I hope she said no more than I shall try to deserve, tho' I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her next to you and my dear Mother. So I rest

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

#### LETTER VII.

Dear Father,

SINCE my last, my Master gave me more fine Things. He call'd me up to my late Lady's Closet, and pulling out her Drawers, he gave me Two Suits of fine Flanders lac'd Headcloaths, Three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, Two hardly the worse, and just fit for me, (for my Lady had a very little Foot) and the other with wrought Silver Buckles in them; and feveral Ribbands and Topknots of all Colours; Four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockens, and Three Pair of fine Silk ones; and two Pair of rich Stays. I was quite aftonished, and unable to fpeak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the Stockens; for Mrs. Fervis was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very aukwardly; for he smil'd at my Aukwardness, and faid, Don't blush, Pamela: Dost think I don't know pretty Maids wear Shoes and Stockens?

I was so consounded at these Words, you might have beat me down with a Feather. For, you must think, there was no Answer to be made to this: So, like a Fool, I was ready to cry; and went away curt'sying and blushing, I am sure, up to the Ears; for, tho' there was no Harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Fervis, who said, God put it into his Heart to be good to me, and I must double my Diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in Dress for a Waiting-maid's Place on Lady Davers's own Person.

But still your kind fatherly Cautions came into my Head, and made all these Gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But

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Bur still your kind fatherly Cautions came into my Head, and made all these Gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no Reason; for what Good could it do him to harm fuch a simple Maiden as me? Besides, to be sure, no Lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my Head; for my Good, I know very well. But, may-be, without these Uneasinesses to mingle with these Benefits, I might be too much puffd up: So I will conclude, All that happens is for our Good; and God bless you, my dear Father and Mother; and I know you constantly pray for a Bleffing upon me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful Daughter.

## LETTER VIII.

Dear PAMELA.

I CANNOT but renew my Cautions on your Master's Kindness, and his free Expresfion to you about the Stockens: Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there possibly may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my Child's everlasting Happiness in this World and the next; it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear Child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your Life sooner than your Virtue. What tho' the Doubts Doubts I fill'd you with, lessen the Pleasure you would have had in your Master's Kindness; yet what fignify the Delights that arise from a few paltry fine Cloaths, in Comparison with a good Conscience!

THESE are indeed very great Favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say, he look'd so amiably, and like an Angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an Impression upon you! For the you are bleffed with Sense and Prudence above your Years, yet I tremble to think, what a sad Hazard a poor Maiden, of little more than Fifteen Years of Age, stands against the Temptations of this World, and a designing young Gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much Power to oblige, and has a kind of Authority to command as your Master.

I CHARGE you, my dear Child, on both our Bleflings, poor as we are, to be on your Guard; there can be no Harm in that: and fince Mrs. Fervis is fo good a Gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your Mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her Counsel in every thing. So, with our Bleffings, and affured Prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain

Your loving Father and Mother.

Besure don't let Peoples telling you, you are pretty, puff you up: for you did not make yourfelf, and fo can have no Praise due to you for it. It is Virtue and Goodness only, that make the true Beauty. Remember that, Pamela.

#### LETTER IX.

Dear Father and Mother.

I AM forry to write you Word, that the Hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers are quite over. My Lady would have had me; but my Master, as I heard by-the-bye, would not consent to it. He said, her Nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his Mother loved me, and committed me to his Care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a Mother to me. Mrs. Jervis tells me, the Lady shook her Head, and said, Ah! Brother! and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your Cautions, my Heart at times mifgives me. But I say nothing yet of your Caution, or my own Uncasines, to Mrs. Fervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me prefumptuous, and vain, and conceited, to have any Fears about the matter, from the great Distance between such a Gentleman, and so poor a Girl. But yet Mrs. Fervis seem'd to build something upon Lady Davers' shaking her Head, and saying, Ah! Brother! and no more. God, I hope, will give me his Grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no Occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good Advice, and pray for

Your Sad-bearted PAMELA.

## LETTER X.

Dear Mother,

YOU and my good Father may wonder you have not had a Letter from me in so many Weeks; but a sad, sad Scene has been the Occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your Cautions were well-grounded. O my dear Mother, I am miserable! truly miserable! — But yet, don't be frighted, I am honest! — God, of his Goodness, keep me so!

O this Angel of a Master! this fine Gentleman! this gracious Benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the Prayer of his good dying Mother; who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's Nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: This very Gentleman (yes, I must call him Gentleman,

C 2

tho

tho' he has fallen from the Merit of that Title) has degraded himself to offer Freedoms to his poor Servant: He has now shewed himself in his true Colours, and, to me, nothing appears

so black and so frightful.

I HAVE not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by fly mean Degrees, exposed his wicked Views: But somebody stole my Letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to do bad things in one respect, did not slick at this. But be it as it will, all the Use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of his Part; I not of mine: For he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and glory'd in the Honesty of my poor Parents.

I WILL tell you all, the next Opportunity; for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis, This Girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed. And yet I work all Hours with my Needle, upon his Linen, and the fine Linen of the Family; and am, besides, about flowering him a Waistcoat.

—But, Oh! my Heart's broken almost; for what am I likely to have for my Reward, but Shame and Disgrace, or else ill Words, and hard Treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and

hope I shall find my long Letter.

Your most afflicted Daughter.

May-be I he and him him too much: But it is his own Fault, if I do. For why did he lose all his Dignity with me?

#### LETTER XI.

Dear Mother,

WELL, I can't find my Letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went well enough, in the main, for some time after my last Letter but one. At last, I saw some Reason to suspect; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shew'd not well; and one Day he came to me, as I was in the Summerhouse in the little Garden, at work with my Needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me; and I would have gone out; but he said, No, don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you; and you always sly me, when I come near you, as if you were assaid of me.

I was much out of Countenance, you may well think; but said, at last, It does not become your poor Servant to stay in your Presence, Sir, without your Business required it; and I hope

I shall always know my Place.

WELL, says he, my Business does require it sometimes, and I have a Mind you should stay

to hear what I have to fay to you.

I STOOD still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the Hand; for now no Soul was near us.

MY

Mr Sister Davers, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a Loss for Words as I) would have had you live with her; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my Girl? said he, with some Eagerness; hadst thou not rather stay with me, than go to my Sister Davers? He look'd so, as fill'd me with Affrightment: I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your Honour will forgive me; but as you have no Lady for me to wait upon, and my good Lady has been now dead this Twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady

Davers, because ----

I was proceeding, and he said a little hastily—Because you are a little Fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a Gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own Light. And so saying, he put his Arm about me, and kiss'd me.

Now, you will say, all his Wickedness appear'd plainly. I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumb'd with Terror, that I sunk down, not in a Fit, and yet not myself; and I sound myself in his Arms, quite void of Strength; and he kissed me two or three times, with frightful Eagerness.—At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the Summerhouse; but he held me back, and shut the Door.

I would have given my Life for a Farthing.

And he said, I'll do you no Harm, Pamela;
don't be asraid of me. I said, I won't stay.
You won't, Hussy! said he: Do you know whom you speak to? I lost all Fear, and all Respect, and said, Yes, I do, Sir, too well!

— Well may I forget, that I am your Servant, when you forget what belongs to a Master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly. What a foolish Hussy you are! said he: Have I done you any Harm?---Yes, Sir, said I, the greatest Harm in the World: You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me; and have lessen'd the Distance that Fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor Servant. Yet, Sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor: And if you was a Prince, I would not be otherwise.

HE was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish Slut! Cease your Blubbering. I own I have demean'd myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this Matter secret, you'll give me the better Opinion of your Prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some Gold in my Hand, to make you Amends for the Fright I put you in. Go, take a Walk in the Garden, and don't go in till your Blubbering is over: And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the Money indeed, Sir, said I; poor as I am: I won't take it. For, to say Truth, I thought it look'd like taking Earnest; and so I put it upon the Bench; and as he seemed vex'd and confus'd at what he had done, I took the Opportunity to open the Door, and went out of the Summer-house.

HE called to me, and faid, Be fecret, I charge you, Pamele; and don't go in yet, as

I told you.

O How poor and mean must those Actions be, and how little must they make the best of Gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the Power of their Inseriors to be greater than they!

I TOOK a Turn or Two in the Garden, but in Sight of the House, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my Hand to dry my Eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My

next shall tell you more.

PRAY for me, my dear Father and Mother; and don't be angry, that I have not yet run away from this House, so late my Comfort and Delight, but now my Terror and Anguish. I am forc'd to break off hastily,

Your dutiful and honest Daughter.

## LETTER XII.

Dear Mother,

WELL, I will now proceed with my fad Story.

AND so, after I had dry'd my Eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the House, and go to the next Town, and wait an Opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a Loss to resolve whether to take away the Things he had given me or no, and how to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the Cloaths on my Back; but then I had two Miles and a half, and a Bye-way to the Town; and being pretty well dress'd, I might come to some Harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then, may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forc'd to run away; and to carry a bad Name back with me to my dear Parents, would be a fad thing indeed! — O how I wish'd for my grey Russet again, and my poor honest Dress, with which you fitted me out, (and hard enough too it was for you to do it!) for going to this Place, when I was not Twelve Years old, in my good Lady's Days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. Fervis, and taking her Advice, and only fear'd his Command to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his Actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. Fervis depended upon him, thro' Misfortunes that had attended her, I thought it would be a fad thing to bring his Displeasure upon her for my sake.

In this Quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I pass'd

the Time in my Chamber till Evening; when desiring to be excus'd going to Supper, Mrs. Jervis came up to me, and said, Why must I sup without you, Pamela? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the Matter.

I BEGG'D I might be permitted to lie with her on Nights; for I was afraid of Spirits, and they would not hurt fuch a good Person as she. That was a silly Excuse, she said; for why was you not afraid of Spirits before?---- (Indeed I did not think of that) But you shall be my Bed-fellow with all my Heart, added she, let your Reason be what it will; only come down to Supper. I begg'd to be excus'd; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken Notice of by my Fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. Jervis, when we are alone.

SHE was so good to indulge me; but made haste to come up to-bed; and told the Servants, that I should lie with her, because she could not rest well, and would get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I lov'd Reading, she said.

WHEN we were alone, I told her all that had passed; for I thought, though he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a Secret of such a Nature, would be, as I apprehended, to deprive myself of the good Advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought,

ought, and would keep worse Secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear Mother?

MRS. Fervis could not help mingling Tears with my Tears; for I cry'd all the Time I was telling her the Story, and begg'd her to advise me what to do; and I shew'd her my dear Father's two Letters, and she prais'd the Honesty and Inditing of them, and faid pleasing Things to me of you both. But she begg'd I would not think of leaving my Service; For, fays she, in all Likelihood, you behaved so virtuously, that he will be asham'd of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: Though, my dear Pamela, said she, I fear more for your Prettiness than for any thing else; because the best Man in the Land might love you; so she was pleased to say. She wish'd it was in her Power to live independent; then she would take a little private House, and I should live with her like her Daughter.

AND so, as you order'd me to take her Advice, I resolved to tarry to see how things went, except he was to turn me away; altho, in your first Letter, you order'd me to come away the Moment I had any Reason to be apprehensive. So, dear Father and Mother, it is not Disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a Blessing, or the good Fruits of your Prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

ALL the next Day I was very sad, and began my long Letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mention'd) to Mrs. Jervis, That Girl is always

always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do; or to that purpose. And when I had finish'd my Letter, I put it under the Toilet, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. Jervis, besides my Master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great, Concern, it was gone; and Mrs. Jervis knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my Master's having been near the Place in the Time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. Jervis, as well as I, thinks he has it, some how or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has order'd Mrs. Jervis to bid me not pass so much Time in writing; which is a poor Matter for such a Gentleman as he to take Notice of, as I not idle other-ways, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good Look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. Fervis; tho after all, the Fears I live in on one Side, and his Frowning and Displeasure at what I do on the other, make me

more miserable than enough.

OTHAT I had never left my little Bed in the Loft, to be thus exposed to Temptations on one hand, or Disgusts on the other! How happy was I a while ago! How contrary now!

— Pity and pray for

Tour afflicted PAMELA.

### LETTER XIII.

My dearest Child,

OUR Hearts bleed for your Distress, and the Temptations you are exposed to. You have our hourly Prayers; and we would have you slee this evil Great House and Man, if you find he renews his Attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. Fervis to advise with. We can find no Fault in your Conduct hitherto: But it makes our Hearts ake for fear of the worst. O my Child! Temptations are sore things; but yet, without them, we know not ourselves, nor what we are able to do.

Your Danger is very great; for you have Riches, Youth, and a fine Gentleman, as the World reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your Honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past Conduct, and your virtuous Education, and that you have been bred to be more asham'd of Dishonesty than Poverty, we trust in God, that He will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't fee but your Life must be a Burden to you, through the great Apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be prefumptuous to trust too much to your own Strength; and that you are but very young; and the Devil may put it into his Head to use some Stratagem, of which great Men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better come home to share our Poverty with Safety, than live with so much Discontent in a Plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. Jervis for an Adviser, and Bed-sellow, (and, O my dear Child, that was prudently done of you!) we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to the Divine Protection, remain

Your truly loving,

but careful, Father and Mother.

# LETTER XIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

RS. Fervis and I have liv'd very comfortably together for this Fortnight past; for my Master was all that time at his Lincolnshire Estate, and at his Sister's the Lady Davers. But he came home Yesterday. He had some Talk with Mrs. Fervis foon after, and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. Fervis, I know Pamela has your good Word; but do you think her of any Use in the Family? She told me, she was surpris'd at the Question; but faid, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious Creatures that ever she knew. Why that Word virtuous, said he, I pray you? Was there any Reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has any body taken it into their Heads to try her? - I wonder, Sir, fays fhe, you ask fuch

fuch a Question! Who dare offer any thing to her in fuch an orderly and well-govern'd House as yours, and under a Master of so good a Charader for Virtue and Honour? Your Servant. Mrs. Fervis, says he, for your good Opinion; but pray, if any body did, do you think Pamela would let you know it? Why, Sir, said she, the is a poor innocent young Creature, and I believe has so much Confidence in me. that she would take my Advice as soon as she would her Mother's. Innocent! again; and virtuous, I warrant! Well, Mrs. Jervis, you abound with your Epithers! but I take her to be an artful young Baggage; and had I a young handsome Butler or Steward, she'd soon make her Market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to fnap at him for a Husband. Alack-a-day, Sir, faid she, 'tis early Days with Pamela; and she does not yet think of a Husband, I dare fay: And your Steward and Butler are both Men in Years, and think nothing of the Matter. No, faid he, if they were younger, they'd have more Wit than to think of fuch a Girl. I'll tell you my Mind of her, Mrs. Fervis: I don't think this same Favourite of yours fo very artless a Girl, as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your Honour, said Mrs. Jervis; but I dare fay, if the Men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said he, are there any Men that will not let her alone, that you know of? No, indeed, Sir, faid she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently,

prudently, that they all esteem her, and shew her as great Respect, as if she was a Gentlewoman born.

Ay, fays he, that's her Art; that I was speaking of: But let me tell you, the Girl has Vanity, and Conceit, and Pride too, or I am mistaken and, perhaps, I could give you an Instance of it. Sir, faid the, you can fee further than fuch a poor filly Woman as I am; but I never faw any thing but Innocence in her .--- And Virtue too, I'll warrant ye! said he. But suppose I could give you an Instance, where she has talk'd a little too freely of the Kindnesses that have been shew'd her from a certain Quarter; and has had the Vanity to impute a few kind Words, utter'd in mere Compassion to her Youth and Circumstances, into a Design upon her, and even dar'd to make free with Names that she ought never to mention but with Reverence and Gratitude; what would you fay to that? - Say, Sir! faid she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope Pamela incapable of such Ingratitude.

Well, no more of this filly Girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her Friend, not to give herself too much Licence upon the Favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the Affairs of my Family purely for an Exercise to her Pen and her Invention. I tell you, she is a subtle, artful Gypsey;

and Time will shew it you.

Was ever the like heard, my dear Father and Mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a Repulse, and mistrusts that

I have

I have told Mrs. Fervis, and has my long Letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vex'd to the Heart. But I can't help it. I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in his Sense; and as light as he makes of the Words Virtue and Innocence in me, he would have made a less angry Construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may-be, my Crime would have been my Virtue with him; naughty Gentleman as he is!—

I will foon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am, and shall always

be,

Your honest Daughter.

## LETTER XV.

Dear Mother,

I BROKE off abruptly my last Letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I put the Letter into my Bosom, and took up my Work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the Artful, as he call'd it, that I look'd as confus'd, as if I had been doing some great Harm.

SIT still, Pamela, said he, and mind your Work, for all me.—You don't tell me I am welcome home after my Journey to Lincoln-shire. It would be hard, Sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your Honour's own House.

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I would have gone; but he faid, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a Word or two to fay to you. Good Sirs, how my Heart went pit-a-pat! When I was a little kind to you, faid he, in the Summer-house, and you carry'd yourself so foolishly upon it, as if I had intended to do you great Harm, did I not rell you, you should take no Notice of what pass'd, to any Creature? And yet you have made a common Talk of the Matter, not considering either my Reputation, or your own. - I made a common Talk of it, Sir! faid I: I have nobody to talk to, hardly.

HE interrupted me, and faid, Hardly! you little Equivocator! what do you mean by hardly? Let me ask you, Have you not told Mrs. Jervis for one? Pray your Honour, said I, all in Agitation, let me go down; for 'tis not for me to hold an Argument with your Honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my Hand, what do you talk of an Argument? Is it holding an Argument with me, to answer a plain Question? Answer me what Lask'd. O good Sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myfelf again, and be faucy.

A NSWER me then, I bid your fays he, Have you not told Mrs. Jervis? It will be faucy in you, if you don't answer me directly to what Lask. Sir, faid I, and fain would have pull'd my Hand away, perhaps I should be for answering you by another Question, and that would not become me. What is it you would fay? replies he; speak out.

THEN, Sir, said I, why should your Honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. Fervis, or any body else, what pass'd, if you intended no Harm?

WELL faid, pretty Innocent and Artless! as Mrs. Fervis calls you, faid he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my Question. Why then, Sir, faid I, I will not tell a Lye for the World: I did tell Mrs. Fervis; for my Heart was almost broken; but I open'd not my Mouth to any other. Very well, Boldface, faid he, and Equivocator again! You did not open your Mouth to any other; but did you not write to some other? Why now, and please your Honour, said I, (for I was quite courageous just then) you could not have ask'd me this Question, if you had not taken from me my Letter to my Father and Mother, in which I own I had broken my Mind freely to them, and ask'd their Advice, and poured forth my Griefs!

AND so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, in my own House, and out of my House, to the whole World, by such a Saucebox as you? No, good Sir, said I, and I hope your Honour won't be angry with me; it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the Truth. So, taunting again! Assurance as you are! said he:

I will not be thus talk'd to!

PRAY, Sir, said I, of whom can a poor Girl take Advice, if it must not be of her Father and Mother, and such a good Woman as

D 2 Mrs.

Mrs. Jervis; who, for her Sex-sake, should give it me when asked? Infolence! faid he, and stamp'd with his Foot, Am I to be question'd thus by such an one as you? I fell down on my Knees, and faid, For Heaven's fake, your Honour, pity a poor Creature, that knows nothing of her Duty, but how to cherish her Virtue and good Name: I have nothing else to trust to; and tho' poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value Honesty above my Life. Here's ado with your Honesty, said he, foolish Girl! Is it not one Part of Honesty, to be dutiful and grateful to your Master, do you think? Indeed, Sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your Honour, or disobedient, or deserve the Names of Bold face and Infolent, which you call me, but when your Commands are contrary to that first Duty, which shall ever be the Principle of my Life!

HE seem'd to be mov'd, and rose up, and walk'd into the great Chamber two or three Turns, leaving me on my Knees; and I threw my Apron over my Face, and laid my Head on a Chair, and cry'd as if my Heart would break,

having no Power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with Mischief in his Heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, Pamela, rise; you are your own Enemy. Your perverse Folly will be your Ruin: I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the Freedoms you have taken with my Name to my House-keeper, as also to your Father and

and Mother; and you may as well have real Cause to take these Freedoms with me, as to make my Name fuffer for imaginary ones. And faying fo, he offer'd to take me on his Knee, with some Force. O how I was terrify'd! I faid, like as I had read in a Book a Night or two before, Angels and Saints, and all the Host of Heaven, defend me! And may I never survive one Moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my Innocence! Pretty Fool! faid he, how will you forfeit your Innocence, if you are obliged to yield to a Force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, you'll have the Merit, and I the Blame; and it will be a good Subject for Letters to your Father and Mother, and a Tale into the Bargain for Mrs. Jervis.

He by Forcekissed my Neck and Lips, and said, Who ever blamed Lucretia? All the Shame lay on the Ravisher only: And I am content to take all the Blame upon me; as I have already borne too great a Share for what I have deserved. May I, said I, Lucretia like, justify myself with my Death, if I am us'd barbarously? O my good Girl! said he, tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty Story

in Romance, I warrant ye.

He then put his Hand in my Bosom, and Indignation gave me double Strength, and I got loose from him by a sudden Spring, and ran out of the Room; and the next Chamber being open, I made shift to get into it, and

D 3 threw

threw to the Door, and it locked after me; but he followed me so close, he got hold of my Gown, and tore a Piece off, which hung without the Door; for the Key was on the Inside.

I JUST remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing further of the Matter till afterwards, because I fell into a Fit with my Terror; and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the Key-hole, 'spy'd me upon the Floor, stretch'd out at Length, on my Face; and then he call'd Mrs. 'fervis to me, who, by his Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the Matter, if she was wise.

POOR Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse, and cry'd over me like as if she was my Mother; and I was two Hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my Feet, he coming in, I fainted away again with the Terror; and so he withdrew: But he staid in the next Room, to let nobody come near us, that his foul Proceedings might not be known.

MRS. Jervis gave me her Smelling-bottle, and had cut my Laces, and fat me in a great Chair, and he call'd her to him: How is the Girl? faid he: I never faw fuch a Fool in my Life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. Jervis could not speak for crying. So he faid, She has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the Summer-house, altho' I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now,

and

and I desire you to keep this Matter to your-

self, and let me not be nam'd in it.

O, SIR, said she, for your Honour's sake, and for Christ's sake — But he would not hear her, and said — For your own sake, I tell you, Mrs. Jervis, say not a Word more. I have done her no Harm. And I won't have her stay in my House; prating, perverse Fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into Fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me To-morrow after Dinner, in my Mother's Closet, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

AND so he went out in a Pet, and order'd his Chariot and Four to be got ready, and

went a visiting somewhere.

MRS. Jervis then came to me, and I told her all that had happened, and faid I was refolved not to stay in the House: And she replying, He seem'd to threaten as much; I faid, I am glad of that; then I shall be easy. So she told me all he had said to her, as above.

MRS. Jervis is very loth I should go; and yet, poor Woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruin'd for the World. She says, To be sure he means no Good; but may-be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all Attempts: And that I shall better know what to do after To-morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad Judge, I doubt.

O How I dread this To-morrow's Appearance! But be as assured, my dear Parents, of

the Honesty of your poor Child, as I am of your Prayers for

Your dutiful Daughter.

O this frightful To-morrow! how I dread it!

## LETTER XVI.

My dear Parents,

KNOW you longed to hear from me foon;

and I fend to you as foon as I could.

WELL, you may believe how uneafily I passed the Time, till his appointed Hour came. Every Minute, as it grew nearer, my Terrors increased; and sometimes I had great Courage, and fometimes none at all; and I thought I fhould faint, when it came to the Time my Master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and, do what I could, my Eyes were fwell'd with crying,

AT last he went up to the Closet, which was my good Lady's Drefling-room; a Room I

once lov'd, but then as much hated.

Don't your Heart ake for me? -- I am fure mine flutter'd about like a new-caught Bird in a Cage. O Pamela, faid I to myself, why art thou so foolish and fearful! Thou hast done no Harm! What, if thou fearest an unjust Judge, when thou art innocent, wouldst thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have Courage, Pamela, thou knowest the worft!

worst! And how easy a Choice Poverty and Honesty is, rather than Plenty and Wickedness!

So I chear'd myself; but yet my poor Heart sunk, and my Spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my Account. I dreaded it, and yet I wish'd it to come.

Well, at last he rung the Bell; O, thought I, that it was my Passing-bell! Mrs. Jervis went up, with a sull Heart enough, poor good Woman! He said, Where's Pamela? Let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me; I was ready to go with my Feet, but my Heart was with my dear Father and Mother, wishing to share your Poverty and Happiness. I went up, however.

O HO w can wicked Men seem so steady and untouch'd, with such black Hearts, while poor Innocents stand like Malesactors before them!

HE look'd so stern, that my Heart fail'd me, and I wish'd myself any-where but there, tho' I had before been summoning up all my Courage. Good Heaven, said I to myself, give me Courage to stand before this naughty Master! O soften him, or harden me!

Come in, Fool, faid he, angrily, as foon as he faw me (and fnarch'd my Hand with a Pull); you may well be ashamed to see me, after your Noise and Nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see you! thought I: Very pretty indeed!—But I said nothing.

MRS.

MRs. Jervis, said he, here you are both together: Do you sit down; but let her stand, if fhe will (Ay, thought I, if I can; for my Knees beat one against the other). Did you not think, when you faw the Girl in the Way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest Occasion for Complaint, that could possibly be given to a Woman; and that I had actually ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, could you think any thing less? Indeed, said she, I fear'd so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and all I did to her, to occasion all this Folly, by which my Reputation might have suffer'd in your Opinion, and in that of all the Family? - Inform me, what has she told you?

SHE was a little too much frighted, as she own'd afterwards, at his Sternness; and faid, Indeed she told me you *gnly* pull'd her on your

Knee, and kiss'd her.

THEN I pluck'd up my Spirit a little: Only! Mrs. Jervis, said I; and was not that enough to shew me what I had to sear? When a Master of his Honour's Degree demeans himself to be so free as that to such a poor Servant as me, what is the next to be expected?—But your Honour went further; and threaten'd me what you would do, and talked of Lucretia, and her hard Fate.—Your Honour knows you went too far for a Master to a Servant, or even to his Equal; and I cannot bear it. So I fell a crying most sadly.

MRS,

MRS. Jervis began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor Maiden, that had such a Value for her Reputation. He said, I speak it to her Face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my Favours, or the Notice I took of her; but I abhor the Thought of forcing her to any thing. I know myself better, said he, and what belongs to me: And, to be sure, I have enough demean'd myself, to take Notice of such an one as she; but I was bewitch'd by her, I think, to be freer than became me; tho' I had no Intention to carry the Jest farther.

What poor Stuff was all this, my dear Mother, from a Man of his Sense! But see how a bad Cause, and bad Actions, confound the greatest Wits!----It gave me a little more Courage then; for Innocence, I find, in a low Fortune, and weak Mind, has many Advantages over Guilt, with all its Riches and Wis-

dom.

So I said, Your Honour may call this Jest or Sport, or what you please; but indeed, Sir, it is not a Jest that becomes the Distance between a Master and a Servant. Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis? said he, Do you hear the Pertness of the Creature? I had a good deal of this Sort before in the Summer-house, and Yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

SAYS Mrs. Jervis, Pamela, don't be pert to his Honour: You should know your Di-

stance;

stance; you see his Honour was only in Jest.—. O dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, don't you blame me too. It is very difficult to keep one's Distance to the greatest of Men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest Servants.

SEE again! faid he; could you believe this of the young Baggage, if you had not heard it? Good your Honour, faid the well-meaning Gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor Girl: She is but a Girl, and her Virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn my Life for her, she will never be pert to your Honour, if you'll be so good as not to molest her any more, nor frighten her again. You faw, Sir, by her Fit, fhe was in Terror; fhe could not help it; and tho' your Honour intended her no Harm, yet the Apprehension was almost Death to her; and I had much ado to bring her to herself again. O the little Hypocrite! faid he; fhe has all the Arts of her Sex; they were born with her; and I told you a-while ago; you did not know her. But this was not the Reason principally of my calling you before me together: I find I am likely to fuffer in my Reputation by the Perverseness and Folly of this Girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written Letters (for I find she is a mighty Letter-writer!) to her Father and Mother, and others, as far as I know; in which, representing herself as an Angel of Light, the makes her kind Master and Benefactor, a Devil incarnate. -- (O how People will

will fometimes, thought I, call themselves by their right Names!---) And all this, added he, I won't bear; and so I am resolved she shall return to the Distresses and Poverty she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my Name with Freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brighten'd up at once with these welcome Words: And I threw myself upon my Knees at his Feet, with a most fincere, glad Heart; and I said, May your Honour be for ever bleffed for your Resolution! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my bended Knees, to thank you for all the Benefits and Favours you have heap'd upon me; for the Opportunities I have had of Improvement and Learning, thro' my good Lady's Means, and yours. I will now forget all your Honour has offer'd to me: And I promise you, that I will never let your Name pass my Lips, but with Reverence and Gratitude: And fo God Almighty bless your Honour, for ever and ever, Amen!

THEN rising from my Knees, I went away with another-guise sort of Heart than I came into his Presence with: And so I fell to writing this Letter. And thus all is happily over.

AND now, my dearest Father and Mother, expect to see soon your poor Daughter, with an humble and dutiful Mind returned to you: And don't fear, but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the Loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little Bed be

got ready; and I have a small matter of Money, which will buy me a Suit of Cloaths, fitter for my Condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some Needle-work; and fear not, that I shall be a Burden to you, if my Health continues. I know I shall be biessed, if not for my own sake, for both your sakes, who have, in all your Trials and Missortunes, preserved so much Integrity, as makes every body speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. Jervis give me a Character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for Dishonesty.

AND so, my dear Parents, may you be blest for me, and I for you! And I will always pray for my Master and Mrs. Jervis. So Goodnight; for it is late, and I shall be soon call'd

to-bed.

I HOPE Mrs. Jervis is not angry with me. She has not call'd me to Supper; tho' I could eat nothing, if she had. But I make no Doubt I shall sleep purely To-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy Lost once more.

So good Night again, my dear Father and Mother, fays

Your honest poor Daughter.

May-hap I shan't come this Week, because I must get up the Linen, and leave in Order every thing belonging to my Place. So send me a Line, if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by John, who'll

who'll call for it as he returns. But fay nothing of my coming away to him, as yet; for it will be faid, I blab every thing.

## LETTER XVII.

My dearest Daughter,

ITTELCOME, welcome, ten times welcome, shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the Staff of our old Age, and our Comfort. And tho we cannot do for you as we would, yet fear not we shall live happily together; and what with my diligent Labour, and your poor Mother's Spinning, and your Needle-work, I make no Doubt we shall do better and better. Only your poor Mother's Eyes begin to fail her; tho' I bless God, I am as strong, and able, and willing to labour as ever; and O my dear Child, your Virtue has made me, I think, fronger and better than I was before. bleffed Things are Trials and Temptations, when we have the Strength to resist and subdue them!

But I am uneafy about those same Four Guineas: I think you should give them back again to your Master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only Three left; but I will borrow the Fourth, if I can, Part upon my Wages, and Part of Mrs. Mumford, and send the whole Sum back to you, that you may re-

turn it against John comes next, if he comes

again before you.

I WANT to know how you come. I fanfy honest John will be glad to bear you Company Part of the Way, if your Master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your Mother will go one Five Miles, and I will go Ten on the Way, or till I meet you, as far as one Holiday will go; for that I can get Leave to make on such an Occasion: And we shall receive you with more Pleasure than we had at your Birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our Lives.

AND so God bless you, till the happy Time comes! say both your Mother and I; which is

all at present, from

Your truly loving Parents.

#### LETTER XVIII.

Dear Eather and Mother,

I THANK you a thousand times for your Goodness to me, express'd in your last Letter. I now long to get my Business done, and come to my new-old Lot again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my Master has turn'd me away; and as I shall come to you an honest Daughter, what Pleasure it is to what I should have had, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one! Well, my Writing time will soon be over, and so I will make

make use of it now, and tell you all that has

happened fince my last Letter.

I WONDER'D Mrs. Fervis did not call me to sup with her, and fear'd she was angry; and when I had finish'd my Letter, I long'd for her coming to Bed. At last she came up, but feem'd fly and referv'd; and I faid, My dear Mrs. Fervis, I am glad to see you: You are not angry with me, I hope. She faid she was forry Things had gone fo far; and that she had a great deal of Talk with my Master, after I was gone; that he feem'd mov'd at what I faid, and at my falling on my Knees to him, and my Prayer for him, at my going away. He said, I was a strange Girl; he knew not what to make of me: And is she gone? faid he: I intended to fay fomething else to her, but she behav'd fo oddly, that I had not Power to stop her. She ask'd, If she should call me again? He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too; and she shall go, now I have given her Warning. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age. She said, he had order'd her not to tell me all: But she believ'd he never would offer any thing to me again, and I might stay, she fansy'd, if I would beg it as a Favour; tho' she was not sure neither.

I STAY! dear Mrs. Jervis, said I; why tis the best News that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my Poverty and Distress, as he threaten'd I should; for the I am sure of

the Poverty, I shall not have half the Distress I have had for some Months past, I'll assure

you.

MRS. Jervis, dear good Soul! wept over me, and said, Well, well, Pamela, I did not think I had shew'd so little Love to you, as that you should express so much Joy upon leaving me. I am sure I never had a Child half

fo dear to me as you are.

I WEPT to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been; and said, What would you have me to do, dear Mrs. Fervis? I love you next to my own Father and Mother, and to leave you is the chief Concern I have at quitting this Place; but I know it will be certain Ruin if I stay. After such Offers, and such Threatenings, and his comparing himfelf to a wicked Ravisher, in the very Time of his last Offer; and turning it into a Jest, that we should make a pretty Story in Romance; can I stay, and be fafe? Has he not demean'd himself twice? And it behoves me to beware of the third time, for fear he should lay his Snares furer; for may-hap he did not expect a poor Servant would refift her Master so much. And must it not be look'd upon as a fort of Warrant for fuch Actions, if I stay after this? For I think, when one of our Sex finds she is attempted, it is an Encouragement to the Attempter to proceed, if one puts one's felf in the Way of it, when one can help it; 'tis neither more nor less than inviting him to think, that one forgives what, in short, ought not to be

be forgiven: Which is no small Countenance to foul Actions, I'll assure you.

SHE hugg'd me to her, and faid, I'll assure you! Pretty-face, where gottest thou all thy Knowledge, and thy good Notions, at these Years? Thou art a Miracle for thy Age, and I shall always love thee. — But, do you resolve to leave us, Pamela?

YES, my dear Mrs. Fervis, said I; for, as Matters stand, how can I do otherwise?—
But I'll finish the Duties of my Place sirst, if I may; and hope you'll give me a Character, as to my Honesty, that it may not be thought I was turn'd away for any Harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a Character as never Girl at thy Years deserv'd. And, I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third best Friend, where-ever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

AND so we went to Bed, and I never wak'd till 'twas time to rise; which I did, as blythe as a Bird, and went about my Business with Pleafure.

But I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he pass'd by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards Evening he met me in the Passage going into the Garden, and said such a Word to me as I never heard in my Life from him, to Man, Woman or Child; for he first said, This Creature's always in my Way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could, (and the Entry was wide enough for a Coach too) I hope I

shan't be long in your Honour's Way. D-n you! faid he, (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience with you.

IPROFESS, I trembled to hear him fay fo; but I faw he was vex'd; and as I am going away, I minded it the less. Well! I see, my dear Parents, that when a Person will do wicked Things, it is no Wonder he will speak wicked Words. May God keep out of the Way of them both,

Your dutiful Daughter.

#### LETTER XIX.

Dear Father and Mother,

UR John having no Opportunity to go your Way, I write again, and fend both Letters at once. I can't say, yet, when I shall get away, nor how I shall come; because Mrs. Fervis shew'd my Master the Waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he faid, It looks well enough: I think the Creature had best stay till she has finish'd it.

THERE is some private Talk carry'd on betwixt him and Mrs. Jervis, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base, if I did. But, to be fure, she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful Commands; and other, I dare fay, the won't keep: She is too good,

and

and loves me too well; but she must stay when

I am gone, and fo must get no Ill-will.

SHE has been at me to ask to stay, and humble myself. But what have I done, Mrs. Jervis? said I: If I have been a Sauce-box, and a Bold-sace, and Pert, and a Creature, as he calls me, have I not had Reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot myself, if he had not forgot to act as my Master? Tell me, from your own Heart, dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, if you think I could stay and be safe: What would you think, or how would you act, in my Case?

My dear Pamela, said she, and kiss'd me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as you do: But I know nobody else that would. My Master is a fine Gentleman; he has a great deal of Wit and Sense, and is admir'd, as I know, by half a dozen Ladies, who would think themselves happy in his Addresses. He has a noble Estate; and yet I believe he loves my good Maiden, tho' his Servant, better than all the Ladies in the Land; and he has try'd to overcome it, because you are so much his Inferior; and 'tis my Opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud Heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay; and so he speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by Accident.

WELL, but, Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you, If he can stoop to like such a poor Girl as me, as perhaps he may, (for I have read of Things almost as strange, from great Men to poor Damsels) What can it be for?— He may

E 3 condescend,

condescend, may-hap, to think I may be good enough for his Harlot; and those Things don't disgrace Men, that ruin poor Women, as the World goes. And so, if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and till his Mind changed; for even wicked Men, I have read, soon grow weary of Wickedness, and love Variety. Well then, poor Pamela must be turn'd off, and look'd upon as a vile abandon'd Creature, and every body would despise her; ay, and justly too, Mrs. Jervis, for she that can't keep her Virtue, ought to live in Disgrace.

in Disgrace.
But, Mrs. Jervis, continued I, let me tell
you, that, I hope, if I was sure he would always

be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that I shall have so much Grace, as to hate and withstand his Temptations, were he not only my Master, but my King; and that for the Sin's sake. This my poor dear Parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked Creature indeed, if, for the sake of Riches or Favour, I should forfeit my good Name; yea, and worse than any other young Body of my Sex; because I can so contentedly return to my Poverty again, and think it less Disgrace to be oblig'd to wear Rags, and live upon Rye-bread and Water, as I used to do, than to be a Harlot to the greatest

Man in the World.

MRS. Jervis lifted up her Hands, and had her Eyes full of Tears. God bless you, my dear Love! said she; you are my Admiration and Delight.—How shall I do to part with you!

WELL,

Well, good Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you now: — You and he have had some Talk, and you mayn't be suffer'd to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done? ay, and asham'd of it too? for I am sure he ought, considering his high Degree, and my low Degree, and how I have nothing in the World to trust to but my Honesty: Do you think in your own Conscience now, (pray answer me truly) that he would never offer any thing to me again, and that I could be safe?

ALAS! my dear Child, said she, don't put thy home Questions to me, with that pretty becoming Earnestness in thy Look. I know this, that he is vex'd at what he has done; he was vex'd the first time, more vex'd the second time.

YES, said I; and so he will be vex'd, I suppose, the third and the fourth time too, till he has quite ruin'd your poor Maiden; and

who will have Cause to be vex'd then?

NAY, Pamela, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessary to your Ruin for the World. I only can say, that he has, yet, done you no Hurt; and 'tis no Wonder he should love you, you are so pretty; tho' so much beneath him: But I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any Force.

You say, reply'd I, that he was forry for his first Offer in the Summer-house: Well, and how long did his Sorrow last? — Only till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became forry again. And

E 4

if he has deign'd to love me, and you fay can't help it, why, he can't help it neither, if he should have an Opportunity, a third time to distress me. And I have read, that many a Man has been asham'd of his wicked Attempts, when he has been repuls'd, that would never have been asham'd of them, had he succeeded. Mrs. Fervis, if he really intends to offer no Force, What does that mean?—While you fay he can't help liking me, for Love it cannot be-Does it not imply, that he hopes to ruin me by my own Consent? I think, said I, (and I hope I should have Grace to do so) that I should not give way to his Temptations on any Account; but it would be very prefumptuous in me to rely upon my own Strength, against a Gentleman of his Qualifications and Estate, and who is my Master; and thinks himself intitled to call me Bold-face, and what not? only for standing on my necessary Defence: And that, too, where the Good of my Soul and Body, and my Duty to God, and my Parents, are all concern'd. How then, Mrs. Jervis, said I, can I ask, or wish to stay?

Well, says she, ashe seems very desireous you should not stay. I hope it is from a good Motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace himself as well as you. No, no, Mrs. Fervis, said I; I have thought of that too; for I would be glad to consider him with that Duty that becomes me: But then he would have let me go to Lady Davers, and not have hinder'd my Preferment. And he would not have said, I should

return

his Mother's Goodness, I had been taken out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and punish me, as he thought, for not complying with his Wickedness: and this shews me well enough what I have to expect from his future Goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear, dear Price.

SHE was filent, and I added, Well, there's no more to be faid; I must go, that's certain: All my Concern will be how to part with you; and indeed, after you, with every body; for all my Fellow-servants have loved me, and you and they will cost me a Sigh and a Tear too, now-and-then, I am sure. And so I fell a-crying: I could not help it. For it is a pleasant Thing to one to be in a House among a great many Fellow-servants, and be belov'd by them all.

NAY, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. Longman our Steward is; vastly courteous, indeed, on all Occasions! And he said once to Mrs. Jervis, he wish'd he was a young Man for my sake; I should be his Wise, and he would settle all he had upon me, on Marriage; and, you must know, he is rec-

kon'd worth a Power of Money.

I TAKE no Pride in this; but bless God, and your good Example, my dear Parents, that I have been enabled so to carry myself, as to have every body's good Word: Not but that our Cook one Day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this Pamela of ours goes as fine as a Lady. See what

what it is to have a fine Face!—I wonder what the Girl will come to at last!

SHE was hot with her Work; and I fneak'd away; for I feldom go down into the Kitchen; and I heard the Butler say, Why, Jane, nobody has your good Word: What has Mrs. Famela done to you? I am sure she offends nobody. And what, said the foolish Wench, have I said to her, Foolatum; but that she was pretty? They quarrell'd afterwards, I heard: I was forry for it, but troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly Prattle, from

# Your dutiful Daughter.

O! I forgot to fay, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work; and I am up early and late to get it over; for I long to come to you.

## LETTER XX.

Dear Father and Mother,

I DID not send my last Letters so soon as I hop'd, because John (whether my Master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady Davers's, instead of Isaac, who us'd to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust Isaac; tho' he is very civil to me too. So I was forc'd to stay till John return'd.

As I may not have Opportunity to fend again foon, and yet as I know you keep my Letters, and read them over and over, (so John told me) when you have done Work, (so much does your Kindness make you love all that. comes from your poor Daughter) and as it may be some little Pleasure to me, may-hap, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me what I have gone thro', and how great God's Goodness has been to me (which, I hope, will further strengthen my good Resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad Conduct, have Reason to condemn myself from my own Hand, as it were): For all these Reafons, I fay, I will write as I have Time, and as Matters happen, and fend the Scribble to you as I have Opportunity; and if I don't every time, in Form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe, that it is not for want of Duty. So I will begin where I left off, about the Talk between Mrs. Fervis and me, for me to ask to stay.

UNKNOWN to Mrs. Jervis, I put a Project, as I may call it, in Practice. I thought with myself some Days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor Father and Mother, and have nothing on my Back, that will be sit for my Condition; for how should your poor Daughter look with a Silk Night-gown, Silken Petticoats, Cambrick Head-cloaths, sine Holland Linen, lac'd Shoes, that were my Lady's, and sine Stockens! And how in a little while must these have look'd, like old Cast-offs indeed,

and I look'd fo for wearing them! And People would have faid, (for poor Folks are envious, as well as rich) See there Goody Andrews's Daughter, turn'd home from her fine Place! What a tawdry Figure she makes! And how well that Garb becomes her poor Parents Circumstances! - And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they should come to be thread-bare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could purchase home-spun Cloaths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them? - May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a Linfey-woolfey Petticoat, and the So, thought I, I had better get myself at once 'quipp'd in the Dress that will become my Condition; and tho' it may look poor to what I have been us'd to wear of late Days, yet it will ferve me, when I am with you, for a good Holiday and Sunday Suit, and what, by a Bleffing on my Industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was faying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer Nichols's Wife and Daughters, a good sad-colour'd Stuff, of their own Spinning, enough to make me a Gown, and two Petticoats; and I made Robings and Faceings of a pretty Bit of printed Calico, I had by

me.

I HAD a pretty good Camblet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flanel Under-coats; not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any Neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now-andthen, as sometimes I used to do formerly; for I am resolved to do all your Neighbours what Kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much belov'd about you, as I am here.

I GOT some pretty good Scots Cloth, and made me, at Mornings and Nights, when nobody saw me, Two Shifts; and I have enough lest for Two Shirts, and Two Shifts, for you, my dear Father and Mother. When I come home, I'll make 'em for you, and desire your

Acceptance.

THEN I bought of a Pedlar, two pretty enough round-ear'd Caps, a little Straw-hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Calico; and two Pair of ordinary blue Worsted Hose, that make a smartish Appearance, with white Clocks, I'll affure you! and Two Yards of black Ribband for my Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in Two Hours, for Two Days together: For, you must know, tho' I lie with Mrs. Fervis, I keep my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have fav'd so much Money; but my dear good Lady was always giving me something.

I BELIEV'D myself the more oblig'd to do this, because, as I was turn'd away for what my good Master thought Want of Duty; and as he expected other Returns for his Presents, than I intended to make him, so I thought it was but

me.

and I look'd fo for wearing them! And People would have faid, (for poor Folks are envious, as well as rich) See there Goody Andrews's Daughter, turn'd home from her fine Place! What a tawdry Figure she makes! And how well that Garb becomes her poor Parents Circumstances! --- And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they should come to be thread-bare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could purchase home-spun Cloaths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them? - May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a Linfey-woolfey Petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once 'quipp'd in the Dress that will become my Condition; and tho' it may look poor to what I have been us'd to wear of late Days, yet it will ferve me, when I am with you, for a good Holiday and Sunday Suit, and what, by a Bleffing on my Industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was faying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer Nichols's Wife and Daughters, a good sad-colour'd Stuff, of their own Spinning, enough to make me a Gown, and two Petticoats; and I made Robings and Faceings of a pretty Bit of printed Calico, I had by

I HAD a pretty good Camblet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flanel Under-coats; not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any Neighbour should get me to go out to help'em to milk, now-andthen, as sometimes I used to do formerly; for I am resolved to do all your Neighbours what Kindness I can; and hope to make myself as

much belov'd about you, as I am here.

I GOT some pretty good Scots Cloth, and made me, at Mornings and Nights, when nobody faw me, Two Shifts; and I have enough left for Two Shirts, and Two Shifts, for you, my dear Father and Mother. When I come home, I'll make 'em for you, and desire your

Acceptance.

THEN I bought of a Pedlar, two pretty enough round-ear'd Caps, a little Straw-hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Calico; and two Pair of ordinary blue-Worsted Hose, that make a smartish Appearance, with white Clocks, I'll affure you! and Two Yards of black Ribband for my Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in Two Hours, for Two Days together: For, you must know, tho' I lie with Mrs. Jervis, I keep my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have fav'd fo much Money; but my dear good Lady was always giving me something.

I BELIEV'D myself the more oblig'd to do this, because, as I was turn'd away for what my good Master thought Want of Duty; and as he expected other Returns for his Presents, than I intended to make him, fo I thought it was but

just to leave his Presents behind me, when I went away; for, you know, if I would not earn

his Wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself about the Four Guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some Silver, as I told you, as a Perquifite, being what my Lady had about her when she dy'd; and, as I hope for no Wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserv'dail that Money in the fourteen Months, fince my Lady's Death: For she, good Soul! overpaid me before, in Learning and other Kindnesses. - Had she liv'd, none of these Things might have happen'd! - But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Every thing will turn out for the best; that's my Confidence.

So, as I was faying, I have provided a new and more suitable Dress, and I long to appear in it, more than ever I did in any new Cloaths in my Life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at Ease in my Mind. - But, mum! --- Here he comes, I believe. --- I am, drc.

#### LETTER XXI.

My dear Father and Mother,

WAS forc'd to break off; for I fear'd my Master was coming; but it prov'd to be only Mrs. Fervis. She said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, Pamela. And

I, faid I, dread nothing fo much as Company; for my Heart was up at my Mouth now, for fear my Master was coming. But I always

rejoice to see my dear Mrs. Fervis.

SAID she, I have had a world of Talk with my Master about you. I am forry for it, said I, that I am made of so much Consequence as to be talk'd of by him. O, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more Consequence to him, than you think for.—

OR wish for, said I; for the Fruits of being of Consequence to him, would make me of

none to myself, or any body else.

SAID she, Thou art as witty as any Lady in the Land: I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor Ladies, with such great Opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more

Wit than I! - But let that pass.

I SUPPOSE, said I, that I am of so much Consequence to him, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think, he can't make a Fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a Rebuke to the Pride of his high Condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

THERE is something in that, may-be, said she; but indeed, Pamela, he is very angry with you too; and calls you Twenty perverse Things; wonders at his own Folly, to have shewn you so much Favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclin'd to, he says, for his Mother's sake, and would have persisted to shew

you for your own, if you was not your own

Enemy.

NAY, now I shan't love you, Mrs. Fervis, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, tho' you know the Hazards I run.—
No, said she, he says you shall go; for he thinks it won't be for his Reputation to keep you: But he wish'd, (don't speak of it for the World, Pamela) that he knew a Lady of Birth, just such another as yourself, in Person and Mind, and he would marry her To-morrow.

I COLOUR'D up to the Ears at this Word; but said, Yet if I was the Lady of Birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For she that can bear an Insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be a Gentleman's Wise; any more than he wou'd to be a Gentleman, that could offer

it.

NAY, now, Pamela, said she, thou carriest thy Notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. Fervis, said I, very seriously, (for I could not help it) I am more sull of Fears than ever. I have only to beg of you, as one of the best Friends I have in the World, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my Master likes me, when I know what End he aims at, is Abomination to my Ears; and I shan't think myself safe, till I am at my poor Father's and Mother's.

SHE was a little angry with me, 'till I affur'd her, that I had not the least Uneasiness on her Account,

Account, but thought myself safe under her Protection and Friendship. And so we dropp'd the Discourse for that Time.

I HOPE to have finish'd this ugly Waistcoat in Two Days; after which, I have only some Linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive as to my Passage; for the heavy Rains will make it sad travelling on Foot: But may-be I shall get a Place to—, which is Ten Miles of the Way, in Farmer Nichols's close Cart; for I can't sit a Horse well at all; and may-be nobody will be suffer'd to see me on upon the Way. But I hope to let you know more,

From, &c.

#### LETTER XXII.

My dear Father and Mother,

A LL my Fellow-servants have now some Notion, that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. Fervis tells them, that my Father and Mother, growing in Years, cannot live without me; and so I go home to them, to help to comfort their old Age; but they seem not to believe it.

WHAT they found it out by, was, the Butler heard him fay to me, as I pass'd by him, in the Entry leading to the Hall, Who's that? Pamela, Sir, said I. Pamela! said he, how long are you to stay here?—Only, please your Vol. I. F Honour, Honour, faid I, till I have done the Waistcoat; and it is almost finish'd.—You might, says he, (very roughly indeed) have finish'd that long enough ago, I should have thought. Indeed, and please your Honour, said I, I have work'd early and late upon it; there is a great deal of Work in it.—Work in it! said he: You mind your Pen more than your Needle; I don't want such idle Sluts to stay in my House.

HE seem'd startled, when he saw the Butler, as he enter'd the Hall, where Mr. Jonathan stood. What do you here? said he.—The Butler was as much confounded as I; for, never having been tax'd so roughly, I could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. Jervis, and told my Complaint. This Love, said she, is the D—1! in how many strange Shapes does it make People shew themselves? And in some the farthest from their Hearts.

So one, and then another, has been fince whispering, Pray, Mrs. Jervis, are we to lose Mrs. Pamela? as they always call me—What has she done? And then she tells them as

above, about going home to you.

SHE said afterwards to me, Well, Pamela, you have made our Master, from the sweetest-temper'd Gentleman in the World, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your Power to make him as sweet-temper'd as ever; tho' I hope you'll never do it on his Terms.

This was very good in Mrs. Jervis; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his Designs

as I; and as she knew his Mind more than I, it convinced me, that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My Master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. ervis about Houshold Matters, having some Company to dine with him To-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying, at his Roughness in the Entry, I turn'd away my Face.

You may well, faid he, turn away your cursed Face; I wish I had never seen it!—

Mrs. jervis, how long is she to be about this Waistcoat?

SIR, said I, if your Honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and tho it would be now finish'd in a few Hours, I will do so still, and remove this hated poor *Pamela* out of your House and Sight for ever.

MRS. Jervis, faid he, (not speaking to me) I believe this little Slut has the Power of Witchcraft, if ever there was a Witch; for she inchants all that come near her. She makes even you, who should know better what the World is, think her an Angel of Light.

I OFFER'D to go away; for I believ'd he wanted me to ask to stay in my Place, for all this his great Wrath; and he said, Stay here! stay here, when I bid you! and snatch'd my Hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my Fingers, he grasped me so hard.

HE seem'd to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, Be-F 2 gone! gone! And away I tripp'd, as fast as I could; and he and Mrs. Fervis had a deal of Talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vex'd to have spoken in Mr. Fonathan's

Hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. Jonathan, our Butler, is a very grave good fort of old Man, with his Hair as white as Silver! and an honest worthy Man he is. I was hurrying out with a Flea in my Ear, as the Saying is; and, going down Stairs into the Parlour, met him. He took hold of my Hand, (in a gentler manner tho' than my Master) with both his; and he faid, Ah! fweet, fweet Mrs. Pamela! what is it I heard but just now! — I am forry at my Heart; but I am fure I will sooner believe any body in Fault than you. Thank you, Mr. Jonathan, faid I; but as you value your Place, don't be feen speaking to such an one as me. I cry'd too; and flipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own fake, left he should be seen to pity me.

AND now I will give you an Instance how much I am in Mr. Longman's Esteem also.

I HAD lost my Pen some-how; and my Paper being written out, I stepp'd to Mr. Longman's our Steward's Office, to beg him to give me a Pen or two, and a Sheet or two of Paper. He said, Ay, that I will, my sweet Maiden! And gave me Three Pens, some Wafers, a Stick of Wax, and Twelve Sheets of Paper; and coming from his Desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a Word or

two with you, my sweet little Mistress (for so these Two good old Gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly): I hear bad News; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not true? Yes, it is, Sir, said I; but I was in Hopes it would not be known till I went away.

WHAT a D—I, faid he, ails our Master of late! I never saw such an Alteration in any Man in my Life! He is pleas'd with nobody, as I see; and by what Mr. Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could you have done to him, tro'? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good Woman, or I should

have fear'd she had been your Enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. Fervis is a just good Woman, and, next to my Father and Mother, the best Friend I have in the World. — Well then, said he, it must be worse. Shall I guess? You are too pretty, my fweet Mistress, and, may-be, too virtuous. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. Longman, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my Master; he is cross and angry with me, that's true; but I have given Occasion for it, may-be; and because I chuse to go to my Father and Mother, rather than stay here, may-hap, he thinks me ungrateful. But, you know, Sir, faid I, that a Father and Mother's Comfort is the dearest thing to a good Child that can be. Sweet Excellence! faid he, this becomes you; but I know the World and Mankind too well; tho' I must hear, and see, F 2 and

0

and say nothing! And so a Blessing attend my little Sweeting, where-ever you go! And away

went I, with a Court'sy and Thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear Father and Mother, to be so belov'd—How much better, by good Fame and Integrity, is it, to get every one's good Word but one, than by pleasing that one, to make every one else one's Enemy, and be an execrable Creature besides! I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIII.

My dear Father and Mother,

WE had a great many neighbouring Gentlemen, and their Ladies, this Day at Dinner; and my Master made a fine Entertainment for them. And Isaac, and Mr. Fonathan, and Benjamin, waited at Table. And Isaac tells Mrs. Fervis, that the Ladies will by and by come to see the House, and have the Curiosity to see me; for, it seems, they said to my Master, when the Jokes slew about, Well, Mr. B—, we understand, you have a Servant-maid, who is the greatest Beauty in the County; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

THE Wench is well enough, faid he; but no fuch Beauty as you talk of, I'll affure ye. She was my Mother's Waiting-maid, who, on her Death-bed, engag'd me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is pretty that is young.

Ay, ay, said one of the Ladies, that's true; but if your Mother had not recommended her

fo strongly, there is so much Merit in Beauty, that I make no Doubt, so fine a Gentleman would have wanted no such strong Inducement to be kind to it.

THEY all laugh'd at my Master: And he, it feems, laugh'd for Company; but faid, I don't know how it is, but I fee with different Eyes from other People; for I have heard much more Talk of her Prettiness, than I think it deserves: She is well enough, as I faid; but her greatest Excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her Fellow-servants love her: My House-keeper, in particular, doats upon her; and you know, Ladies, the is a Woman of Discernment: And, as for Mr. Longman, and Jonathan, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan? Troth, Sir, faid he, an't please your Honour, I never knew her Peer; and all your Honour's Family are of the same Mind. Do you hear now? faid my Master-Well, said the Ladies, we will make a Visit to Mrs. Tervis by-and-by, and hope to fee this Paragon.

I BELIEVE they are coming; and will tell you the rest by and-by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their Game without me?

WELL, these fine Ladies have been here, and are gone back again. I would have been absent, if I could; and did step into the Closet; so they saw me not when they came in.

F4 THERE

THERE were Four of them, Lady Arthur at the great white House on the Hill, Lady Brooks, Lady Towers, and the other, it seems, a Countess, of some hard Name, I forget what.

Now, if I shall not tire you, I will give you some little Account of the Characters and Persons of these Four Ladies; for when I was hardly Twelve Years old, you us'd not to dis-

like my Descriptions.

You must know, then, That Lady Arthur (forshe is of a Quality-Family, tho' married only to a 'Squire) is a comely Person, inclinable to be fat; but very easy with it, and has pretty good Features, tho' a little too masculine, in my Opinion. She has the Air of a Person of Birth, and seems by it to shew, that she expects to be treated as fuch; and has a Freedom and Presence of Mind in all she says or does, that fets her above being in the least conscious of Imperfection in either. It is said, she is pretty passionate in her Family on small Occasions, and reminds her Husband, now-and-then, that he is not of Birth equal to her own; tho' he is of a good Gentleman's Family too: And yet her Ancestor was ennobled, it seems, but two Reigns ago. On the Whole, however, she bears no bad Character, when her Passion is over; and will be sometimes very familiar with her Inferiors: Yet, Mrs. Jervis says, Lady Davers is more passionate a great deal; but has better Qualities, and is more bountiful. Mr. Arthur has the Character of a worthy Gentleman,

Gentleman, as Gentlemen go; for he drinks hard, it seems; so indeed all the Gentlemen around us do, except my Master, who has not that Vice to answer for: I am sure, I have a double Reason, to wish, — for his sake, as well as my own — he had no worse! But let

that pass, at present.

MRS. Brooks is well descended, tho' not of Quality. And has as much Pride as if she was, if I can guess by her scornful Looks: For being a tall, thin Lady, and of a forbidding kind of Aspect, she looks down upon one, as it were, with so much Disdain! - Yet she has no bad Character in her Family; is of few Words, but affects to be thought a Lady of great Discernment, Her Spouse bears a pretty good Character; but he gives himself great Airs of Jesting and Rallying upon serious Things; and particularly on Matrimony, which is his standing Jest, whenever his Lady is not by. And some People impute this to him as Wit: But I remember a Saying of my good Lady's, That any-body might have a Character for Wit, who could give themselves the Liberty to say what would shock others to think.

THE Countess is not only Noble by Marriage, but by Birth:—But don't you wonder to find me scribble so much about Family and Birth?—When, had I Reason to boast of it, I should, if I know my own Mind, very little value myself upon it; but, contrarily, think with the Poet I have heard quoted, That VIRTUE is the only Nobility.—But, indeed,

even we Inferiors, when we get into genteel Families, are infected with this Vanity; and tho' we cannot brag of our own, we will fometimes pride ourselves in that of our Principals. But, for my part, I cannot forbear fmiling at the Absurdity of Persons even of the first Quality, who value themselves upon their Ancestors Merits, rather than their own? For is it not as much as to fay, they are conscious they have no other? - But how strangely I run on!---- Let me proceed with the Countes's Character, and don't think me too bold, to take these Freedoms with my Betters. Her Ladyship is not handsome, yet has such an affable Look, that one cannot chuse but respect her. I have thought, that she looks as if the was secure of every one's Regard, being really a Countess; while Lady Arthur gives herself Airs, as if she would exact Respect, for fear (being only a 'Squire's Lady) her Birth fhould be forgotten. But then, my Lady Countess has, with this affable Aspect, an Air quite --- intrepid --- Methinks, I want a Word -- that shews, as if she could not easily be daunted. And I don't know how it is, but one of the chief Beauties of the Sex feems banish'd from the Faces of Ladies, now-a-days: For they not only don't know how to blush themselves, but they laugh at any innocent young Body that does, as rustick and half-bred; and (as I have more than once heard them) toss their Jests about, and their Double-meanings, as they own them, as freely as the Gentle-

men.

men. But whatever Reputation these Freedoms may give to their Wit, I think they do but little Credit to their Hearts --- For does not the Obfervation hold severely against such, That out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh? The Countess's Lord, it seems, is a bad Man, and a bad Husband, and her Ladyship lives very unhappily with him; and this all the World knows; for he is a Lord, and above the World's Opinion. And indeed I never heard of any Couple so happy as you, my dear Parents, tho' you labour so hard for a poor Livelihood. But Providence gives one thing to one, and another to another. No one has every thing. But to you, my dear Father and Mother, is given Content; and that is better than all the Riches in the World, without it.

Bur Lady Towers out-does all the Ladies in the Neighbourhood for Wit and Repartee; and her Conversation is mightily coveted by every body, Gentlemen as well as Ladies: For no one, they fay, can be fad in her Company. She has fomething fmart and humourous to fay to every body, and on every Occasion: So that, tho' fhe were to fpeak a filly thing, (and that I have the Boldness to think she has many an one, on Vifits to my Lady) yet every body has fuch an Opinion of her, that they are prepared to laugh and applaud, before the opens her Lips. Then she, too, is of Family, and so is call'd Lady; tho', you know, we simple Bodies are us'd to give that Title to all fine Folks, who live upon their Means. Lady Towers is well-shap'd,

is of an easy Deportment, and has no one ill Feature, taken separately: Yet I know not how it is; but they seem as if they were not well put together, if I may fo fay. And this makes me think of what I have read of a great Painter, in former Times, Apelles by Name, who being to draw a Picture of Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, took a Mouth from one Lady, a Nose from another, Eyes from a Third, Brows and Forehead from a Fourth; but when they were all put together, they made but a poor Piece; tho' separately they were Beauties on their own proper Faces. It was talk'd, that the rakish Squire Mantin of the Grove, and this Lady, were to make a Match; but she refus'd him, because of his free Life: For tho' she takes great Liberties of Speech, and can't help it, being a Wit, as they call it, yet she is a Lady of Virtue, and Morals, at leaft .--- But what a Length have I run! It is time to return to their Visit to Mrs. Fervis.

They enter'd the Room with great Flutter, laughing heartily at something Lady Towers had said, coming up-stairs. Mrs. Jervis stood up at their Appearance: So, Mrs. Jervis, says one of the Ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your Health. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyships, said Mrs. Jervis: Will your Ladyships please to sit down? But, said the Countess, we are not only come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's Health neither: We are come to see a Rarity besides. Ay, says Lady Arthur, I have not seen your Pamela these two Years, and

they

they tell me she is grown wond'rous pretty in that Time.

THEN I wish'd I had not been in the Closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: But I have often found, that bashful Bodies owe themselves a Spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid Confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela is very pretty indeed; she's but in the Closet there:--- Pamela, pray step hither. I came out, all cover'd with Blushes; and they smil'd

at one another.

THE Countess took me by the Hand: Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, Report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be asham'd, Child (and star'd full in my Face); I wish I had just such a Face to be asham'd of. O how like a Fool I look'd!

LADY Arthur said, Ay, my good Pamela, I say as her Ladyship says: Don't be so confus'd; tho' indeed it becomes you too. I think your good Lady departed made a sweet Choice of such a pretty Attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she liv'd till now. This was a high Compliment from Lady Arthur, you must think.

An! Madam, said Mrs. Brooks, do you believe, that so dutiful a Son as our Neighbour, who always admir'd what his Mother lov'd, does not pride himself, for all what he said at Table, in such a pretty Maiden?

SHE

SHE look'd with such a malicious sneering Countenance, I cannot abide her.

LADY Towers said, with her usual free Air, Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these Ladies do; for I should never care, if I had a Husband, and you were my Servant, to have you and your Master in the same House together. Then they all set up a great Laugh.

IKNOW what I could have faid, if I durst. But they are Ladies --- and Ladies may fay any thing.

SAYS Lady Towers, Can the pretty Image fpeak, Mrs. Fervis? I vow she has speaking Eyes! O you little Rogue, said she, and tapp'd me on the Cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your Ladyship, said I, it should be either! — I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the Sense I have of my Unworthiness, renders me unsit for such a Presence.

ITHEN went away, with one of my best Court'sies; and Lady Towers said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow! — And Lady Brooks said, See that Shape! I never saw such a Face and Shape in my Life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!

AND so, belike, their Tongues ran for half an Hour in my Praises; and glad was I, when I

got out of the Hearing of them.

But, it seems, they went down with such a Story to my Master, and so full of me, that he had much ado to stand it; but as it was very little to my Reputation, I am sure I could take no Pride in it; and I fear'd it would make no better for me. This gives me another Cause for wishing myself out of this House.

This is Thursday Morning, and next Thursday I hope to set out; for I have finish'd my Task, and my Master is horrid cross! And I am vex'd his Crossness affects me so. If ever he had any Kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that Love borders so much upon Hate? But this wicked Love is not like the true virtuous Love, to be sure: That and Hatred must be as far off, as Light and Darkness. And how must this Hate have been increased, if he had met with a base Compliance, after his wicked Will had been gratify'd?

Well, one may see by a little, what a great deal means: For if Innocence cannot attract common Civility, what must Guilt expect, when Novelty had ceas'd to have its Charms, and Changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked Annon, when he had ruin'd poor Tamar, hated her more than ever he lov'd her, and would have her turn'd out of Door!

How happy am I, to be turn'd out of Door, with that fweet Companion my Innocence!——O may that be always my Companion! And while I presume not upon my own Strength, and am willing to avoid the Tempter, I hope the Divine Grace will assist me.

Part of my hourly Prayer. I owe every thing, next to God's Goodness, to your Picty and good

good Examples, my dear Parents; my dear poor Parents! I say that Word with Pleasure; for your Poverty is my Pride, as your Inte-

grity shall be my Imitation.

As soon as I have din'd, I will put on my new Cloaths. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Fervis with them; for she shan't see me till I am sull-dress'd.—

John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written.—I find he is going early in the Morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

Your most dutiful Daughter.

Don't lose your Time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard, if some-how or other, I can't get a Passage to you. But may-be my Master won't resuse to let John bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know John as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may-be, Mrs. Jervis can put me in some way.

### LETTER XXIV.

Dear Father and Mother,

I SHALL write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but Sillinesses to write; for I know you divert yourselves on Nights with

with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something

would happen to hinder it.

I AM glad you did not tell him the Occasion of my coming away; for were my Fellow-servants to guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me: Besides, I really am concern'd, that my Master should cast away a Thought upon such a poor Creature as me; for besides the Disgrace, it has quite turn'd his Temper; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it, and so sinds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my Concern than my Pride, to see such a Gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the Regard he used to have in the Eyes of his Servants, on my Account. --- But I am to tell you of my new Dress To-day.

And so, when I had din'd, up-stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little Room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new Garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary Cap; but with a green Knot, however, and my home-spun Gown and Petticoat, and plain-leather Shoes; but yet they are what they call Spanish Leather, and my ordinary Hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; tho' I shall think good Yarn may do very well for every Day, when I come home. A plain Muslin Tucker I put on, and my black Vol. I.

Silk Necklace, instead of the French Necklace my Lady gave me; and put the Ear-rings out of my Ears; and when I was quite 'quipp'd, I took my Straw Hat in my Hand, with its two blue Strings, and look'd about me in the Glass, as proud as any thing. — To say Truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my Life.

O THE Pleasure of descending with Ease, Innocence, and Resignation!--- Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble Mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking Disappointment, let Fortune's Wheel turn round

as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to fee how she lik'd me.

I MET, as I was upon the Stairs, our Rachel, who is the House-maid; and she made me a low Court'sy, and I found did not know me. So I smil'd, and went to the House-keeper's Parlour: And there sat good Mrs. Jervis at Work, making a Shift: And, would you believe it? she did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her Spectacles; and said, Do you want me, forsooth? I could not help laughing, and said, Hey-day! Mrs. Jervis, what! don't you know me?—She stood all in Amaze, and look'd at me from Top to Toe; Why, you surprise me, said she; what! Pamela! thus metamorphos'd! How came this about?

As it happen'd, in stepp'd my Master; and my Back being to him, he thought it was a Stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask, If his

Honour

Honour had any Commands with her? — She turn'd me about and about, and I shew'd her all my Dress, to my Under-petticoat; and she said, sitting down, Why, I am all in Amaze: I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no Cloaths suitable to my Condition, when I return'd to my Father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my Fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the State I was returning to.

WELL, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad Preparation for going away, (for now I see you are quite in Earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear

Pamela, how can I part with you!

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My Master rung in the Back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend It feems, he faid to her, I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and, may-be, to my Sister Davers's, and be absent some Weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat Damsel was that with you? She says, she fmil'd, and ask'd, If his Honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her Farmer Nichols, or Farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight prim Lass for a Daughter; have they? — Tho' I did not see her Face neither, said he. If your Honour won't be angry, faid she, I will introduce her into your Presence; for, I think, says she, she out-does our Pamela.

G 2

Now

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards; for it brought a great deal of Trouble upon me, as well as Crossness, as you shall hear. That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an Excuse for it, let her come in.

Ar that she stepp'd to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my Master; bur, said she, for Goodness sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you. O sie, Mrs. Jervis, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both in me, and to him. I tell you, said she, you shall come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he sinds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; tho' I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my

Straw Hat in my Hand.

Word. I dare say, he knew me as soon as he saw my Face; but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to meet me, and took me by the Hand, and said, Whose pretty Maiden are you?

— I dare say you are Pamela's Sister, you are so like her: So near, so clean, so pretty! Why, Child, you far surpass your Sister Pamela!

I was all Confusion, and would have spoken; but he took me about the Neck; Why, said he, you are very pretty, Child: I would not be so free with your Sister, you may believe; but I must kis you.

OSIR, said I, I am Pamela, indeed I am:

Indeed I am Pamela, her own felf!

HE

He kissed me, for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier Girl by half than Pamela; and sure I may be innocently free with you, tho' I would not do her so much Fayour.

This was a fad Bite upon me indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. Jervis look'd like a Fool, as much as I, for her Officiousness.

—At last I got away, and ran out of the Parlour, most fadly vex'd, as you may well think.

He talk'd a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last order'd me to come in to him: Come in, said he, you little Villain! for so he call'd me; Good-sirs! what a Name was there! Who is it you put your Tricks upon; I was resolv'd never to honour your Unworthiness, said he, with so much Notice again; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an Hypocrite as you are—

I was out of Patience, then; Hold, good Sir, said I; don't impute Disguise and Hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no Disguise. — What a-plague, said he, for that was his Word, do you mean then by this Dress! — Why, and please your Honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in Disguise indeed ever since my good Lady your Mother took me from my poor Parents. I came to her Ladyship so poor and mean, that these Cloaths I have on, are a princely Suit, to those I had then. And her Goodness heap'd upon me rich Cloaths, and other Bounties: And as I

am now returning to my poor Parents again so foon, I cannot wear those good things without being whooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my Degree, and be a

good Holiday-suit too when I get home.

HE then took me in his Arms, and prefently push'd me from him. Mrs. Fervis, said he, take the little Witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her! (Strange Words these!) --- But flay; you fhan't go! --- Yet begone! ----

No, come back again.

I THOUGHT he was mad, for my Share; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however; but he stepp'd after me, and took hold of my Arm, and brought me in again: I am fure he made my Arm black and blue; for the Marks are upon it still. Sir, Sir, faid I, pray have Mercy; I will, I will come

HE sat down, and look'd at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as fillily as fuch a poor Girl as I. At last, he said, Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if my Sister Davers will have her; if, mean time, she humble herfelf, and ask this as a Favour, and is forry for her Pertness, and the Liberty she has taken with my Character, out of the House, and in the House. Your Honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. Jervis; but I never found her inclinable to think herself in a Fault. Pride and Perversenefs, faid he, with a Vengeance! Yet this is your Doating-piece! ----- Well, for once I'll **fubmit** 

fubmit myself, to tell you, Hussy, said he to me, you may stay a Fortnight longer, till I see my Sister Davers: Do you hear what I say to you, Statue! Can you neither speak, nor be thankful?——Your Honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a Favour, that I may go to my Father and Mother.——Why, Fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on my Sister Davers? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that Honour; but you were pleased to say, I might be in Danger from her Ladyship's Nephew, or he from me. ——D——d Impertinence! said he; do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless Assurance!——

I THEN fell a weeping; for Mrs. Jervis faid, Fie, Pamela, fie!—And I faid, My Lot is very hard indeed! I am fure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it feems, guilty of Indifcretions, which have cost me my Place, and my Master's Favour, and so have been turn'd away. And when the Time is come, that I should return to my poor Parents, I am not suffer'd to go quietly. Good your Honour, what have I done; that I must be used worse than if I had robb'd you!—Robb'd me! said he; why so you have, Hussy; you have robb'd me. Who! I, Sir! said I; have I robb'd you? Why then you are a Justice of Peace, and may send me to Gaol, if you please, and bring me to a Tryal for my Life!—If you can prove, that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his Meanings tho' I did not like it, when it was afterwards explain'd, neither; and, well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor Pamela is esteem'd a Thief! Then I thought, in an Instant, how I should shew my Face to my honest

poor Parents, if I was only suspected.

Question, and pray let me not be call'd Names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully: Why, if I have done amis, am I not left to be discharg'd by your House-keeper, as the other Maids have been? And if Jane, or Rachel, or Hannah, were to offend, would your Honour stoop to take Notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take Notice of me? Pray, Sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turn'd away, and there's an End of it? For indeed I am not of Consequence enough for my Master to concern himself, and be angry, about such a Creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, cry'd he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this faucy Slut? Why, Sauce-box, fays he, did not my good Mother desire me to take care of you? And have you not been always distinguish'd by me, above a common Servant? And does your Ingratitude

upbraid me for this?

I said fomething mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd Excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why then, reply'd I, if your Honour must know, I said, That my good Lady did not desire your Care to extend to the Sum-

mer-house and her Dressing-room.

WELL, this was a little faucy, you'll fay!-And he flew into such a Passion, that I was forc'd to run for it; and Mrs. Fervis said, It was happy I got out of his Way.

WHY what makes him provoke one fo, then? - I'm almost forry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate: For I begin to

be more fearful now.

Just now Mr. Jonathan sent me these Lines — (Bless me! what shall I do?)

" Dear Mrs. Pamela, Take care of yourself; " for Rachel heard my Master say to Mrs. Fer-" vis, who, she believes, was pleading for " you, Say no more, Mrs. Jervis; for by G---

" I will have her. Burn this instantly."

O PRAY for your poor Daughter! I am call'd to go to-bed by Mrs. Fervis; for it is past Eleven; and I am fure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, tho' she did not mean any Harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange Fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full-pert.

O My dear Father and Mother, Power and Riches never want Advocates: But, poor Gentlewoman! she cannot live without him: And

he has been very good to her.

So Good-night. May-be I shall send this in the Morning? but may-be not; fo won't conclude: tho' I can't fay too often, that I am (tho' with great Apprehensions)

Your most dutiful Daughter.

# LETTER XXV.

My dear Parents,

LET me take up my Complaint, and fay, Never was poor Creature fo unhappy, and so barbarously used, as your Pamela! Indeed, my dear Father and Mother, my Heart's just broken! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone; for to whom but you can I vent my Griefs, and keep my poor Heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked Man! - I have no Patience when I think of him! --- But yet, don't be frighted --- for --- I hope --- I hope, I am honest!--- But if my Head and my Heart will let me, you shall hear all .--- Is there no Constable nor Headborough, tho', to take me out of his House? for I am sure I can safely Iwear the Peace against him: But, alas! he is greater than any/Constable: He is a Justice himfelf; fuch a Justice, deliver me from ! --- But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me! --- For he knows the Innocence of my Heart!

JOHN went your Way in the Morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. Jervis, and Rachel, and one I hate to see, or be seen by: And indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happen'd since last Night, that good Mr. Jonathan's Letter, and my Master's Harshness, put me into such a Fluster. But I will no more preambulate.

I WENT to Mrs. Jervis's Chamber; and, O dreadful! my wicked Master had hid himfelf, base Gentleman as he is! in her Closet, where she has a few Books, and Chest of Drawers, and such-like. I little suspected it; the I used, till this sad Night, always to look into that Closet, and another in the Room, and under the Bed, ever since the Summer-house Trick, but never found any thing; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolved to be angry with Mrs. Jervis for what had happen'd in the Day, and so thought of nothing else.

Is a r myself down on one Side of the Bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that Side next the wicked Closet, that held the worst Heart in the World. So, said Mrs. Jervis, you won't speak to me, Pamela! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. Jervis, said I, so I am, a little; 'tis a Folly to deny it. You see what I have suffer'd by your forcing me in to my Master: And a Gentlewoman of your Years and Experience must needs know, that it was not sit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my Master.

Bur, said she, who would have thought it would have turn'd out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, Lucifer always is ready to promote his own Work and Workmen. You see, presently, what Use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me: And when he

took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I, to cry, Fie, sie, Pamela! cut me to

the Heart: For that encouraged him.

Do you think, my Dear, said she, that I would encourage him?—I never said so to you before; but since you force it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost Endeavours to divert him from his wicked Purposes: And he has promised fair; but, to say all in a Word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his Power to help it.

ILUCKILY said nothing of the Note from Mr. Jonathan; for I began to suspect all the World almost: But I said, to try Mrs. Jervis, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady

Davers now.

WHY, I'll tell you freely, my dear Pamela, faid she, and I trust to your Discretion to conceal what I say: My Master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let

you stay .--

YES, said I, Mrs. Jervis, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the Pride of my Heart; but the Pride of my Honesty: For, what must have been the Case? Here my Master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, though he pretends to be forry for it: Well, he has given me Warning to leave my Place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps,

perhaps, to frighten me to his Purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the House, and value him, if he would ast as my Master). Well then, as I know his Designs, and that he ownshe cannot help it; must I not have ask'd to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by Force; so, I, a poor weak Girl, was to be left to my own Strength! And was not this to allow him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked Devices?—How then, Mrs. Fervis, could I ask or wish to stay?

You fay well, my dear Child, fays she; and you have a Justness of Thought above your Years; and for all these Considerations, and for what I have heard this Day, after you ran away, (and I am glad you went as you did) I cannot persuade you to stay; and shall be glad, which is what I never thought I could have faid, that you were well at your Father's; for if Lady Davers will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. Jervis! faid I; God will bless you for your good Counsel to a poor Maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, when I was gone? Why, fays she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it! faid I: I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my Honesty been in the Case, I would not by any means have been so saucy. Besides, Mrs. Fervis, consider, confider, it was the Truth; if he does not love to hear of the Summer-house and the Dressing-room, why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same Mind? But, said she, when you had mutter'd this to yourself, you might have told him any thing else. Well, reply'd I, I cannot tell a wilful Lye, and so there's an End of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's Danger in staying. — Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the House; tho' it was at the Bottom of a wet Ditch, on the wildest Common in England.

Why, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and, upon my Word, Pamela, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without Flattery, you are a charming Girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in my Life, than in that same new Dress of yours. And then it was such a Surprize upon us all!—I believe truly, you owe some of your Danger to the lovely Appearance you made. Then, said I, I wish the Cloaths in the Fire. I expected no Effect from them; but if any, a quite contrary one.

Hush! said I, Mrs. Jervis, did you not hear something stir in the Closet? No, silly Girl! said she; your Fears are always awake.

—But indeed, said I, I think I heard something rustle.

May-be, says she, the Cat may

be got there: But I hear nothing.

I was hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good Girl, make haste to-bed. See if the Door

be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look in the Closet; but hearing no more Noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the Bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. Jervis, being by this time undress'd, stepp'd into Bed, and bid

me haften, for she was sleepy.

I DON'T know what was the Matter; but my Heart fadly misgave me: Indeed, Mr. Jonathan's Note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. Jervis had said. I pulled off my Stays and my Stockens, and all my Cloaths to an Under-petticoat; and then hearing a Rustling again in the Closet, I said, Heaven protect us! but before I say my Prayers, I must look into this Closet. And so was going to it slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rush'd my Master, in a rich Silk and Silver Morning Gown.

I SCREAM'D, and ran to the Bed; and Mrs. Jervis scream'd too; and he said, I'll do you no Harm, if you sorbear this Noise; but other-

wise take what follows.

INSTANTLY he came to the Bed (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. Jervis, with my Coat on, and my Shoes); and, taking me in his Arms, said, Mrs. Jervis, rise, and just step up-stairs, to keep the Maids from coming down, at this Noise: I'll do no Harm to this Rebel.

O, FOR Heaven's sake! for Pity's sake! Mrs. Jervis, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the House. No, said Mrs. Jervis, I will not stir, my dear Lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you,

Sir! said she; and kindly threw herself upon my Coat, clasping me round the Waist: You shan't hurt this Innocent, said she; for I will lose my Life in her Defence. Are there not, added she, enough wicked ones in the World for your base Purpose, but you must attempt such a Lamb as this?

HE was desperate angry, and threaten'd to throw her out of the Window; and to turn her out of the House the next Morning. You need not, Sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till To-morrow, and we will both go together. —— Says he, Let me but expostulate a Word or two with you, Pamela. Pray, Pamela, said Mrs. Jervis, don't hear a Word, except he leaves the Bed, and goes to the other End of the Room. Ay, out of the Room, said I; expostulate To-mor-

row, if you must expostulate!

I FOUND his Hand in my Bosom, and when my Fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sighed, and screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his Arms about my Neck; and Mrs. Jervis was about my Feet, and upon my Coat: And all in a cold dewy Sweat was I. Pamela! Pamela! said Mrs. Jervis, as she tells me since, O----h, and gave another Shriek, my poor Pamela is dead for certain!— And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the Matter, one Fit sollowing another, till about Three Hours after, as it provid to be, I sound myself in Bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting up on one

one fide, with her Wrapper about her, and Rachel on the other; and no Master, for the wicked Wretch was gone. But I was so overjoy'd, that I hardly could believe myself; and I said, (which were my first Words) Mrs. Jervis, Mrs. Rachel, can I be sure it is you? Tell me! can I?—Where have I been? Hush, my Dear, said Mrs. Jervis; you have been in Fit after Fit. Inever saw any body so frightful in my Life.

By this I judg'd Rachel knew nothing of the Matter; and it feems my wicked Master had, upon Mrs. Jervis's second Noise on my fainting away, flipp'd out; and, as if he had come from his own Chamber, diffurb'd by the Screaming, went up to the Maids Room, (who hearing the Noite, lay trembling, and afraid to stir) and bid them go down and fee what was the Matter with me and Mrs. Fervis. And he charg'd Mrs. Fervis, and promised to forgive her for what the had faid and done, if the would conceal the Matter. So the Maids came down; for the Men lie in the Out-houses; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except Rachel, who staid to fit up with me, and bear Mrs. Jervis Company. I believe they guess the Matter to be bad enough; tho' they dare not fay any thing.

WHEN I think of my Danger, and the Freedoms he actually took, tho' I believe Mrs. Jervis faved me from worse, and she says she did, (tho' what can I think, who was in a Fit, and knew nothing of the Matter?) I am almost distracted.

I MUST leave off a little; for my Eyes and my Head are fadly bad. - This was a dreadful Trial! This was the worst of all! Oh! that I was out of the Power of this dreadfully wicked

Man! Pray for

Your distressed Daughter.

### LETTER XXVI.

My dear Father and Mother,

DID not rife till Ten o'Clock, and I had all the Concerns and Wishes of the Family, and Multitudes of Inquiries about me. My wicked Master went out early to hunt; but left Word, he would be in to Breakfast. And so he was.

HE came up to our Chamber about Eleven, and had nothing to do to be forry; for he was our Master, and so put on sharp Anger at first.

I HAD great Emotions at his entering the Room, and threw my Apron over my Head, and fell a crying, as if my Heart would break.

MRS. Jervis, said he, since I know you, and you me fo well, I don't know how we fhall live together for the future. Sir, faid fhe.

she, I will take the Liberty to say what I think is best for both. I have so much Grief, that you should attempt to do any Injury to this poor Girl, and especially in my Chamber, that I should think myself accessary to the Mischief, if I was not to take Notice of it. Tho' my Ruin therefore may depend upon it, I desire not to flay; but pray let poor Pamela and me go together. With all my Heart, said he; and the fooner, the better. She fell a crying. I find, fays he, this Girl has made a Party of the whole House in her Favour against me. Her Innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: And I never could have thought, that the Son of my dear good Lady departed, could have so forfeited his Honour, as to endeavour to destroy a Virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. Jervis, said he; I will not bear it. As for Pamela, she has a lucky Knack of falling into Fits, when she pleases. But the cursed Yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no Harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your Squallings; and Idid no Harm neither, but to myself; for I rais'd a Hornets Nest about my Ears, that, as far as I know, may have flung to Death my Reputation. Sir, said Mrs. Fervis, then I beg Mr. Longman may take my Accounts, and I will go away as foon as I can. As for Pamela, the is at her Liberty, I hope, to go away next Thursday, as she intends?

I sat still; for I could not speak, nor look up, and his Presence discompos'd me extremely;

hope that may be still made up.

WELL, faid he, let Mr. Longman make up your Accounts, as foon as you will; and Mrs. Tewkes (who is his House-keeper in Lincoln-(bire) shall come hither in your Place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than you have been. Said she, I have never disoblig'd you till now; and let me tell you, Sir, if you knew what belong'd to your own Reputation or Honour-No more, no more, faid he, of these antiquated Topicks. I have been no bad Friend to you; and I shall always esteem you, tho' you have not been so faithful to my Secrets, as I could have wish'd, and have laid me open to this Girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had Occasion. Well, Sir, said fhe, after what pass'd Yesterday, and last Night, I think I went rather too far in Favour of your Injunctions, than otherwise; and I should have deserv'd every body's Censure, as the basest of Creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless Attempts. Still, Mrs. Fervis, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary Faults! for what Harm have I done the Girl?---I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in Respect to my Mother, I am willing to part friendly with you: Tho' you ought both of you to reflect on the Freedom of your Conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do, but that I am conscious I had no Business to demean myself so as to be in your

your Closet, where I might have expected to hear a Multitude of Impertinence between you.

Well, Sir, said she, you have no Objection, I hope, to Pamela's going away on Thursday next? You are mighty solicitous, said he, about Pamela: But, no, not I; let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty Girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more Trouble than she can have had from me: But I have overcome it all, and will never concern myself about her.

I HAVE a Proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this Morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only, that a discreet Use may be made of what is past; and there's an End of every thing with me, as to Pamela, I'll assure you.

I CLASP'D my Hands together thro' my Apron, overjoy'd at this, tho' I was soon to go away: For, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his Prosperity with all my Heart, for my

good old Lady's fake.

WELL, Pamela, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you listed up your Hands at? I said not a Word, Says he, if you like what I have said, give me your Hand upon it. I held my Hand up thro' my Apron; for I could not speak to him; and he took hold of it, and pressed it, tho' less hard than he did my Arm the Day before. What does the little Fool cover her Face for? said he: Pull your Apron away; and let me see

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my Character.

I could not stand this barbarous Insult, as I took it to be, considering his Behaviour to me; and I then spoke and said, O the Difference between the Minds of thy Creatures, good God! How shall some be cast down in their Innocence, while others can triumph in their Guilt!

And so fo faying, I went up-stairs to my Chamber, and wrote all this; for tho' he vex'd me at his Taunting, yet I was pleas'd to hear he was likely to be marry'd, and that his wicked Intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. And I hope I have pass'd the worst; or else it is very hard. And yet I shan't think myself at Ease quite, till I am with you: For, methinks, after all, his Repentance and Amendment are mighty suddenly resolv'd upon. But the Divine Grace is not confin'd to Space; and Remorse may, and I hope has smitten him to the Heart at once, for his Injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

HAVING Opportunity, I fend now what I know will grieve you to the Heart But I hope I shall bring my next Scribble myself; and so conclude, tho' half broken-hearted,

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

### LETTER XXVII.

Dear Father and Mother,

A M glad I desir'd you not to meet me, and John says you won't; for he told you, he is fure I shall get a Passage well enough, either behind some one of my Fellow-servants on Horseback, or by Farmer Nichols's means: But as for the Chariot he talk'd to you of, I can't expect that Favour, to be fure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer Brady, they fay, has a Chaise with one Horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it rather than fail; tho' Money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to fay fo here: tho' I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Jonathan, or Mr. Longman; but then how shall I pay it, you'll fay? And besides, I don't love to be beholden.

But the chief Reason I'm glad you don't set out to meet me, is the Uncertainty; for it seems I must stay another Week still, and hope certainly to go Thursday after. For poor Mrs. Jervis will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

On! that I was once well with you!—Tho' he is very civil too at present, and not so cross as he was; and yet he is as vexatious another way, as you shall hear. For Yesterday he had a rich Suit of Cloaths brought home, which they call a Birth-day Suit; for he intends to go

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to London against next Birth-day, to see the Court; and our Folks will have it, he is to be made a Lord.—I wish they would make him an honest Man, as he was always thought; but I have not found it so: Alas for me!

AND so, as I was saying, he had these Cloaths brought home, and he try'd them on. And before he pull'd them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the Parlour with him: Pamela, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own Dress, (Alack-a-day, I didn't know I was!) that you must be a Judge of ours. How are these Cloaths made? Do they sit me?

—I am no Judge, said I, and please your Honour; but I think they look very sine.

HIS Waistcoat stood on End with Gold Lace, and he look'd very grand. But what he offer'd last, has made me very serious, and I could make him no Compliments. Said he, Why don't you wear your usual Cloaths? Tho' I think every thing looks well upon you (For I still continue in my new Dress). I said, I have no Cloaths, Sir, I ought to call my own, but these: And it is no matter what such an one as I wears. Said he, Why, you look very serious, Pamela: I see you can bear Malice. ---- Yes, fo I can, Sir, faid I, according to the Occasion! Why, faid he, your Eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a Fool, to take my last Freedom so much to Heart? I am fure, you, and that other Fool, Mrs. Fervis, frighten'd me by your hideous Squalling, as much as I could frighten you. That is all we had had for it, said I; and if you could be so asraid of your own Servants knowing of your Attempts upon a poor unworthy Creature, that is under your Protection while I stay, surely your Honour ought to be more asraid of God Almighty, in whose Presence we all stand, in every Action of our Lives, and to whom the Greatest, as well as the Least, must be accountable, let

them think what they lift.

He took my Hand, in a kind of good-humour'd Mockery, and said, Well urg'd, my pretty Preacher! When my Lincolnshire Chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a Gown and Cassock, and thou'lt make a good Figure in his Place! --- I wish, said I, a little vex'd at his Jeer, your Honour's Conscience would be your Preacher, and then you would need no other Chaplain. Well, well, Pamela, said he, no more of this unfashionable Jargon. I did not send for you so much for your Opinion of my new Suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. Jervis desires it, till she goes. I welcome! said I; I am sure I shall rejoice when I am out of the House!

Well, said he, you are an ungrateful Baggage; but I am thinking it would be Pity, with these fair soft Hands, and that lovely Skin, (as he call'd it, and took hold of my Hand) that you should return again to hard Work, as you must, if you go to your Father's; and so I would advise Mrs. Jervis to take a House in London, and let Lodgings to us Members of Paliament, when we come to Town; and such a pretty

Daughter, as you may pass for, will always fill her House, and she'll get a great deal of Money.

I was fadly vex'd at this barbarous Joke; but being ready to cry before, the Tears gush'd out, and (endeavouring to get my Hand away from him, but in vain) I faid, I can expect no better: Your Behaviour, Sir, to me, has been just of a Piece with these Words; nay, I will fay't, tho' you were to be ever fo angry. -----I angry, Pamela! No, no, faid he, I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. Fervis's Gueft, while you both stay, and not as my Servant; and fo you may fay what you will. But I'll tell you, Pamela, why you need not take this Matter in such high Disdain! --- You have a very pretty romantick Turn for Virtue, and all that. --- And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still; and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But, my Child, (fleeringly he spoke it) do but consider what a fine Opportunity you will then have, for a Tale every Day to good Mother Fervis, and what Subjects for Letter-writing to your Father and Mother, and what pretty Preachments you may hold forth to the young Gentlemen! Ad's my Heart! I think it would be the best Thing you and she could do.

You do well, Sir, said I, to even your Wit to such a poor Maiden as me. But, permit me to say, that if you was not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me thus.

— Let me ask you, Sir, if this becomes your fine Cloaths, and a Master's Station? Why so

ferious,

serious, my pretty Pamela? said he; Why so grave? And would kiss me; but my Heart was sull, and I said, Let me alone! I will tell you, if you was a King, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgotten to act like a Gentleman: And I won't stay to be used thus! I will go to the next Farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. Jervis, if she must go: And I'd have you know, Sir, that I can stoop to the ordinariest Work of your Scullions, for all these nasty soft Hands, sooner than bear such ungentlemanly Imputations.

I SENT for you in, said he, in high good Humour; but 'tis impossible to hold it with such an Impertinent: However, I'll keep my Temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave Looks! Why, Girl, you should forbear 'em, if it were but for your Pride-sake; for the Family will think you are grieving to leave the House. Then, Sir, said I, I will try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your Honour; for I will endeavour to be more chearful while I stay, for that very

Reason.

Well, reply'd he, I will set this down by itself, as the first Time that ever what I advis'd had any Weight with you. And I will add, said I, as the first Advice you have given me of late, that was sit to be follow'd!—I wish, said he, (I'm almost asham'd to write it, impudent Gentleman as he is! I wish) I had thee as quick another way, as thou art in thy Repartees!—And he laugh'd, and I snatch'd my Hand from

from him, and tripp'd away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, marry'd! I'm fure 'tis time you were marry'd, or at this Rate no honest Maiden ought to live with you!

WHY, dear Father and Mother, to be fure he grows quite a Rake! How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once People give way

to Vice!

How would my poor Lady, had she liv'd, have griev'd to see it! But may-be he would have been better then! ---- Tho', it seems, he told Mrs. Jervis, he had an Eye upon me in his Mother's Life-time; and he intended to let me know as much by-the-bye, he told her! Here's Shamelessness for you! Sure the World must be near at an End! for all the Gentlemen about are as bad as he almost, as far as I can hear! - And see the Fruits of such bad Examples! There is 'Squire Martin in the Grove has had three Lyings-in, it feems, in his House, in three Months past; one by himself, and one by his Coachman, and one by his Woodman; and yet he has turn'd none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile Example! There is he, and two or three more fuch as he, within ten Miles of us; who keep Company, and hunt with our fine Master, truly; and I suppose, he's never the better for their Examples. But, Heaven bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked House!

But, dear Father and Mother, what Sort of Creatures must the Women-kind be, do

you think, to give way to such Wickedness? Why, this it is that makes every one be thought of alike: And, Alack-a-day! what a World we live in! for it is grown more a Wonder, that the Men are resisted, than that the Women comply. This, I suppose, makes me such a a Sauce-box, and Bold-face, and a Creature; and all because I won't be a Sauce box and Bold-face indeed.

BUT I am forry for these Things; one don't know what Arts and Stratagems Men may devise to gain their vile Ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor undone Creatures, and pity them. For you see by my sad Story, and narrow Escapes, what Hardships poor Maidens go thro', whose Lot it is to go out to Service; especially to Houses where there is not the Fear of God, and good Rule kept by the Heads of the Family.

You fee I am quite grown grave and serious: Indeed it becomes the present Condition of

Your dutiful Daughter.

## LETTER XXVIII.

Dear Father and Mother,

John N says you wept when you read my last Letter, that he carry'd. I am sorry you let him see that; for they all mistrust already how Matters are; and as it is no Credit, that I

### 110 PAMELA; or,

have been attempted, tho it is, that I have refifted; yet I am forry they have Cause to think

so evil of my Master from any of us.

MRS. Jervis has made up her Accounts with Mr. Longman, and will stay in her Place. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my Master's; for she has a good Master of him; so indeed all have, but poor me!—and he

has a good House-keeper in her.

MR. Longman, it feems, took upon him to talk to my Master, how faithful and careful of his Interests she was, and how exact in her Accounts; and he told him, there was no Comparison between her Accounts and Mrs. Fewkes's, at the Lincolnsbire Estate. He said so many fine Things, it seems, of Mrs. Fervis, that my Master sent for her in Mr. Longman's Prefence, and said, Pamela might come along with her: I suppose to mortify me, that I must go, while she was to stay: But as, when I go away, I am not to go with her, nor was she to go with me; fo I did not matter it much: only it would have been creditable to fuch a poor Girl, that the House-keeper would bear me Company, if I went.

SAID he to her, Well, Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman fays you have made up your Accounts with him, with your usual Fidelity and Exactness. I had a good Mind to make you an Offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little forry for your hasty Words, which indeed were not so respectful as I have deserved at your Hands. She seem'd at a sad Loss what to say, because

because Mr. Longman was there; and she could not speak of the Occasion of those Words, which was me.

INDEED, faid Mr. Longman, I must needs fay before your Face, that fince I have known my Master's Family, I have never found such good Management in it, nor fo much Love and Harmony neither. I wish the Lincolnshire Estate was as well serv'd! - No more of that, faid my Master; but Mrs. Fervis may stay, if she will; and here, Mrs. Jervis, pray accept of this, which, at the Close of every Year's Accounts, I will present you with, besides your Salary, as long as I find your Care fo useful and agreeable. And he gave her Five Guineas. — She made a low Court'sy, and thanking him, look'd to me, as if she would have spoken for me.

HE took her Meaning, Ibelieve; for he faid, -Indeed I love to encourage Merit and Obligingness, Mr. Longman; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my Hands, as to those who do; and then he look'd full at me. Mr. Longman, continued he, I said that Girl might come in with Mrs. Fervis, because they love to be always together: For Mrs. Fervis is very good to her, and loves her as well as if the was her Daughter. But elfe-Mr. Longman, interrupting him, said, Good to Mrs. Pamela! Ay, Sir, and so she is, to be fure! But every body must be good to

her; for-

HE was going on. But my Master said No more, no more, Mr. Longman! I fee old Men are taken with pretty young Girls, as well as other Folks; and fair Looks hide many a Fault, where a Person has the Art to behave obligingly. Why, and please your Honour, faid Mr. Longman, every body - and was going on, I believe to fay something more in my Praise; but he interrupted him, and said, Not a Word more of this Pamela. I can't let her flay, I'll affure you; not only for her own Freedom of Speech, but her Letter-writing of all the Secrets of my Family. Ay! faid the good old Man; I'm forry for that too! But, Sir!-No more, I say, said my Master; for my Reputation is fo well known, (mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what any body writes or fays of me: But to tell you the Truth, (not that it need go further) I think of changing my Condition foon; and, you know, young Ladies of Birth and Fortune will chuse their own Servants, and that's my chief Reason why Pamela can't stay. As for the rest, said he, the Girl is a good fort of Body, take her all together; tho' I must needs say, a little pert, fince my Mother's Death, in her Answers, and gives me Two Words for One; which I can't bear; nor is there Reason I should, you know, Mr. Longman. No, to be sure, Sir, said he; but 'tis strange methinks, she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the House, and forget herself so where she should shew most Respect! Very true, Mr. Longman, said he;

he; but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from her Pertness, that Mrs. Jervis and I had the Words: And I should mind it the less, but that the Girl (there she stands, I say it to her Face) has Wit and Sense above her Years, and knows better.

I was in great Pain to say something, but yet I knew not what, before Mr. Longman; and Mrs. Jervis look'd at me, and walk'd to the Window to hide her Concern for me. At last, I said, It is for you, Sir, to say what you please; and for me only to say, God bless your Honour!

POOR Mr. Longman falter'd in his Speech, and was ready to cry. Said my infulting Master to me, Why pr'ythee, Pamela, now, shew thyself as thou art, before Mr. Longman. Can'st not give him a Specimen of that Pertness which thou hast exercis'd upon me sometimes?

DID he not, my dear Father and Mother, deserve all the Truth to be told? Yet I overcame myself so far, as to say, Well, your Honour may play upon a poor Girl, that you know

can answer you, but dare not.

Why, prythee now, Infinuator, reply'd he, fay the worst you can before Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis. I challenge the utmost of thy Impertinence; and as you are going away, and have the Love of every body, I would be a little justify'd to my Family, that you have no Reason to complain of Hardships from me, as I have of pert saucy Answers from you, besides exposing me by your Letters.

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SURELY, Sir, faid I, I am of no Confequence equal to this, in your Honour's Family, that fuch a great Gentleman as you, should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. Jervis stays with your Honour; and I know I have not deserv'd to stay; and more

than that, I don't desire to stay.

ADS-BOBBERS! faid Mr. Longman, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. Pamela! We all love you dearly; and pray down of your Knees, and ask his Honour's Pardon, and we will all become Pleaders in a Body, and I, and Mrs. Fervis too, at the Head of it, to beg his Honour's Pardon, and to continue you, at least till his Honour marries. -No, Mr. Longman, faid I, I cannot ask; nor would I stay, if I might. All I desire, is, to return to my poor Father and Mother; and tho'l love you all, I won't stay. --- O well-a-day, well-a-day, faid the good old Man, I did not expect this! --- When I had got Matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. Fervis, I was in Hopes to have got a double Holiday of Joy for all the Family, in your Pardon too. Well, faid my Master, this is a little Specimen of what I told you, Mr. Longman. You see there's a Spirit you did not expect.

MRS. Jervis told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly used; and must have spoken, had she stay'd, what would never have been forgiven her; so she went out. I look'd after her, to go too; but my Master said, Come, Pamela, give another Specimen,

I desire

I desire you, to Mr. Longman: I am sure you must, if you will but speak. Well, Sir, said I, fince it seems your Greatness wants to be justified by my Lowness, and I have no Desire you should fuffer in the Sight of your Family, I will fay, on my bended Knees, (and fo I kneel'd down) that I have been a very faulty, and a very ungrateful Creature to the best of Masters: I have been very perverse and saucy; and have deserv'd nothing at your Hands, but to be turn'd out of your Family with Shame and Difgrace. I, therefore, have nothing to fay for myself, but that I am not worthy to stay, and so cannot wish to stay, and will not stay: And so God Almighty bless you, and you, Mr. Longman, and good Mrs. Jervis, and every living Soul of the Family! and I will pray for you as long as I live. - And fo I rose up, and was forc'd to lean upon my Mafter's Elbowchair, or I should have sunk down.

THE poor old Man wept more than I, and faid, Ads-bobbers, was ever the like heard! Tis too much, too much! I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear Sir, forgive her: The poor Thing prays for you; the prays for us all! She owns her Fault; yet won't be forgiven! I profess I know not what

to make of it.

My Master himself, harden'd Wretch as he was, seem'd a little mov'd, and took his Hand-kerchief out of his Pocket, and walk'd to the Window: What Sort of a Day is it? said he. --- And then getting a little more Hard-heartedness, he added, Well, you may be gone from my Pre-

T 2

fence,

fence, thou strange Medley of Inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your Time in the House.

NAY, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, faid the good old Man, relent a little. Ads-heartlikins! you young Gentlemen are made of Iron and Steel. I think: I'm fure, said he, my Heart's turn'd into Butter, and is running away at my Eyes. I never felt the like before. — Said my Master. with an imperious Tone, Get out of my Prefence, Huffy! I can't bear you in my Sight.

Sir, faid I, I'm going as fast as I can.

Bur indeed, my dear Father and Mother, my Head was fo giddy, and my Limbs trembled fo, that I was forc'd to go holding by the Wainfcot all the way with both my Hands, and thought I should not have got to the Door: But when I did, as I hop'd this would be my last Interview with this terrible hard-hearted Master, I turn'd about, and made a low Court'fy, and faid, God bless you, Sir! God bless you, Mr. Longman! And I went into the Lobby leading to the great Hall, and dropp'd into the first Chair; for I could get no further a good while.

I LEAVE all these Things to your Reflection, my dear Parents; but I can write no My poor Heart's almost broken! Indeed it is .-- O when shall I get away! --- Send me, good God, in Safety, once more to my poor Father's peaceful Cot! - and there the worst that can happen will be Joy in Perfection to what I

now bear! - O pity

Your distressed Daughter. LET-

#### LETTER XXIX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I MUST write on, tho' I shall come so soon; for now I have hardly any thing else to do. I have finish'd all that lay upon me, and only wait the good Time of setting out. Mrs. Fervis said, I must be low in Pocket, for what I have laid out; and so would have presented me with Two Guineas of her Five; but I could not take them of her, because, poor Gentlewoman! she pays old Debts for her Children that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This, however, was very good in her.

I AM forry, I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know you won't, you are so good!—and I will work the harder, when I come home, if I can get a little Plain-work, or any thing to do. But all your Neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want Work; except, may-be, Dame Mumford can help me to something, from any good Family she is ac-

quainted with.

HERE, what a fad Thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as Matters stand. For, you know, my good Lady, now in Heav'n, lov'd Singing and Dancing; and, as she would have it I had a Voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent Song, and a good Psalm too, and dance before her: And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine Work with my Needle;

why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my Fingers End, as they fay; and she us'd to praise me, and was a good Judge of such Matters.

WELL now, what is all this to the Purpose,

as Things have turn'd about?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the Grashopper in the Fable, which I have read of in my Lady's Books, as follows\*:

"As the Ants were airing their Provisions one Winter, a hungry Grashopper (as suppose it was poor I) begg'd a Charity of them. They told him, That he should have wrought in Summer, if he would not have wanted in Winter. Well, says the Grashopper, but I was not idle neither; for I sung out the whole Season. Nay, then, said they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry Year of it, and dance in Winter to the Tune you sung in Summer."

So I shall make a fine Figure with my Singing and my Dancing, when I come home to you! Nay, I shall be unfit even for a Mayday Holiday-time; for these Minuets, Rigadoons, and French Dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill Company for my Milk-maid Companions that are to be. To be sure, I had better, as Things stand, have

<sup>\*</sup> See the Æfop's Fables, fold by J. Osborn, in Pater-noster Row, which has lately been corrected and reform'd from those of Sir R. L'Estrange, and the most eminent Mythologists.

learn'd

learn'd to wash and scour, and brew and bake, and such-like. But I hope, if I can't get Work, and can meet with a Place, to learn these soon, if any body will have the Goodness to bear with me, till I am able: For, notwithstanding what my Master says, I hope I have an humble and a teachable Mind; and next to God's Grace, that is all my Comfort: For I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first; but woe to my proud Heart, if I find it so, on Trial! for I will make it bend to its Condition, or break it.

I HAVE read of a good Bishop, that was to be burnt for his Religion; and he try'd how he could bear it, by putting his Fingers into the lighted Candle: So I t'other Day try'd, when Rachel's Back was turn'd, if I could not scour a Pewter Plate she had begun. I see I could do't by degrees: It only blister'd my Hand in two Places.

ALL the Matter is, if I could get Plain-work enough, I need not spoil my Fingers. But if I can't, I hope to make my Hands as red as a Blood-pudden, and as hard as a Beechen Trencher, to accommodate them to my Condition.

—But I must break off: Here's somebody coming.

'T is only our Hannah with a Message from Mrs. Jervis. — But, hold, here is somebody else. — Well, it is only Rachel.

I AM as much frighted as were the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, in the fame I 4 Book Book of Fables, at every thing that stirs. Oh! I have a Power of these Things to entertain you with in Winter Evenings, when I come home. If I can but get Work, with a little Time for Reading, I hope we shall be very happy, over our Peat Fires.

WHAT made me hint to you, that I should

bring but little with me, is this:

You must know, I did intend to do, as I have this Asternoon: And that is, I took all my Cloaths, and all my Linen, and I divided them into three Parcels, as I had before told Mrs. Jervis I intended to do; and I said, It is now Monday, Mrs. Jervis, and I am to go away on Thursday Morning betimes; so tho' I know you don't doubt my Honesty, I beg you will look over my poor Matters, and let every one have what belongs to them; for, said I, you know I am resolv'd to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

SAID she, (I did not know her Drift then; to be sure she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it) Let your Things be brought down into the Green-room, and I will do any thing you would have me do.

WITH all my Heart! said I, Green-room or any-where; but I think you might step up,

and see 'em as they lie.

HOWEVER, I fetch'd 'em down, and laid them in three Parcels, as before; and when I had done, I went down to call her up to look at them. Now, it seems, she had prepar'd my Master for this Scene, unknown to me; and in this Green-room was a Closet, with a Sash-door and a Curtain before it; for there she puts her Sweet-meats and such things; and this she did, it seems, to turn his Heart, as knowing what I intended; I suppose, that he should make me take the Things; for if he had, I should have made Money of them, to help us when we got together; for, to be sure, I could never have appear'd in them.

Well, as I was faying, he had got, unknown to me, into this Closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. Jervis: And she since own'd to me, it was at his Desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it: Tho' I have Reason, I'm sure, to remember the last Closetwork.

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. fervis, is the first Parcel; I will spread it all abroad. These are the Things my good Lady gave me. — In the first place, said I—and so I went on describing the Cloaths and Linen my Lady had given me, mingling Blessings, as I proceeded, for her Goodness to me; and when I had turn'd over that Parcel, I said, Well, so much for the first Parcel, Mrs. Jervis; that was my Lady's Gifts.

Now I come to the Presents of my dear virtuous Master: Hay! you know, Closet for that, Mrs. Fervis! She laugh'd, and said, I never saw such a comical Girl in my Life! But

go on. I will, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as soon as I have open'd the Bundle; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now, here, Mrs. Jervis, said I, are my ever-worthy Master's Presents; and then I particularized all those in the second Bundle.

AFTER which, I turn'd to my own, and faid:

Now, Mrs. Jervis, comes poor Pamela's Bundle, and a little one it is, to the others. First, here is a Calico Night-gown, that I used to wear o'Mornings. 'Twill be rather too good for me when I get home; but I must have fomething. Then there is a quilted Calimanco Coat, and a Pair of Stockens I bought of the Pedlar, and my Straw Hat with blue Strings; and a Remnant of Scots Cloth, which will make two Shirts and two Shifts, the same I have on, for my poor Father and Mother. And here are four other Shifts, one the fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will ferve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two Pair of Shoes; I have taken the Lace off, which I will burn, and may-be will fetch me fome little Matter at a Pinch, with an old Silver Buckle or two.

What do you laugh for, Mrs. Jervis? faid I. — Why you are like an April Day; you cry and laugh in a Breath.

WELL

Well, let me see; ay, here is a Cotton Handkerchief I bought of the Pedlar; there should be another somewhere. O here it is! and here too are my new-bought knit Mittens: And this is my new Flanel Coat, the fellow to that I have on. And in this Parcel pinn'd together, are several Pieces of printed Calico, Remnants of Silks, and such-like, that, if good Luck should happen, and I should get Work, would serve for Robings and Facings, and such-like Uses. And here too are a Pair of Pockets; they are too sine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me! said I, I did not think I had so many good Things!

Well, Mrs. Jervis, faid I, you have feen all my Store, and I will now fit down, and tell you a Piece of my Mind.

BE brief, then, faid she, my good Girl; for she was afraid, she faid afterwards, that I should say too much.

Why then the Case is this: I am to enter upon a Point of Equity and Conscience, Mrs. Jervis; and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own Way. Those things there of my Lady's, I can have no Claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her Service, and to do Credit to her bountiful Heart. But since I am to be turn'd away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor Father's; for I should bring all the little Village upon my Back: and so I resolve not to have them.

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THEN,

But, said I, come to my Arms, my dear third Parcel, the Companion of my Poverty, and the Witness of my Honesty; and may I never deserve the least Rag that is contain'd in thee, when I forfeit a Title to that Innocence which I hope will ever be the Pride of my Life! and then I am sure it will be my highest Comfort at my Death, when all the Riches and Pomp in the World will be worse than the vilest Rags that can be worn by Beggars! And

fo I hugg'd my third Bundle.

But, faid I, Mrs. Jervis, (and she wept to hear me) one thing more I have to trouble

you with, and that's all.

THERE are Four Guineas, you know, that came out of my good Lady's Pocket, when she dy'd, that, with some Silver, my Master gave me: Now these same Four Guineas I sent to my poor Father and Mother, and they have broken them; but would make them up, if I would: And if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your Mind:

As to the Three Years before my Lady's Death, do you think, as I had no Wages, I may be fuppos'd to be Quits? ---- By Quits, I cannot mean, that my poor Services should be equal to my Lady's Goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her Learning and Education of me, as Matters have turn'd, will be of little Service to me now; for it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard Labour, to be fure; for that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a Place (and you know, in Places too, one is subject to such Temptations as are dreadful to think of): So I fay, by Quits I only mean, as I return all the good things she gave me, whether I may not set my little Services against my Keeping; because, as I said, my Learning is not now in the Question; and I am sure my dear good Lady would have thought fo, had she liv'd: But that, too, is now out of the Question. Well then, if so, I would ask, Whether in above this Year that I have liv'd with my Master, as I am resolv'd to leave all his Gifts behind me, I may not have earn'd, besides my Keeping, these Four Guineas, and these poor Cloaths here upon my Back, and in my third Bundle? Now tell me your Mind freely, without Favour or Affection.

ALAS! my dear Maiden, said she, you make me unable to speak to you at all: To be sure, it will be the highest Affront that can be offer'd, for you to leave any of these things behind you; and you must take all your Bundles

# 126 PAMELA; or,

dles with you, or my Master will never forgive

you.

WELL, well, Mrs. Jervis, faid I, I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubb'd and hardly treated by my Master, of late. I have done him no Harm; and I shall always pray for him, and with him happy. But I don't deserve these Things; I know I don't. Then I can't wear them, if I should take them; so they can be of no Use to me: And I trust I shall not want the poor Pittance, that is all I desire to keep Life and Soul together. Bread and Water I can live upon, Mrs. Fervis, with Content. Water I shall get any-where; and if I can't get me Bread, I will live like a Bird in Winter upon Hips and Haws, and at other times upon Pig-nuts, and Potatoes, or Turneps, or any thing. So what Occasion have I for these Things? --- But all I ask is about these Four Guineas, and if you think I need not return them, that is all I want to know. - To be fure, my Dear, you need not, faid she; you well earn'd them by that Waistcoat only. No, I think not fo, in that only; but in the Linen, and other Things, do you think I have? Yes, yes, faid she, and more. And my Keeping allow'd for, I mean, faid I, and these poor Cloaths on my Back, besides? Remember that, Mrs. Jervis. Yes, my dear Odd-one, no doubt you have! Well then, faid I, I am as happy as a Princes! I am quite as rich as I wish to be! And, once more, my dear third Bundle, I will hug thee to my Bosom. And I beg you'll say nothing

thing of all this till I am gone, that my Master mayn't be so angry, but that I may go in Peace; for my Heart, without other Matters, will be

ready to break to part with you all.

Now, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as to one Matter more: and that is, my Master's last Usage of me, before, Mr. Longman .--- Said she, Prythee, dear Pamela, step to my Chamber, and fetch me a Paper I left on my Table. I have fomething to flew you in it. I will, faid I, and stepp'd down; but that was only a Fetch to take the Orders of my Master, I found. It feems, he faid, he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not fland it, and wish'd I might not know he was there. But I tripp'd up again so nimbly, (for there was no Paper) that I just saw his Back. as if coming out of that Green-room, and going into the next to it, the first Door that was open. ---- I whipp'd in, and shut the Door, and bolted it. O Mrs. Fervis, faid I, what have you done by me? --- I fee I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all Hands! Wretched, wretched Pamela! where shalt thou expect a Friend, if Mrs. Jervis joins to betray me thus? ---- She made fo many Protestations, (telling me all, and that he own'd I had made him wipe his Eyes two or three times; and said, she hop'd it would have a good Effect; and remember'd me, that I had faid nothing but would rather move Compassion than Resentment) that I forgave her. But O! that I was fafe from this House! for never poor Creature sure was so flufter'd

## 128 PAMELA; or,

fluster'd as I have been for so many Months together!----I am call'd down from this most tedious Scribble. I wonder what will next befal

Your dutiful Daughter.

Mrs. Jervis says, she is sure I shall have the Chariot to carry me home to you. Tho this will look too great for me, yet it will shew as if I was not turn'd away quite in Disgrace. The travelling Chariot is come from Lincolnshire, and I fansy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

#### LETTER XXX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I WRITE again, tho', may-be, I shall bring it to you in my Pocket; for I shall have no Writing, nor Writing-time, I hope, when I come to you. This is Wednesday Morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you to-morrow Morning; but I have had more Trials, and more Vexation; but of another Complexion too a little, tho' all from the same Quarter.

YESTERDAY my Master, after he came from Hunting, sent for me. I went with great Terror; for I expected he would storm, and be in a fine Passion with me for my Freedom of Speech before: So I was resolv'd to begin sirst, with Submission, to disarm his Anger; and I

fell upon my Knees as soon as I saw him; and said, Good Sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good Lady your Mother, who recommended me to you with her last Words, to forgive me all my Faults: And only grant me this Favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your House with Peace and Quietness of Mind, that I may take such a Leave of my dear Fellow-servants as besits me; and that my Heart be not quite broken.

He took me up, in a kinder manner, than ever I had known; and he said, Shut the Door, Pamela, and come to me in my Closet: I want to have a little serious Talk with you. How can I, Sir, said I, how can I? and wrung my Hands. O pray, Sir, let me go out of your Presence, I beseech you. By the G-d that made me, said he, I'll do you no Harm. Shut the Parlour-door, and come to me in my Li-

brary.

He then went into his Closet, which is his Library, and full of rich Pictures besides; a noble Apartment, tho call'd a Closet, and next the private Garden, into which it has a Door that opens. I shut the Parlour-door, as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute. Place some Considence in me, said he: Surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly. So I crept towards him with trembling Feet, and my Heart throbbing thro my Handkerchies. Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so. Pray, Sir, said I, pity and spare me. I will, said he, Vol. I.

as I hope to be fav'd. He fat down upon a rich Settee; and took hold of my Hand, and said, Don't doubt me, Pamela. From this Moment I will no more consider you as my Servant; and I desire you'll not use me with Ingratitude for the Kindness I am going to express towards you. This a little embolden'd me; and he faid, holding both my Hands between his, You have too much Wit and good Sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my Heart, and all the Pride of it, cannot but love Yes, look up to me, my sweet-fac'd Girl! I must say I love you; and have put on a Behaviour to you, that was much against my Heart, in hopes to frighten you from your Refervedness. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your Sex upon me for it.

I was unable to speak; and he, seeing me too much oppress'd with Consusion to go on in that Strain, said, Well, Pamela, let me know in what Situation of Life is your Father: I know he is a poor Man; but is he as low and as honest, as he was when my Mother took

you?

THEN I could speak a little; and with a down Look, (and I felt my Face glow like Fire) I said, Yes, Sir, as poor and as honest too, and that is my Pride. Says he, I will do something for him, if it be not your Fault, and make all your Family happy. Ah! Sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his Daughter's Innocence is to be the Price of your Favour. And I beg you will not speak

speak to me on the only Side that can wound me. I have no Defign of that fort, faid he. O Sir, faid I, tell me not fo, tell me not fo! - Tis easy, said he, for me to be the Making of your Father, without injuring you. Well, Sir, faid I, if this can be done, let me know how; and all I can do with Innocence shall be the Study and Practice of my Life. ---- But Oh! what can such a poor Creature as I do, and do my Duty? --- Said he, I would have you flay a Week or a Fortnight only, and behave yourself with Kindness to me: I stoop to beg it of you, and you shall see all shall turn out beyond your Expectation. I fee, faid he, you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you; and I begin to be vex'd I should thus meanly fue; and so I will say, that your Behaviour before honest Longman, when I used you as I did, and you could fo well have vindicated yourself, has quite charm'd me. And tho' I am not pleased with all you said Yesterday, while I was in the Closet, yet you have mov'd me more to admire you than before; and I am awaken'd to see more Worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any Lady in the World. All the Servants, from the highest to the lowest, doat upon you, instead of envying you; and look upon you in fo superior a Light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your Letters than you imagine, (This furpris'd me!) and am quite overcome with your charming manner of Writing, so free, so easy, and many of your Sentiments so much K 2 above

above your Years, and your Sex; and all put together, makes me, as I tell you, love you to Extravagance. Now, Pamela, when I have stoop'd to acknowledge all this, oblige me only to stay another Week or Fortnight, to give me time to bring about some certain Affairs; and you shall see how much you may find your Account in it.

I TREMBLED to feel my poor Heart giving way .--- O good Sir, said I, spare a poor Maiden, that cannot look up to you, and speak. My Heart is full: And why should you wish to undo me? --- Only oblige me, faid he, in staying a Fortnight longer, and John shall carry Word to your Father, that I will see him in the Time, either here, or at the Swan in his Village. Sir, faid I, my Heart will burst; but on my bended Knees, I beg you to let me go To-morrow, as I defigned: and don't offer to tempt a poor Creature, whose whole Will would be to do yours, if my Virtue would permit. - It shall permit it, said he; for I intend no Injury to you, God is my Witness! - Impossible! faid I; I cannot, Sir, believe you, after what has passed: How many ways are there to undo poor Creatures! Good God, protect me this one Time, and send me but to my dear Father's Cot in Safety! - Strange, damn'd Fate, says he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believ'd!--What should I believe, Sir? return'd 1; what can I believe? What have you faid, but that I am to stay a Fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me? ---- My Pride of Birth and

and Fortune (damn them both! faid he, fince they cannot obtain Credit with you, but must add to your Suspicions) will not let me descend, all at once; and I ask you but a Fortnight's Stay, that, after this Declaration, I may pacify those proud Demands upon me.

O How my Heart throbbid! and I began (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's Prayer. None of your Beads to me, Pamela,

said he; thou art a perfect Nun, I think.

But I said aloud, with my Eyes listed up to Heaven, Lead me not into Temptation; but deliver me from Evil, O my good God! He hugg'd me in his Arms, and said, Well, my dear Girl, then you stay this Fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you. — I'll leave you a Moment, and walk into the next Room, to give you time to think of it, and to shew you I have no Design upon you. Well, this, I thought, did not look amiss.

HE went out, and I was tortur'd with Twenty different Doubts in a Minute: Sometimes I thought, that to stay a Week or Fortnight longer in this House to obey him, while Mrs. Jervis was with me, could do no great Harm: But then, thought I, how do I know what I may be able to do? I have withstood his Anger; but may I not releast at his Kindness? — How shall I stand that !----Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting Grace, in which I will always conside! — But then, what has he promised? Why he will make my poor Father and K3 Mother's

Mother's Life comfortable. O! faid I to my felf, that is a rich Thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my Ruin. - What can he do for me, poor Girl as I am!--- What can his Greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition! O these are in his Head, and in his Heart too, or he would not confess them to me at such an Instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to feduce me! - He has promis'd nothing. --- But I am to fee what he will do, if I stay a Fortnight; and this Fortnight, thought I again, is no fuch great Matter; and I shall see in a few Days, how he carries it. --- But then, when I again reflected upon the Distance between him and me, and his now open Declaration of Love, as he call'd it; and that after this, he would talk with me on that Subject more plainly than ever, and I should be less arm'd, may-be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, why, if he meant no Dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. fervis; and the odious frightful Closet came again into my Head, and my narrow Escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to fend Mrs. Fervis and the Maids out of the Way; and so that all the Mischief he design'd me might be brought about in less than that Time; I resolv'd to go away, and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself. And how ought I to be thankful for this Resolution! ---as you shall hear.

But just as I have writ to this Place, John sends me Word, that he is going this Minute your Way; and so I will send so far as I have written, and hope, by to-morrow Night, to ask your Blessings, at your own poor, but happy Abode, and tell you the rest by Word of Mouth; and so I rest, till then, and for ever,

Your dutiful Daughter.

### LETTER XXXI.

My dear Father and Mother,

I WILL continue my Writing still, because, may-be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what Dangers I have been enabled to escape; and tho I bring it along with me.

I TOLD you my Resolution, my happy Resolution, as I have Reason to think it: And just then he came in again, with great Kindness in his Looks; and said, I make no Doubt, Pamela, you will stay this Fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my Words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm: But said I, Forgive, Sir, your poor distressed Maiden: I know I cannot possibly deserve any Favour at your Hands, consistent with Virtue; and I beg you will let me go to my poor Father. Why, said he, thou art the veriest Fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will see your Father, I'll K 4

fend for him hither To-morrow, in my travelling Chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for him and you. What, Sir, may Iask you, can that be? Your Honour's noble Estate may easily make him happy, and not unufeful perhaps to you in some respect or But what Price am I to pay for all this? -You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do affure you: And here I will now give you this Purfe, in which are Fifty Guineas, which I will allow your Father yearly, and find an Employ fuitable to his Liking, to deserve that and more: Pamela, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you fill more for him; but that perhaps you would suspect I intended it as a Design upon you. - O Sir! faid I, take back your Guineas; I will not touch one, nor will my Father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done for them; and particularly what is to become of me. Why then, Pamela, faid he, suppose I find a Man of Probity, and genteel Calling, for a Husband for you, that shall make you a Gentlewoman as long as you live? ---I want no Husband, Sir, faid I; for now I began to see him in all his black Colours: Yet being fo much in his Power, I thought I would a little dissemble. But, said he, you are so pretty, that go where you will, you can never be free from the Designs of some or other of our Sex; and I shall think I don't answer the Care of my dying Mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a Husband to protect your

your Virtue, and your Innocence; and a wor-

thy one I have thought of for you.

O BLACK, perfidious Creature! thought I, what an Implement art thou in the Hands of Lucifer, to ruin the innocent Heart! - Yet still I dissembled; for I fear'd much both him and the Place I was in. But, whom, pray, Sir, have you thought of? -- Why, faid he, young Mr. Williams, my Chaplain, in Lincolnshire, who will make you happy. Does he know, Sir, faid I, any thing of your Honour's Intentions?-No, my Girl, answer'd he, and kissed me (much against my Will; for his very Breath was now Poison to me); but his Dependence upon my Favour, and your Beauty and Merit, will make him rejoice at my Kindness to him. Well, Sir, faid I, then it is time enough to consider of this Matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my Father's: For what will staying a Fortnight longer signify to this? Your Honour's Care and Goodness may extend to me there as well as here; and Mr. Williams, and all the World, shall know that I am not ashamed of my Father's Poverty.

HE would kiss me again, and I said, Is I am to think of Mr. Williams, or any body, I beg you'll not be so free with me: That is not pretty, I'm sure. Well, said he, but you stay this next Fortnight, and in that time I'll have both Williams and your Father here; for I will have the Match concluded in my House; and when I have brought it on, you shall settle it as you please together. Mean time take and send only

these

these Fifty Pieces to your Father, as an Earnest of my Favour, and I'll make you all happy.—Sir, said I, I beg at least Two Hours to consider of this. I shall, said he, be gone out in one Hour; and I would have you write to your Father, what I propose, and John shall carry it on purpose, and he shall take the Purse with him for the good old Man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will then let you know, in one Hour, my Resolution. Do so, reply'd he; and gave me another Kiss, and let me go.

O HOW I rejoiced I had got out of his Clutches! — So I write you this, that you may fee how Matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, trea-

cherous Gentleman, as he is!

So here was a Trap laid for your poor Pamela! I tremble to think of it! O what a Scene of Wickedness was here contrived for all my wretched Life! Black-hearted Wretch! how I hate him!—For at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other Things; and this of Mr. Williams, I suppose, came into his Head, after he walk'd out from his Closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: But the Covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I WENT to my Chamber, and the first thing I did, was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his Parlour-door, after

I had copy'd it, as follows:

Honour'd

## Honour'd Sir,

YOUR last Proposal to me convinces me, that I ought not to stay, but to go to my Father, if it were but to ask his Advice about Mr. Williams. And I am so set upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honour'd Sir, with a thousand Thanks for all Favours, I will set out To-morrow early; and the Honour you design'd me, as Mrs. Jervis tells me, of your Chariot, there will be no Occasion for; because I can hire, I believe, Farmer Brady's Chaise. So, begging you will not take it amis, I shall ever be

## Four dutiful Servant.

As to the Purse, Sir, my poor Father, to be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it, 'till he can know how to deserve it: Which is impossible.'

So he has just now sent Mrs. Jervis, to tell me, That since I am resolv'd to go, go I may, and the travelling Chariot shall be ready; but it shall be worse for me; for that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives. Well, so I get out of the House, I care not; only I should have been glad I could with Innocence have made you, my dear Parents, happy.

# 140 PAMELA; or,

I CANNOT imagine the Reason of it, but John, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have any thing else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

I AM now preparing for my Journey, and about taking Leave of my good Fellow-servants. And if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with

you.

ONE Word more: I slip in a Paper of Verses, on my going; sad poor Stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may-be. I shew'd them to Mrs. Fervis, and she liked them, and took a Copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the Green-room too; but I look'd into the Closet first. I will only add, That I am

Tour dutiful Daughter.

Let me just say, That he has this Moment sent me Five Guineas by Mrs. Jervis, as a Present for my Pocket: So I shall be very rich; for as she brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me; and I may go when I will in the Morning; and Lincolnshire Robin shall drive me: But he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the Door with me, not so much as into the Courtyard. Well! I can't help it, not I! but does not this expose himself more than me?

But John waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says, he has put it up, among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

John is very good, and very honest; I am under great Obligations to him. I'd give him a Guinea, now I'm so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my Lady's Cloaths, and those my Master gave me: For I told Mrs. Jervis, I would not take them; but I fansy, by a Word or two that dropp'd, they will be sent after me. Dear Sirs! what a rich Pamela you'll have, if they should! But as I can't wear them, if they do, I don't desire them; and, if I have them, will turn them into Money, as I can have Opportunity. Well, no more—I'm in a fearful Hurry!

VERSES on my going away.

I.

MI Fellow-servants dear, attend To these few Lines, which I have penn'd: I'm sure they're from your hearty Friend, And Wisher-well, poor Pamela.

II.

I from a State of low Degree Was plac'd in this good Family: Too high a Fate for humble me, The helpless, hopeless Pamela.

# 142 PAMELA; or,

#### M.

Tet the my happy Lot was so, Joyful I, homeward, from it go, No less content, when poor and low, Than here you found your Pamela.

#### IV.

For what indeed is Happiness
But conscious Innocence and Peace?
And that's a Treasure I posses;
Thank Heav'n, that gave it Pamela.

#### V.

My future Lot I cannot know:
But this, I'm fure, where-e'er I go,
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
I'll be the grateful Pamela.

#### VI.

No sad Regrets my Heart annoy;
I'll pray for all your Peace and Joy,
From Master high, to Scullion Boy,
For all your Loves to Pamela.

### VII.

One thing or two I've more to say:
God's holy Will be sure obey;
And for our Master always pray,
- As ever shall poor Pamela.

#### VIII.

For, Oh! we pity should the Great,
Instead of envying their Estate;
Temptations always on em wait,
Exempt from which are such as we.

#### IX.

Their Riches, gay deceitful Snares!
Inlarge their Fears, increase their Cares.
Their Servants foy surpasses Theirs;
At least, so judges Pamela.

#### X.

Tour Parents and Relations love:
Let them your Duty ever prove;
And you'll be bless'd by Heav'n above;
As will, I hope, poor Pamela.

#### XI.

For if asham'd I e'er could be Of my dear Parents low Degree, What Lot had been too mean for me, Unbless'd, unvirtuous Pamela!

#### XII.

Thrice happy may you ever be, Each one in his and her Degree; And, Sirs, wheneer you think of me, Pray for Content to Pamela.

# 144 PAMELA; of,

#### XIII.

Pray for her wish'd Content and Peace;
And, rest assured, she'll never cease
To pray for all your Joys Increase,
While Life is lent to Pamela.

#### XIV.

On God all future Good depends: Serve Him. And so my Sonnet ends, With Thank-ye, thank-ye, honest Friends, For all your Loves to Pamela.

HERE it is necessary the Reader should know, that the fair Pamela's Trials were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a time when she thought them at an End, and that she was returning to her Father: For when her Master found her Virtue was not to be subdu'd, and he had in vain try'd to conquer his Passion for her, being a Gentleman of Pleasure and Intrigue, he had order'd his Lincolnshire Coachman to bring his travelling Chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Bedfordsbire Coachman, who, with the rest of the Servants, fo greatly lov'd and honour'd the fair Damsel; and having given Instructions accordingly, and prohibited his other Servants, on Pretence of resenting Pamela's Behaviour, from accompanying her any Part of the Road, he drove her Five Five Miles on the Way to her Father's; and then turning off, cross'd the Country, and carry'd her onward towards his *Lincolnshire* Estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the Messenger of her Letters to her Father, who so often pretended Business that way, was an Implement in his Master's Hands, and employ'd by him for that Purpose; and always gave her Letters first to him, and his Master used to open and read them, and then fend them on; by which means as he hints to her, (as she observes in one of her Letters, p. 131.) he was no Stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor Virgin beset: And the Whole will shew the base Arts of designing Men to gain their wicked Ends; and how much it behoves the Fair Sex to stand upon their Guard against artful Contrivances, especially when Riches and Power conspire against Innocence and a low Estate.

A FEW Words more will be necessary to make the Sequel better understood. The intriguing Gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her Father her Three last Letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her Cloaths, his last Effort to induce her to stay a Fortnight, his pretended Proposal of the Chaplain, and her Hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her Verses; and to seed himself a Letter to her Fa-

ther, which is as follows:

### Goodman ANDREWS,

Y OU will wonder to receive a Letter from me: But I think I am obliged to let you know, that I have discovered the strange Correspondence carried on between you and your Daughter, fo injurious to my Honour and Reputation, and which, I think, you should ' not have encouraged, till you knew there were sufficient Grounds for those Aspersions, which she so plentifully casts upon me. Some-' thing possibly there might be in what she has written from time to time; but, believe me, ' with all her pretended Simplicity and Innocence, I never knew so much romantick Invention as she is Mistress of. In short, the ' Girl's Head's turn'd by Romances, and fuch ' idle Stuff, to which she has given herself up, ' ever fince her kind Lady's Death. And she ' assumes Airs, as if she was a Mirror of Perfection, and every body had a Design upon her.

'Don't mistake me, however; I believe her very honest, and very virtuous; but I have found out also, that she is carrying on a sort of Correspondence, or Love Affair, with a young Clergyman, that I hope in time to provide for; but who, at present, is destitute of any Subsistence but my Favour: And what would be the Consequence, can you think, of Two young Folks, who have nothing in the World to trust to of their own, to come together,

together, with a Family multiplying upon them, before they have Bread to eat?

For my part, I have too much Kindness to them both, not to endeavour to prevent it, if I can: And for this Reason I have sent her out of his way for a little while, till I can bring them both to better Consideration; and I would not therefore have you be surprised you don't see your Daughter so soon as

' you might possibly expect.

ול

YET, I do assure you, upon my Honour, that she shall be safe and inviolate; and I hope you don't doubt me, notwithstanding any Airs she may have given herself, upon my jocular Pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little innocent Romping with her, so usual with young Folks of the Two Sexes, when they have been long acquainted, and grown up

' together; for Pride is not my Talent.

'As she is a mighty Letter-writer, I hope she has had the Duty to apprise you of her Intrigue with the young Clergyman; and I know not whether it meets with your Countenance: But now she is absent for a little while, (for I am sure he would have followed her to your Village, if she had gone home; and there perhaps they would have ruined one another, by marrying) I doubt not I shall bring him to see his Interest, and that he engages not before he knows how to provide for a Wise: And when that can be done, let them come together in God's Name, for me:

# 148 PAMELA; or,

'I EXPECT not to be answered on this

' Head, but by your good Opinion, and the

' Confidence you may repose in my Honour;

· being

## Your hearty Friend to serve you.

P. S. I find my Man John has been the

' Manager of the Correspondence, in

which fuch Liberties have been taken

with me. I shall soon, in a manner that

becomes me, let the faucy Fellow know, how much I refent his Part of the

'Affair. It is a hard thing, that a Man

of my Character in the World should

be used thus freely by his own Ser-

vants.

It is easy to guess at the poor old Man's Concern upon reading this Letter, from a Gentleman of fo much Consideration. He knew not what Course to take, and had no manner of Doubt of his Daughter's Innocence, and that foul Play was design'd her. Yet he somefimes hop'd the best, and was ready to believe the furmised Correspondence between the Clergyman and her, having not receiv'd the Letters fhe wrote, which would have clear'd up that Affair.

Bur after all, he resolved, as well to quiet his own as her Mother's Uneafiness, to undertake a Journey to the 'Squire's; and leaving his poor Wife to excuse him to the Farmer who employ'd

employ'd him, he set out that very Evening, late as it was; and travelling all Night, sound himself, soon after Day-light, at the Gate of the Gentleman, before the Family was up: And there he sat down to rest himself, till he should

fee fomebody stirring.

THE Grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their Horses; and he ask'd in so distressful a manner, what was become of Pamela, that they thought him crazy; and said, Why, what have you to do with Pamela, old Fellow? Get out of the Horse's Way.—Where is your Master? said the poor Man; pray, Gentlemen, don't be angry: My Heart's almost broken.—He never gives any thing at the Door, I assure you, says one of the Grooms; so you'll lose your Labour.—I am not a Beggar yet, said the poor old Man; I want nothing of him, but my Pamela:—O my Child! my Child!

I'LL be hang'd, says one of them, if this is not Mrs. Pamela's Father. — Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his Hands, I am; and weeping, Where is my Child? Where is my Pamela? — Why, Father, said one of them, we beg your Pardon; but she is gone home to you: How long have you been come from home?——O! but last Night, said he; I have travell'd all Night: Is the 'Squire at home, or is he not?——Yes, but he is not stirring tho', said the Groom, as yet. Thank God for that! said he; thank God for that! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon. They asked him to go

The Family was soon raised, with the Report of Pamela's Father coming to inquire after his Daughter; and the Maids would fain have had him go into the Kitchen. But Mrs. Jervis, having been told of his coming, arose, and hasten'd down to her Parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad Story, and read the Letter. She wept bitterly; but yet endeavour'd before him to hide her Concern; and said, Well, Goodman Andrews, I cannot help weeping at your Grief; but I hope there is no Occasion. Let nobody see this Letter, whatever you do. I dare say your Daughter's safe.

Well, but said he, I see, you, Madam, know nothing about her: — If all was right, so good a Gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a Stranger to this. To be sure you

thought she was with me!

SAID she, My Master does not always inform his Servants of his Proceedings; but you need not doubt his Honour: You have his Hand for it. And you may see he can have no Design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence. O that is all I have to hope for! faid he; that is all, indeed!—But, faid he—and was going on, when the Report of his coming having reached the 'Squire, he came down

down in his Morning-gown and Slippers, into the Parlour, where he and Mrs. Fervis were

talking.

WHAT's the Matter, Goodman Andrews? faid he, what's the Matter? O my Child! faid the good old Man; give me my Child! I befeech you, Sir. - Why, I thought, fays the 'Squire, that I had fatisfied you about her: Sure you have not the Letter I fent you written with my own Hand. Yes, yes, but I have, Sir, faid he, and that brought me hither; and I have walked all Night, Poor Man! return'd he, with great feeming Compassion, I am forry for it, truly! Why your Daughter has made a strange Racket in my Family; and if I thought it would have disturb'd you so much, I would have e'en let her have gone home; but what I did was to serve her and you too. She is very fafe, I do affure you, Goodman Andrews; and you may take my Honour for it, I would not injure her for the World. Do you think I would, Mrs. Jervis? No, I hope not, Sir! faid she. ---- Hope not! said the poor Man, so do I; but pray, Sir, give me my Child; that is all I defire; and I'll take care no Clergyman shall come near her.

Why, London is a great way off, said the 'Squire, and I can't send for her back presently. What, then, said he, have you sent my poor Pamela to London? I would not have it said so, reply'd the 'Squire; but I assure you, upon my Honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you of it by Letter. She is in

a reputable Family, no less than a Bishop's; and is to wait on his Lady, till I get the Matter

over, that I mention'd to you.

O now shall I know this? reply'd he-What! faid the 'Squire, pretending Anger, am I to be doubted? - Do you believe I can have any View upon your Daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take fuch Methods as thefe to effect it? - Why, furely, Man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to! O Sir, said he, I beg your Pardon; but consider, my dear Child is in the Case: Let me know, what Bishop, and where; and I'll travel to London on Foot to fee

my Daughter, and then shall be satisfied.

WHY, Goodman Andrews, I believe thou hast read Romances as well as thy Daughter, and thy Head's turn'd with them. May I not have my Word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer any thing dishonourable to your Daughter? Is there any thing looks like it?— Prythee, Man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believ'd, what fignifies talking? Why, Sir, faid he, pray forgive me; but there is no Harm to fay, What Bishop's, or whereabouts? What, and so you'd go troubling his Lordship with your impertinent Fears and Stories! Will you be satisfied, if you have a Letter from her within a Week, it may be less, if the be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her? Why that, said the poor Man, will be some Comfort. Well then, said the Gentleman, I can't answer for her Negligence, if the don't write: And if the thould fend a Letter to you, Mrs. Jervis, (for I desire not to see it; I have had Trouble enough about her already) be sure you send it by a Man and Horse the Moment you receive it. To be sure I will, answered she. Thank your Honour, said the good Man. And then I must wait with as much Patience as I can for a Week, which will be a Year to me.

I TELL you, said the Gentleman, it must be her own Fault, if she don't write; for 'tis what I insisted upon for my own Reputation; and I shan't stir from this House, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to Satisfaction. God bless your Honour, said the poor Man, as you say and mean Truth. Amen, Amen, Goodman Andrews, said he; you see I am not assaid to say Amen. So, Mrs. Jervis, make the good Man as welcome as you can; and let me have no Uproar about the Matter.

HE then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of Guineas to bear his Charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the Letter came, if he would; and be a Witness, that he intended honourably, and not to stir from his House for one while.

THE poor old Man staid and din'd with Mrs. Jervis, with some tolerable Ease of Mind, in hopes to hear from his beloved Daughter in a few Days; and then accepting the Present, return'd for his own House, and resolv'd to be as patient as possible.

MEAN time Mrs. Jervis, and all the Family, were in the utmost Grief for the Trick

put upon the poor Pamela, and she and the Steward represented it to their Master in as moving Terms as they durst: But were forced to rest satisfy'd with his general Assurances of intending her no Harm; which however Mrs. Jervis little believ'd, from the Pretence he had made in his Letter, of the Correspondence between Pamela and the young Parson; which she knew to be all mere Invention; tho' she durst not fay fo.

But the Week after, they were made a little more easy, by the following Letter brought by an unknown Hand, and left for Mrs. Tervis; which how procur'd, will be shewn in the Sequel.

## Dear Mrs. Jervis,

- THAVE been vilely trick'd, and, instead of being driven by Robin to my dear Fa-
- ther's, I am carry'd off, to where I have no
- Liberty to tell. However, I am at present
- onot used hardly, in the main; and I write to
- beg of you to let my dear Father and Mother
- (whose Hearts must be well-nigh broken) know, That I am well, and that I am, and
- by the Grace of God, ever will be, their ho-
- neft, as well as dutiful Daughter, and

## ' Your obliged Friend,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

her

I must neither send Date nor Place: But

' have most solemn Assurances of honour-

' able Usage. This is the only Time my

· low Estate has been troublesome to me,

fince it has subjected me to the Frights I

' have undergone. Love to your good 'Self, and all my dear Fellow-servants.

' Adieu! Adieu! But pray for poor

PAMELA.

THIS, tho' it quieted not intirely their Apprehensions, was shewn to the whole Family, and to the Gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came; and Mrs. Fervis fent it away to the good old Folks; who at first suspected it was forged, and not their Daughter's Hand; but finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest. And having inquir'd of all their Acquaintance, what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, with Effect, on so extraordinary an Occasion, against so rich and so resolute a Gentleman; and being afraid to make Matters worfe, (tho' they faw plainly enough, that she was in no Bishop's Family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his Story) they apply'd themselves to Prayers for their poor Daughter, and for a happy Issue to an Affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old Pair, praying for their dear Pamela; and return to the Account she herself gives of all this; having written it Journal-wise, to amuse and employ

# 156 PAMELA; or,

her Time, in hopes some Opportunity might offer to send it to her Friends, and, as was her constant View, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the Dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily overblown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve or repent of her own Conduct in them.

### LETTER XXXII.

O my dearest Father and Mother,

I ET me write, and bewail my miserable hard Fate, tho' I have no Hope how what I write can be convey'd to your Hands! - I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and fear, and pray! But yet what can I hope for, when I feem to be devoted as a Victim to the Will of a wicked Violator of all the Laws of God and Man! - But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my Rashness and Despondency! O let me not fin against thee; for thou best knoweft what is fit for thine Handmaid! - And as thou sufferest not thy poor Creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will refign myself to thy good Pleasure. And still, I hope, desperate as my Condition seems, that as these Trials are not of my own seeking, nor the Effects of my Presumption and Vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good Time, be delivered from them.

THUS

Thus do I pray, imperfectly, as I am forc'd by my distracting Fears and Apprehensions; and O join with me, my dear Parents! — But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful Situation of your poor Daughter! The unhappy *Pamela* may be undone, (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of Life!) before you can know her hard Lot!

OTHE unparallell'd Wickedness, Stratagems, and Devices of those who call themselves Gentlemen, yet pervert the Design of Providence, in giving them ample Means to do Good, to their own everlasting Perdition, and the Ruin

of poor oppressed Innocence!

But now I will tell you what has befallen me; and yet how shall you receive it? Here is no honest John to carry my Letters to you! And, besides, I am watch'd in all my Steps; and no doubt shall be, till my hard Fate may ripen his wicked Projects for my Ruin. I will every Day, however, write my sad State; and some way, perhaps, may be open'd to send the melancholy Scribble to you. But, alas! when you know it, what will it do but aggravate your Troubles? For, O! what can the abject Poor do against the mighty Rich, when they are determined to oppress?

Well, but I must proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in a few Hours, when I believed I should receive your grateful Blessings, on my Return to you from so many Hard-

ships.

# 158 PAMELA; or,

I WILL begin with my Account from the last Letter I wrote you, in which I inclosed my poor Stuff of Verses; and continue it at times, as I have Opportunity; tho as I said, I know not how it can reach you.

THE often wish'd-for Thursday Morning came, when I was to fet out. I had taken my Leave of my Fellow-servants over-night; and a mournful Leave it was to us all: For Men, as well as Women-fervants, wept much to part with me; and, for my Part, I was overwhelm'd with Tears, and the affecting Infrances of their Esteem. They all would have made me little Presents, as Tokens of their Love; but I would not take any thing from the lower Servants, to be fure. But Mr. Longman would have me accept of several Yards of Holland, and a Silver Snuff-box, and a Gold Ring, which he defired me to keep for his fake; and he wept over me; but faid, I am fure, fo good a Maiden God will blefs; and tho' you return to your poor Father again, and his low Estate, yet Providence will find you out: Remember I tell you fo, and one Day, tho' I mayn't live to see it, you will be rewarded.

I said, O dear Mr. Longman, you make me too rich, and too mody; and yet I must be a Beggar before my Time: For I shall want often to be scribbling, (little thinking it would be my only Employment so soon) and I will beg you, Sir, to savour me with some Paper; and as soon as I get home. I will write you a Letter, to thank you for all your Kindness to me; and

a Letter to good Mrs. Tervis too.

This was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at Pleasure of my rough-natur'd Governess, as I may call her; but now I can write to ease my Mind, tho' I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided: For good Mr. Longman gave me above Forty Sheets of Paper, and a dozen Pens, and a little Phyal of Ink; which last I wrapp'd in Paper, and put in my Pocket; and some Wax and Wasers.

O DEAR Sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I require you? He said, By a Kiss, my fair Mistress; and I gave it very willingly; for

he is a good old Man.

RACHEL and Hannah cry'd fadly when I took my Leave; and Jane, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and Cicely too, wept sadly, and said they would pray for me: But poor Jane, I doubt, will forget that; for she seldom says her Prayers for herself: More's the

Pity!

THEN Arthur the Gardener, our Robin the Coachman, and Lincolnshire Robin too, who was to carry me, were very civil; and both had Tears in their Eyes; which I thought then very good-natur'd in Lincolnshire Robin, because he knew but little of me.—But since, I find he might well be concern'd; for he had then his Instructions, it seems, and knew how he was to be a Means to entrap me.

THEN our other three Footmen, Harry Isaac, and Benjamin, and Grooms, and Helpers, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little Scullion-boy, Tommy, was ready to run over for Grief.

THEY had got all together over-night, expecting to be differently employ'd in the Morning; and they all begg'd to shake Hands with me, and I kiss'd the Maidens, and pray'd to God to bless them all; and thank'd them for all their Love and Kindnesses to me: And indeed I was forc'd to leave them fooner than I would, because I could not stand it: Indeed I could not. Harry (I could not have thought it; for he is a little wildish, they say) cry'd till he fobb'd again. John, poor honest John, was not then come back from you. But as for the Butler, Mr. Jonathan, he could not stay in Company.

ITHOUGHT to have told you a deal about this; but I have worse things to employ my

Thoughts.

MRS. Jervis, good Mrs. Jervis, cry'd all Night long, and I comforted her all I could: and she made me promise, that if my Master went to London to attend Parliament, or to Lincolnshire, I would come and stay a Week with her. And she would have given me Money; but I would not take it.

WELL, next Morning came, and I wonder'd I faw nothing of poor honest John; for I waited to take Leave of him, and thank him for all his

his Civilities to me and to you: But I suppose he was sent further by my Master, and so could not return; and I desired to be remember'd to him.

AND when Mrs. Jervis told me, with a fad Heart, the Chariot was ready, with Four Horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the Ground, tho' I wanted to be with you.

My Master was above-stairs, and never ask'd to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false Heart as he is! that I was not to be out of his Reach. --- O preserve me, Heaven, from his Power, and from his Wickedness!

WELL, they were not fuffer'd to go with me one Step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the Window to see me go. And in the Passage to the Gate, out of his Sight, there they stood all of them, in two Rows; and we could fay nothing on both Sides, but, God bless you! and God bless you! But Harry carry'd my own Bundle, my third Bundle, as I was us'd to call it, to the Coach, and fome Plum-cakes, and Diet-bread, made for me over Night, and some Sweet-meats, and Six Bottles of Canary Wine, which Mrs. fervis would make me take in a Basket, to chear our Hearts now-and-then, when we got together, as she said. And I kis'd all the Maids again, and shook Hands with the Men again; but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were nor. there; and then I tripp'd down-steps to the Chariot, Mrs. Fervis crying most sadly.

I LOOK'D up when I got to the Chariot, and I saw my Master at the Window, in his Vol. I.

M Gowns

Gown; and I court'fy'd three times to him very low, and pray'd for him with my Hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed I was not able. And he bow'd his Head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such Notice of me; and in I stepp'd, and was ready to burst with Grief; and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white Handkerchief to them, wet with my Tears. And at last away he drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the Court-yard: And I too soon found I had Cause

for greater and deeper Grief.

WELL, faid I to myself, at this rate I shall foon be with my dear Father and Mother; and till I had got, as I suppos'd, half way, I thought of the good Friends I had left. And when, on stopping for a little Bait to the Horses, Robin told me, I was near half-way, I thought it was high time to wipe my Eyes, and remember to whom I was going; as then, alack for me! I thought. So I began to ponder what a Meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd both be, to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my Dangers; and fo I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy Side from my Mind; tho', too, it return'd now-andthen; for I should be ingrateful not to love them, for their Love.

WELL, I believe I set out about Eight o'Clock in the Morning; and I wonder'd, and wonder'd, when it was about Two, as I saw by a Church-dial in a little Village we pass'd thro, that I was still more and more out of my Know-

ledge. Hey-dey! thought I, to drive this strange Pace, and to be so long a-going little more than Twenty Miles, is very odd! But, to be sure, thought I, Robin knows the Way.

Ar last he stopp'd, and look'd about him, as if he was at a Loss for the Road; and I said, Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the Way!——
I'm afraid I am, said he: But it can't be much; I'll ask the first Person I see. Pray do, said I; and he gave his Horses a Mouthful of Hay; and I gave him some Cake, and two Glasses of Canary Wine; and he stopp'd about half an Hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I HAD so much to think of, of the Dangers I now doubted not I had escap'd, of the loving Friends I had left, and my best Friends I was going to, and the many things. I had to relate to you; that I the less thought of the Way, till I was startled out of my Meditations by the Sun beginning to set, and still the Man driving on, and his Horses sweating and foaming; and then I began to be alarm'd all at once, and call'd to him; and he faid he had horrid ill Luck, for he had come several Miles out of the Way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My Heart began then to misgive me a little, and I was very much fatigued; for I had no Sleep for several Nights before, to fignify; and at last I said, Pray, Mr. Robert, there is a Town before us; what do you call it? - If we are so much out of the Way, we had better put up there; for the M 2

# 164 PAMELA; or,

Night comes on apace: And, Lord protect me! thought I, I shall have new Dangers, may-hap, to encounter with the Man, who have escap'd the Master——little thinking of the base Contrivance of the latter. Says he, I am just there: 'Tis but a Mile on one Side of the Town before us—Nay, said I, I may be mistaken; for it is a good while since I was this Way; but I am sure the Face of the Country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He pretended to be much out of Humour with himself for mistaking the Way, and at last stopp'd at a Farm-house, about two Miles beyond the Village I had seen; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said, We must make shift here; for I am quite out.

LORD, thought I, be good to the poor Pamela! More Trials still! — What will befal me next?

THE Farmer's Wife, and Maid, and Daughter, came out; and the Wife faid, What brings you this Way at this time of Night, Mr. Robert? And with a Lady too? — Then I began to be frighten'd out of my Wits; and laying Middle and both Ends together, I fell a crying, and faid, God give me Patience! I am undone for certain! — Pray, Mistress, said I, do you know 'Squire B. of Bedfordshire?

THE wicked Coachman would have prevented the answering me; but the simple Daughter said, Know his Worship! yes, surely! why he is my Father's Landlord! — Well, said I, then I am undone, undone for ever! — O

wicked

wicked Wretch! what have I done to you, faid I to the Coachman, to ferve me thus?—Vile Tool of a wicked Master!—Faith, said the Fellow, I'm forry this Task was put upon me: But I could not help it. But make the best of it now; here are very civil, reputable Folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you.—Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the Town we came through, late as it is.—For I will not enter here.

SAID the Farmer's Wife, You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young Gentle-woman, and have better Conveniencies than any-where in the Village. I matter not Conveniencies, said I: I am betray'd and undone! As you have a Daughter of your own, pity me, and let me know, if your Landlord, as you call him, be here!—No, I'll assure you, he is not, said she.

AND then came the Farmer, a good-like fort of Man, grave, and well-behav'd; and he spoke to me in such fort, as made me a little pacify'd; and seeing no Help for it, I went in; and the Wise immediately conducted me upstairs to the best Apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I staid; and nobody should come near me but when I call'd. I threw myself on the Bed in the Room, tir'd and frighten'd to Death almost, and gave way to the most excessive Fit of Grief that I ever had.

THE Daughter came up, and said, Mr. Robert had given her a Letter to give me; and there it was. I raised myself, and saw it was

the Hand and Seal' of the wicked Wretch my Master, directed To Mrs. Pamela Andrews .---This was a little better than to have him here: tho, if he had, he must have been brought

thro' the Air; for I thought I was.

THE good Woman (for I began to fee Things about a little reputable, and no Guile appearing in them, but rather a Face of Grief for my Grief) offer'd me a Glass of some cordial Water, which I accepted, for I was ready to fink; and then I fat up in a Chair a little, tho' very faintish: And they brought me two Candles, and lighted a Brush-wood Fire; and faid, It I call'd, I should be waited upon instantly; and so left me to ruminate on my fad Condition, and to read my Letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these Words:

### " Dear PAMELA,

"THE Passion I have for you, and your Obstinacy, have constrain'd me to act by you in a manner that I know will occasion " you great Trouble and Fatigue, both of " Mind and Body. Yet, forgive me, my dear "Girl; for although I have taken this Step, I " will, by all that's good and holy! use you " honourably. Suffer not your Fears to trans-" port you to a Behaviour, that will be dif-" reputable to us both. For the Place where " you'll receive this, is a Farm that belongs to me; " me; and the People civil, honest, and ob-

" liging.

"You will by this time be far on your Way
"to the Place I have allotted for your Abode
"for a few Weeks, till I have manag'd some
"Affairs, that will make me shew myself to
"you in a much different Light, than you
may possibly apprehend from this rash Action.
"And to convince you, that I mean you no
"Harm, I do assure you, that the House you
are going to, shall be so much at your Command, that even I myself will not approach it
without Leave from you. So make yourself
"easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier
"Turn shall reward these your Troubles, than

" you may at prefent apprehend.

"MEAN time I pity the Fatigue you will mave, if this comes to your Hand in the Place I have directed: And will write to your Father, to satisfy him, that nothing but what is honourable shall be offer'd to

" you, by

" Your passionate Admirer, ( so I " must style myself) —

"Don't think hardly of poor Robin: You have so posses'd all my Servants in your Favour, that I find they had rather ferve you than me; and 'tis reluctantly the poor Fellow undertook this Task; and I was forc'd to submit to assure him of my honourable Intentions to you, which I am fully resolv'd to make good, M 4

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" if you compel me not to a contrary "Conduct."

I BUT too well apprehended, that this Letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my Danger was not so immediate as I had Reason to dread and he had promised to forbear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear Parents, to quiet your Concern, I was a little more easy than before: And I made shift to eat a little Bit of boil'd Chicken they had got for me, and drank a Glass of my Sack, and made each of them do so too.

But after I had so done, I was again a little fluster'd; for in came the Coachman with the Look of a Hangman, I thought, and Madam'd me up strangely; telling me, he would beg me to get ready to pursue my Journey by Five in the Morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite griev'd at this; for I began not to dislike my Company, considering how Things stood, and was in Hopes to get a Party among them, and so to put myself into any worthy Protection in the Neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

WHEN he withdrew, I began to tamper with the Farmer and his Wife: But, alas! they had had a Letter deliver'd them at the same time I had; so securely had Lucifer put it into his Head to do his Work; and they only shook their Heads, and seem'd to pity me; and so I was forced to give over that Hope.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, the good Farmer shew'd me his Letter; which I copy'd as follows: For it discovers the deep Arts of this wicked Master; and how resolv'd he seems to be on my Ruin, by the Pains he took to deprive me of all Hopes of freeing myself from his Power.

### " Farmer Norton,

" T SEND to your House, for one Night " I only, a young Gentlewoman, much against " her Will, who has deeply embark'd in a " Love-affair, which will be her Ruin, as well " as the Person's to whom she wants to betroth " herself. I have, to oblige her Father, order'd " her to be carry'd to one of my Houses, " where she will be well us'd, to try, if by " Absence, and Exposulation with both, they " can be brought to know their own Interest. " And I am fure you will use her kindly for my " fake: For, excepting this Matter, which " she will not own, she does not want Pru-" dence and Discretion. I will acknowledge " any Trouble you shall be at in this Matter, " the first Opportunity; and am

### " Your Friend and Servant."

HE had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not own this pretended Love-affair; so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his Tenants, who all love him, (for he has some amiable Qualities,

lities, and so he had need!) I saw all my Plot cut out, and so was forced to say the less.

I wer bitterly, however; for I found he was too hard for me, as well in his Contrivances as Riches; and so had recourse again to my only Refuge, comforting myself, that God never fails to take the innocent Heart into his Protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the Devices of the Mighty. Nay, the Farmer was so preposses with the Contents of his Letter, that he began to praise his Care and Concern for me, and to caution me against entertaining Addresses without my Friends Advice and Consent, and made me the Subject of a Lesson for his Daughter's Improvement. So I was glad to shut up this Discourse; for I saw I was not likely to be believ'd.

I SENT, however, to tell my Driver, that I was so satisfied, I could not set out so soon the next Morning. But he insisted upon it, and said, It would make my Day's Journey the lighter; and I sound he was a more faithful Servant to his Master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his Reluctance, than I could have wish'd: So I saw still more and more, that all was deep Dissimulation, and Contrivance worse and worse.

INDEED I might have shewn them his Letter to me, as a full Consuration of his to them; but I saw no Probability of engaging them in my Behalf; and so thought it signify'd little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the Matter with them;

and besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer for sear of disobliging him: So I went to-bed, but had very little Rest: And they would make their Servant-maid bear me Company in the Chariot Five Miles, early in the Morning, and she was to walk back.

I HAD contrived in my Thoughts, when I was on my Way in the Chariot, on Friday Morning, that when we came into some Town, to bait, as he must do for the Horses sake, I would, at the Inn, apply myself, if I saw I any way could, to the Mistress of the Inn, and tell her the Case, and resuse to go farther, having nobody but this wicked Coachman to contend with.

Well, I was very full of this Project, and in great Hopes, some-how or other, to extricate myself this way. But, oh! the artful Wretch had provided for even this last Refuge of mine! for when we came to put up at a large Town on the Way, to eat a Morsel for Dinner, and I was fully resolved to execute my Design, who should be at the Inn that he put up at, but the wicked Mrs. Jewkes, expecting me! And her Sister-in-law was the Mistress of it; and she had provided a little Entertainment for me.

AND this I found, when I desir'd, as soon as I came in, to speak with the Mistress of the House. She came to me, and I said, I am a poor unhappy young Body, that want your Advice and Assistance; and you seem to be a good fort

of Gentlewoman, that would affift an oppressed innocent Person. Yes, Madam, said she, I hope you guess right, and I have the Happiness to know something of the Matter, before you speak. Pray call my Sister Jewkes. - Jewkes! Tewkes! thought I; I have heard of that Name: I don't like it.

THEN the wicked Creature appear'd, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was terrify'd out of my Wits. No Stratagem, thought I, not one! for a poor innocent Girl; but every thing to turn out against me; that is hard indeed!

So I began to pull in my Horns, as they fay; for I faw I was now worse off than at the Farmer's.

THE naughty Woman came up to me with an Air of Confidence, and kis'd me: See, Sifter, faid she, here's a charming Creature! Would she not tempt the best Lord in the Land to run away with her? O'frightful! thought I; here's an Avowal of the Matter at once: I am now gone, that's certain. And fo was quite filent and confounded; and seeing no Help for it, (for she would not part with me out of her Sight) I was forced to fet out with her in the Chariot; for the came thither on Horseback with a Man-servant, who rode by us the rest of the Way, leading her Horse. And now I gave over all Thoughts of Redemption, and was in a desponding Condition indeed.

WELL, thought I, here are strange Pains taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and

even worthless young Body. This Plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then, I put my Trust in God, who I knew was able to do everything for me, when all other possible Means should fail: And in Him I was resolv'd to conside.

You may see -— (Yet, oh! that kills me; for I know not whether ever you can see what I now write, or no — Else you will see) what sort of Woman this Mrs. Jewkes is, compar'd

to good Mrs. Jervis, by this -

EVERY now-and-then she would be staring in my Face, in the Chariot, and squeezing my Hand, and saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent Dear! And once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this sort of Carriage, Mrs. Jewkes; it is not like two Persons of one Sex. She fell a laughing very considently, and said, That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kiss'd by the other Sex? Isackins, I commend thee for that!

I was fadly teiz'd with her Impertinence, and bold Way; but no Wonder; she was an Inn-keeper's House-keeper, before she came to my Master; and those sort of Creatures don't want Confidence, you know. And indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on Twenty Occasions, and said two or three times, when she saw the Tears every now-and-then, as we rid, trickle down my Cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young Gentleman in Five Counties in Love with me!

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So I find I am got into the Hands of a wicked Procures, and if I was not safe with good Mrs. Jervis, and where every body lov'd me, what a dreadful Prospect have I now before me, in the Hands of a Woman that seems to delight in Filthiness!

dol Sirs! what shall I do! What shall I do! What shall I do! what shall never be equal to all

these Things!

ABOUT Eight at Night, we enter'd the Court-yard of this handsome, large, old, and lonely Mansion, that looks made for Solitude and Mischief, as I thought, by its Appearance, with all its brown nodding Horrors of losty Elms and Pines about it: And here, faid I to myself, I fear, is to be the Scene of my Ruin, unless God protect me, who is all-sufficient!

Fatigue, and partly from Dejection of Spirits: And Mrs. Jewkes got me fome mull'd Wine, and seem'd mighty officious to welcome me thither. And while she was absent, ordering the Wine, the wicked Robin came in to me, and said, I beg a Thousand Pardons for my Part in this Affair, since I see your Grief, and your Distress; and I do assure you, that I am sorry it fell to my Task.

MIGHTY well, Mr. Robert! said I; Inever saw an Execution but once, and then the Hangman ask'd the poor Creature's Pardon, and wip'd his Mouth, as you do, and pleaded his Duty, and then calmly tuck'd up the Criminal.

But

But I am no Criminal, as you all know: And if I could have thought it my Duty to obey a wicked Master, in his unlawful Commands, I had sav'd you all the Merit of this vile Service.

I AM forry, said he, you take it so. But every body don't think alike. Well, said I, you have done your Part, Mr. Robert, towards my Ruin, very faithfully; and will have Cause to be forry, may-be, at the Long-run, when you shall see the Mischief that comes of it—Your Eyes were open, and you knew I was to be carry'd to my Father's, and that I was barbarously trick'd and betray'd; and I can only, once more, thank you for your Part of it. God forgive you!

So he went away a little sad. What have you said to Robin, Madam? said Mrs. Jewkes (who came in as he went out): The poor Fellow's ready to cry. I need not be afraid of your sollowing his Example, Mrs. Jewkes, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done his Part to my Ruin: And he now can't help it! So his Repentance does me no Good; I wish

it may him.

I'L L assure you, Madam, said she, I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any Harm. It is not in his Power to help it now, said I; but your Part is to come, and you may chuse whether you'll contribute to my Ruin or not. — Why, look ye, look ye, Madam, said she, I have a great Notion of doing my Duty to my Master; and therefore you may depend

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upon it, if I can do that, and serve you, I will: But you must think, if your Desire, and his Will, come to clash once, I shall do as he

bids me, let it be what it will.

PRAY, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, don't Madam me so: I am but a silly poor Girl, set up by the Gambol of Fortune, for a May-game; and now am to be Something, and now Nothing, just as that thinks sit to sport with me: And let you and me talk upon a Foot together; for I am a Servant inferior to you, and so much the more, as I am turn'd out of Place.

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the Matter; you have so great Power over my Master, that you will be soon Mistress of us all; and so I would oblige you, if I could. And I must and will call you Madam; for I am instructed to shew you all Respect, I'll assure

you.

Who instructed you to do so? said I. Who! my Master, to be sure, said she. Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately. No, that's true, said she; but I have been expecting you here some time (O the deeplaid Wickedness! thought I); and besides, I have a Letter of Instructions by Robin; but, may-be, I should not have said so much. If you would shew them to me, said I, I should be able to judge how far Leould, or could not, expect Favour from you, consistent with the run Duty to our Master. I beg your Pardon, sair Mistress, for that, said she; I am sufficiently instructed, and you may depend upon it, I will observe

observe my Orders; and so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and there's an End of it.

Well, said I, you will not, I hope, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any Master in the World. Look-ye, said she, he is my Master; and if he bids me do a thing that I can do, I think I ought to do it; and let him, who has Power to command me, look to the Lawfulness of it. Why, said I, suppose he should bid you cut my Throat, would you do it? There's no Danger of that, said she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hang'd; for that would be Murder. Well, said I, and suppose he should resolve to ensure a poor young Creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in that? For to rob a Person of her Virtue, is worse than cutting her Throat.

Why now, fays she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two Sexes made for one another? And is it not natural for a Gentleman to love a pretty Woman? And suppose he can obtain his Desires, is that so bad as cutting her Throat? And then the Wretch sell a laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and shew'd me, that I had nothing to expect from her Virtue or Conscience. And this gave me great Mortisication; for I was in hopes of working upon

her by degrees.

So we ended our Discourse here, and I bid her shew me where I must lie. — Why, said she, lie where you list, Madam; I can tell you, I must lie with you for the present. For You. I.

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the present! said I, and Torture then wrung my Heart!—But is it in your Instructions, that you must lie with me? Yes, indeed, said she. I am forry for it, said I. Why, said she, I am wholsome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you. Yes, said I, I don't doubt that; but I love to lie by myself. How so? said she; was not Mrs. Jervis your Bed-sellow at t'other House?

Well, said I, quite sick of her, and my Condition, you must do as you are instructed, I think. I can't help myself; and am a most miserable Creature. She repeated her insufferable Nonsense, Mighty miserable indeed, to be so well belov'd by one of the finest Gentlemen in England!

I am now come down in my Writing to this present SATURDAY, and a deal I have written.

MY wicked Bed-fellow has very punctual Orders, it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two Keys (for there is a double Door to the Room) about her Wrist, when she goes to-bed. She talks of the House having been attempted to be broken open two or three times; whether to fright me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; tho not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater Fears.

I SLEPT but little last Night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the Window which looks

looks into the spacious Gardens; but I was writing all the time, from Break of Day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

Ar Breakfast she presented the two Maids to me, the Cook and House-maid, poor awkward Souls, that I can see no Hopes of, they seem so devoted to her and Ignorance. Yet I am resolv'd, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked Master comes.

THERE are besides, of Servants, the Coachman Robert, a Groom, a Helper, a Footman; all but Robert, (and he is accessary to my Ruin) strange Creatures, that promise nothing; and all likewise devoted to this Woman. The Gardener looks like a good honest Man; but he is kept at a Distance, and seems reserved.

I WONDER'D I saw not Mr. Williams the Clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give her some Jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had Hopes of; for I thought his Cloth would set him above assisting in my Ruin---- But in the Asternoon he came; for it seems he has a little Latin School in the neighbouring Village, which he attends; and this brings him in a little Matter, additional to my Master's Favour, till something better falls, of which he has Hopes.

HE is a fensible, sober young Gentleman; and when I saw him, I confirm'd myself in my Hopes of him; for he seem'd to take great Notice of my Distress and Grief (for I could not hide it); tho' he appear'd fearful of

Mrs. Jewkes, who watch'd all our Motions and Words.

HE has an Apartment in the House; but is mostly at a Lodging in the Town, for Conveniency of his little School; only on Saturday Afternoons and Sundays: And he preaches fometimes for the Minister of the Village, which is about Three Miles off.

I HOPE to go to Church with him To-morrow: Sure it is not in her Infructions to deny me! He can't have thought of every thing! And fomething may strike out for me there.

I HAVE ask'd her, for a Feint, (because she fhan't think I am so well provided) to indulge me with Pen and Ink, tho' I have been using my own fo freely, when her Absence would let me; for I begg'd to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it; but then I must promise not to send any Writing out of the House, without her feeing it. I faid, It was only to divert my Grief, when I was by myself, as I desir'd to be; for I lov'd Writing, as well as Reading; but I had nobody to fend to, she knew well enough.

No, not at present, may be, said she; but I am told you are a great Writer, and it is in my Instructions to see all you write; so, look you here, added she, I will let you have a Pen and Ink, and two Sheets of Paper; for this Employment will keep you out of worse Thoughts: But I must see them always when I ask, written or not written. That's very hard, faid I; but may I not have to myself the Closet in the Room where we lie, with the Key to lock up my Things? I believe I may consent to that, said she; and I will set it in Order for you, and leave the Key in the Door. And there is a Spinnet too, said she; if it be in Tune, you may play to divert you now-and-then; for I know my old Lady learnt you; and below is my Master's Library: You may take

out what Books you will.

AND indeed these and my Writing will be all my Amusement; for I have no Work given me to do; and the Spinner, if in Tune, will not find my Mind, I am fure, in Tune to play upon it. But I went directly, and pick'd out some Books from the Library, with which I filled a Shelf in the Closet she gave me Possession of; and from these I hope to receive Improvement, as well as Amusement. But no sooner was her Back turn'd, than I set about hiding a Pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be deny'd, and a little of my Ink in a broken China-cup, and a little in another Cup; and a Sheet of Paper here-andthere among my Linen, with a little Wax, and a few Wafers, in several Places, lest I should be fearch'd; and fomething, I thought, might happen to open a Way for my Deliverance, by these or some other Means. O the Pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my Innocence, and escape the artful Wiles of this wicked Master! For, if he comes hither, I am undone, to be fure! For this naughty Woman will affift him, rather than fail, in the worst of N 3. his his Attempts; and he'll have no Occasion to fend her out of the Way, as he would have done Mrs. Jervis once. So I must set all my little Wits at Work.

It is a Grief to me to write, and not to be able to fend to you what I write; but now it is all the Diversion I have, and if God will favour my Escape with my Innocence, as I trust He graciously will, for all these black Prospects, with what Pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I was going to say, Pray for your dutiful Daughter, as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my Distress, tho' I am sure I have your Prayers. And I will write on, as Things happen, that if a Way should open, my Scribble may be ready to be sent. For what I do, must be at a Jirk, to be sure.

O HOW I want such an obliging honesthearted Man as John!

#### I am now come to SUNDAY.

WELL, here is a sad Thing! I am deny'd by this barbarous Woman to go to Church, as I had built upon I might. And she has hust'd poor Mr. Williams all to-pieces, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the House, if she pleases. Poor Gentleman! all his Dependence is upon my Master, who has a very good Living for him, if the Incumbent die; and he has kept his Bed these Four Months, of old Age and Dropsy.

Nay,

HE pays me great Respect, and I see pities me; and would perhaps assist my Escape from these Dangers: But I have nobody to plead for me; and why should I wish to ruin a poor Gentleman, by engaging him against his Interest? Yet one would do any thing to preserve one's Innocence; and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to him!

O JUDGE (but how shall you see what I write!) of my distracted Condition, to be reduced to such a Pass as to desire to lay Traps for Mankind! — But he wants sadly to say some-

thing to me, as he whisperingly hinted.

The Wretch (I think I will always call her the Wretch henceforth) abuses me more and more. I was but talking to one of the Maids just now, indeed a little to tamper with her by degrees; and she popp'd upon us, and said—Nay, Madam, don't offer to tempt poor innocent Country Maidens from doing their Duty. You wanted, I hear, she should take a Walk with you. But I charge you, Nan, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it, in the smallest Trisses.—I say, walk with you! and where would you go, I tro'? Why, barbarous Mrs. Jewkes, said I, only to look a little up the Elm-walk, since you would not let me go to Church.

NAN, said she, to shew me how much they were all in her Power, pull off Madam's Shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others. — Indeed she shan't, said I.—

Nay, said Nan, but I must, if my Mistress bids me; so pray, Madam, don't hinder me. And so, indeed, (would you believe it?) she took my Shoes off, and left me barefoot: And, for my Share, I have been so frighten'd at this, that I have not Power even to relieve my Mind by my Tears: I am quite stupisy'd, to be sure!—
Here I was forced to leave off.

Now I will give you a Picture of this Wretch! She is a broad, squat, purfy, fat Thing, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so call'd; about Forty Years old. She has a huge Hand, and an Arm as thick as my Waist, I believe. Her Nose is flat and crooked, and her Brows grow down over her Eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling Eye, to be fure she has. And her Face is flat and broad; and as to Colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a Month in Saltpetre: I dare fay she drinks: - She has a hoarse, man-like Voice, and is as thick as she's long; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her Foot in an Instant, if I was to vex her. — So that with a Heart more ugly than her Face, she frightens me fadly; and I am undone, to be fure. if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked - indeed the is.

This is poor helpless Spite in me:—But the Picture is too near the Truth notwithstanding. She sends me a Message just now, that I shall have my Shoes again, if I will accept of her Company to walk with me in the Garden.
—To waddle with me, rather, thought I.

WELL,

Well, 'tis not my Business to quarrel with her downright, I shall be watch'd the narrower, if I do; and so I will go with the hated Wretch.

O for my dear Mrs. Jervis! or rather to be safe with my dear Father and Mother!

Oh! I am out of my Wits for Joy! Just as I have got my Shoes on, I am told John, honest John, is come on Horseback!—A Blessing on his faithful Heart! What Joy is this! But I'll tell you more by-and-by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this dear, blessed John! Alas! but he looks sad, as I see him out of the Window! What can be the Matter!—I hope my dear Parents are well, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and every body, my naughty Master not excepted;—for I wish him to live, and repent of all his Wickedness to poor me.

ODEAR Heart! what a World do we live in!—I am now come to take up my Penagain: But I am in a fad Taking truly! Another

puzzling Trial! to be fure!

HERE was John, as I said; and the poor Man came to me, with Mrs. Jewkes, who whisper'd, that I would say nothing about the Shoes, for my own sake, as she said. The poor Man saw my Distress, by my red Eyes, and my haggard Looks, I suppose; for I have had a sad Time of it, you must needs think; and tho' he would have hid it, if he could, yet his own Eyes ran over. Oh Mrs. Pamela! said he:

he; Oh Mrs. Pamela! - Well, honest Fellow-fervant, said I, I cannot help it at present: I am oblig'd to your Honesty and Kindness, to be fure; and then he wept more. Said I, (for my Heart was ready to break to fee his Grief; for it is a touching thing to fee a Man cry) Tell me the worst! Is my Master coming? No, no, faid he, and fobb'd. - Well, faid I. is there any News of my poor Father and Mother? How do they do? - I hope, well, faid he, I know nothing to the contrary: There is no Mishap, I hope, to Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Longman, or my Fellow-servants! No- faid he, poor Man! with a long N--o, as if his Heart would burft. Well, thank God then! faid I.

THE Man's a Fool, faid Mrs. Yewkes, I think; what ado is here! why, fure thou'rt in Love, John. Dost thou not see young Madam is well? What ails thee, Man? Nothing at all, faid he; but I am fuch a Fool, as to cry for Joy to fee good Mrs. Pamela: But I have a Letter for you.

I TOOK it, and faw it was from my Master; To I put it in my Pocket. Mrs. Yewkes, faid I, you need not, I hope, see this. No, no, faid she, I see whose it is, well enough; or else may-be, I must have insisted on reading it.

AND here is one for you, Mrs. Jewkes, faid he; but yours, said he to me, requires an Answer, which I must carry back early in the Morning; or To-night, if I can.

MOTO THE COVERED YOU

" I had

You have no more, John, said Mrs. Jewkes' for Mrs. Pamela, have you? No, faid he, I have not; but every body's kind Love and Service. Ay, to us both, to be fure, faid fhe. John, said I, I will read the Letter; and pray take care of yourself, for you are a good Man. God bless you; and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all. But I long'd to fay more; only that nafty Mrs. Fewkes ----

So I went up, and lock'd myself in my Clofet, and open'd the Letter; and this is a Copy ode, putring mylelf as near as I em in: ii fo

lace, and expressin

### " My dearest PAMELA, I this is the

" I SEND purposely to you on an Affair that concerns you very much, and me fome-" what, but chiefly for your fake. I am con-" scious, that I have proceeded by you in such " a manner as may juftly alarm your Fears, and " give Concern to your honest Friends: And " all my Pleasure is, that I can and will make " you amends for the Disturbance I have given " you. As I promis'd, I fent to your Father " the Day after your Departure, that he might " not be too much concern'd for you; and affur'd " him of my Honour to you; and made an " Excuse, such an one as ought to have satisfy'd " him, for your not coming to him. But this " was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor " Man! came to me next Morning, and fet my " Family almost in an Uproar about you. " O my dear Girl, what Trouble has not " your Obstinacy given me, and yourself too! " that he should see a Letter written from you to Mrs. Jervis, to satisfy him you are

" well.

"Now all my Care in this Case is for your aged Parents, lest they should be touch'd with too fatal a Grief; and for you, whose Duty and Affection for them I know to be fo strong and laudable: For this Reason I

" beg you will write a few Lines to them, and let me prescribe the Form; which I have

" done, putting myself as near as I can in your

" Place, and expressing your Sense, with a

"Warmth that I doubt will have too much

" posses'd you.

"AFTER what is done, and which cannot now be help'd, but which, I assure you, shall turn out honourably for you, I expect not to be refus'd; because I cannot possibly have any View in it, but to satisfy your Parents; which is more your Concern than mine; and so I must be you will not alter one Tittle of the underneath. If you do, it will be impossible for me to send it, or that it should

" answer the good End I propose by it.

"I HAVE promis'd, that I will not approach
you without your Leave: If I find you
easy, and not attempting to dispute or avoid
your present Lot, I will keep to my Word,
although 'tis a Difficulty upon me. Nor
shall your Restraint last long: For I will
affure you, that I am resolv'd very soon to
convince

" convince you of my good Intentions, and " with what Ardor I am

" Tours, &c."

The Letter he prescrib'd for me was this:

" Dear Mrs. JERVIS,

"IHAVE, instead of being driven, by Robin, to my dear Father's, been carry'd off,
to where I have no Liberty to tell. However, at present, I am not us'd hardly; and
I write to beg you to let my dear Father
and Mother, whose Hearts must be well-nigh
broken, know that I am well; and that I
am, and, by the Grace of God, ever will
be, their honest as well as dutiful Daughter,
and

" Your obliged Friend.

" I must neither send Date nor Place; but have most solemn Assurances of honour- able Usage."

IKNEW not what to do on this most strange Request and Occasion. But my Heart bled so much for you, my dear Father, who had taken the Pains to go yourself, and inquire after your poor Daughter, as well as for my dear Mother, that I resolv'd to write, and pretty much in the above \*Form, that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, some-how or other, know the true State of the Matter. And I

<sup>\*</sup> See p. 154. Her Alterations are in a different Character.

wrote thus to my strange wicked Master himself:

" SIR,

" IF you knew but the Anguish of my Mind, and how much I suffer by your dreadful

"Usage of me, you would surely pity me, and

"consent to my Deliverance. What have I done, that I should be the only Mark of your

" Cruelty? I can have no Hope, no Desire of living left me, because I cannot have the

" least Dependence, after what has pass'd, upon

" your solemn Assurances. — It is impossible,

" they should be consistent with the dishonour-

" able Methods you take.

" NOTHING but your Promise of not see" ing me here in my deplorable Bondage, can

" give me the least Ray of Hope.

"Don't, I beseech you, drive the poor distressed Pamela upon a Rock, that may be the Destruction both of her Soul and Body!

"You don't know, Sir, how dreadfully I

" dare, weak as I am of Mind and Intellect,
when my Virtue is in Danger. And O!

" haften my Deliverance, that a poor unwor-

" thy Creature, below the Notice of fuch a

Gentleman as you, may not be made the

" Sport of a high Condition, for no Reason

" in the World, but because she is not able to

" defend herfelf, nor has a Friend that can right

" her.

"I HAVE, Sir, in part to shew my Obe"dience to you, but indeed, I own, more to
"give

give Ease to the Minds of my poor distressed Parents, whose Poverty, one would think, fhould screen them from Violences of this sort, as well as their poor Daughter, follow'd pretty much the Form you have prescrib'd for me, in the Letter to Mrs. Jervis; and the Alterations I have made, (for I could not help a few) are of such a Nature, as, tho they shew my Concern a little, yet must answer the End you are pleas'd to say you propose by this Letter.

"For God's sake, good Sir, pity my lowly "Condition, and my present great Misery; and let me join with all the rest of your Ser-

" vants to bless that Goodness which you have extended to every one, but the poor, afflicted,

" heart-broken

" PAMELA."

I THOUGHT, when I had written this Letter, and that which he had prescrib'd, it would look like placing a Considence in Mrs. Yewkes, to shew them to her; and I shew'd her at the same time my Master's Letter to me; for I believ'd, the Value he express'd for me, would give me Credit with one who profess'd in every thing to serve him, right or wrong; tho' I had so little Reason, I fear, to pride myself in it: And I was not mistaken; for it has seem'd to instuence her not a little, and she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my Praises; but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the Author of all my Miseries, and

his honourable Intentions, as she calls them; for I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear he does, that every thing that makes for his wicked Will, is honourable, tho' to the Ruin of the Innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise! Tho', I hope, whatever the wicked Gentleman may intend, that I shall be at least rid of her impertinent bold way of Talk, when she seems to think, from his Letter, that he means honourably.

# I am now come to MONDAY, the 9th Day of my Bondage and Misery.

T WAS in hope to have an Opportunity to fee John, and have a little private Talk with him, before he went away; but it could not The poor Man's excessive Sorrow made Mrs. Jewkes take it into her Head, to think he lov'd me; and so she brought up a Message to me from him this Morning, that he was going. I desir'd he might come up to my Closet, as I call'd it; and she came with him. The honest Man, as I thought him, was as full of Concern as before, at taking Leave. And I gave him two Letters, the one for Mrs. Jervis, inclos'd in another for my Master: But Mrs. Jewkes would see me seal them up, left I should inclose any thing else. I was surpris'd, at the Man's going away, to see him drop a Bit of Paper, just at the Head of the Stairs, which I took up without being observ'd by Mrs. Jewkes: But

But I was a thousand times more surpris'd, when I return'd to my Closet, and opening it, read as follows:

#### " Good Mrs. PAMELA,

" TAM griev'd to tell you how much you " have been deceiv'd and betray'd, and that " by fuch a vile Dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But I must say, if ever " there was a Rogue in the World, it is me. I " have all along shew'd your Letters to my Ma-" ster: He employ'd me for that Purpose; and " he saw every one, before I carry'd them to " your Father and Mother; and then feal'd " them up, and fent me with them. I had " some Business that way, but not half so often " as I pretended: And as foon as I heard how " it was, I was ready to hang myself. You " may well think I could not stand in your " Presence. O vile, vile Wretch, to bring " you to this! If you are ruin'd, I am the Rogue " that caus'd it. All the Justice I can do you, " is to tell you, you are in vile Hands; and I " am afraid will be undone, in spite of all your " fweet Innocence; and I believe, I shall never " live, after I know it. If you can forgive me, " you are exceeding good; but I shall never " forgive myself, that's certain. Howsomever, " it will do you no Good to make this known; " and may-hap I may live to do you Service. " If I can, I will. I am fure I ought. - Ma-" fter kept your last two or three Letters, and VOL. I.

#### PAMELA; or, 194

" did not fend them at all. I am the most " abandon'd Wretch of Wretches,

" J. ARNOLD.

"You see your Undoing has been long "hatching. Pray take care of your "fweet Self. Mrs. Jewkes is a Devil:

" But in my Master's other House you " have not one false Heart, but myself.

" Out upon me for a Villain!"

My dear Father and Mother, when you come to this Place, I make no Doubt your Hair will stand on End, as mine does! — O the Deceitfulness of the Heart of Man!---- This John, that I took to be the honestest of Men; that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our honest Hearts; this very Fellow was all the while a vile Hypocrite, and a perfidious Wretch, and helping to carry on my Ruin.

Bur he fays so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad Reflection, That Power and Riches never want Tools to promote their vilest Ends, and that there is nothing so hard to be known as the Heart of Man. — I can but pity the poor Wretch, fince he feems to have great Remorfe, and I believe it best to keep his Wickedness secret. I will, if it lies in my way, encourage his Penitence; for I may possibly make some Discoveries by it.

ONE

ONE thing I should mention in this Place; he brought down, in a Portmanteau, all the Cloaths and Things my Lady and Master had given me, and moreover, two Velvet Hoods, and a Velvet Scarf, that used to be worn by my Lady; but I have no Comfort in them, or any thing else.

MRS. Jewkes had the Portmanteau brought into my Closet, and she shew'd me what was in it; but then lock'd it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I ask'd; but if I had the Key, it might make me want to go abroad, may-be; and so the consi-

dent Woman put it in her Pocket.

I GAVE myself over to sad Reflections upon this strange and surprising Discovery of John's, and wept much for him, and for myfelf too; for now I fee, as he fays, my Ruin has been fo long hatching, that I can make no Doubt what my Master's honourable Professions will end in. What a heap of hard Names does the poor Fellow call himself! But what must they deserve, then, who set him to work? O what has this wicked Master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others, who would have been innocent! And all to carry on a poor Plot, I am sure, for a Gentleman, to ruin a poor Creature, who never did him Harm, nor wish'd him any; and who can still pray for his Happiness, and his Repentance.

I CANNOT but wonder what these Gentlemen, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile Doings? John had some Inducement; for he hoped to please his Master, who rewarded him, and was bountiful to him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for this same odious Mrs. Fewkes. But what Inducement has my Master for taking so much Pains to do the Devil's Work for him?—If he loves me, as 'tis falfly called, must be therefore lay Traps for me, to ruin me, and to make me as bad as himfelf? I cannot imagine what Good the Undoing of fuch a poor Creature as I can procure him!— To be fure, I am a very worthless Body. People indeed fay I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a Gentleman prefer an honest Servant to a guilty Harlot? --- And must he be more earnest to seduce me, because I dread of all Things to be seduced, and would rather lose my Life than my Honesty?

Well, these are strange Things to me! I cannot account for them, for my Share; but sure nobody will say, that these sine Gentlemen have any Tempter but their own wicked Wills!—This naughty Master could run away from me, when he apprehended his Servants might discover his vile Attempts upon me in that sad Closet Affair; but is it not strange, that he should not be afraid of the All-seeing Eye, from which even that base, plotting Heart of his, in its most secret Motions, could not be hid?—But what avail me these sorrowful Resections? He is and will be wicked, and designs me a Victim to his lawless Attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, pre-

vent it not.

#### TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

HAVE been hinder'd, by this wicked Woman's watching me too close, from writeing on Tuesday; and so I will put both these Days together. She took me with her a little Turn for an Airing, in the Chariot, and I have walked several times in the Garden; but have

always her at my Heels.

MR. Williams came to see us, and took a Walk with us once; and while her Back was just turn'd, (encourag'd by the Hint he had before given me) I said, Sir, I see Two Tiles upon that Parsly-bed: Might not one cover them with Mould, with a Note between them, on Occasion? — A good Hint! said he: Let that Sun-slower by the Back-door of the Garden be the Place; I have a Key to that Door; for it is my nearest Way to the Town.

So I was forced to begin. O what Inventions will Necessity push one upon! I hugg'd myself at the Thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a Discourse we were in, No, not extraordinary pleasant. What's that? what's that? said Mrs. Jewkes. — Only, said he, the Town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said she, 'tis not; 'tis a poor Town, to my thinking. Are there any Gentry in it? said I. And so we chatted on about the Town, to deceive her. But my Deceit intended no Hurt to any body.

WE then talked of the Garden, how large and pleafant, and the like; and fat down on the turfted Slope of the fine Fish-pond, to fee the Fishes play upon the Surface of the Water;

and she faid, I should angle, if I would.

I wish, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a Rod and Baits. Pretty Mistress! said she. I know better than that, I'll assure you, at this time. — I mean no Harm, faid I, indeed. Let me tell you, faid she, I know none, who have their Thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it, where you are. But we'll angle a little To-morrow. Mr. Williams, who is much afraid of her, turn'd the Discourse to a general Subject. I faunter'd in, and left them to talk by themselves; but he went away to Town, and she was soon after me.

I HAD got to my Pen and Ink; and I faid, I want some Paper, Mrs. Jewkes (putting what I was about in my Bosom): You know I have written Two Letters, and fent them by John (O how his Name, poor guilty Fellow, grieves me!) Well, said she, you have some left: One Sheet did for those Two Letters. Yes, faid I; but I used half another for a Cover, you know; and see how I have scribbled the other Half; and fo I shewed her a Parcel of broken Scraps of Verses, which I had try'd to recollect, and had written purposely that she might see, and think me usually employ'd to such idle Purposes. Ay, faid she, so you have; well, I'll give you Two Sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thought I, I hope still, Argus, to be too hard for thee. Now Argus, the Poets fay, had an hundred Eyes, and was fet to watch with them all, as fhe does.

SHE brought me the Paper, and faid, Now, Madam, let me fee you write fomething. I will, faid I; and took the Pen, and wrote, " I wish Mrs. Jewkes would be so good to me, " as I would be to her, if I had it in my Power." -That's pretty, now, faid she; well, I hope I am; but what then? " Why then (wrote I) " fhe would do me the Favour to let me know, " what I have done to be made her Prisoner; " and what fhe thinks is to become of me." Well, and what then? faid she. "Why then, " of Consequence, (scribbled I) she would let " me see her Instructions, that I may know

" how far to blame or acquit her."

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THUS I fool'd on, to shew her my Fondness for Scribbling; for I had no Expectation of any Good from her; that so she might suppose I employ'd myself, as I said, to no better Purpose at other Times: For she will have it, that I am upon some Plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself. - She would have had me write on a little further. No, faid I; you have not answered me. Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my Master himself assures you of his Honour? Ay, faid I; but lay your Hand to your Heart, Mrs. Fewkes, and tell me, if you yourself believe him. Yes, said she, to be fure I do. But, said I, what do you call Honour? - Why, faid she, what does he call 0 4 Honour,

Honour, think you?---- Ruin! Shame! Difgrace! faid I, I fear. --- Pho, pho! faid she; if you have any Doubt about it, he can best explain his own Meaning:---- I'll send him Word to come and satisfy you, if you will. ---- Horrid Creature! said I, all in a Fright. ---- Can'st thou not stab me to the Heart! I'd rather thou wouldst, than say such another Word!----- But I hope there is no Thought of his coming.

SHE had the Wickedness to say, No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of:-----But if I was he, I would not be long away. What means the Woman! said I.----- Mean! said she (turning it off); why I mean, I would come, if I was he, and put an End to all your Fears ----- by making you as happy as you wish. Tis out of his Power, said I, to make me happy, great and rich as he is! but by leaving me innocent, and giving me Liberty to go to my dear Father and Mother.

SHE went away soon after, and I ended my Letter, in hopes to have an Opportunity to lay it in the appointed Place. So I went to her, and said, I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another Turn in the Garden. 'Tis too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay; and, Nan, see, and attend Madam, as she called me.

So I went towards the Pond, the Maid following me, and dropp'd purposely my Hussey: And when I came near the Tiles, I said, Mrs. Ann, I have dropp'd my Hussey; be so kind to look for it: I had it by the Pond-side. She

went back to look, and I slipp'd the Note between the Tiles, and cover'd them as quick as I could with the light Mould, quite unperceived; and the Maid finding the Hussey, I took it, and saunter'd in again, and met Mrs. Jewkes coming to seek after me. What I wrote was this:

#### Reverend Sir,

Mind to you, I am fure will excuse this Boldness in a poor Creature that is betray'd hither, I have Reason to think, for the worst Purposes. You know something, to be sure, of my Story, my native Poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late Lady's Goodness, and my Master's Designs upon me. 'Tis true, he promises Honour, and all that; but the Honour of the Wicked is Disgrace and Shame to the Virtuous. And he may think he keeps his Promises, according to the Notions he may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine, and every good Body's, basely ruin me.

'I AM so wretched, and ill-treated by this Mrs. Jewkes, and she is so ill-principled a Woman, that as I may soon want the Opportunity which the happy Hint of this Day affords to my Hopes, I throw myself at once upon your Goodness without the least Reserve; for I cannot be worse than I am, should that fail me; which, I dare say, to your Power, it will not: For I see it, Sir, in your Looks, I hope it from your Cloth, and I doubt it not from

from your Inclination, in a Case circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, Sir, in helping me out of my present Distress, you perform all the Acts of Religion in one; and the highest Mercy and Charity, both to Body and Soul of a poor Wretch, that, believe me,

Sir, has at present not so much as in Thought, ' fwery'd from her Innocence.

' Is there not some way to be found out for my Escape, without Danger to yourself?

Is there no Gentleman or Lady of Virtue in this Neighbourhood, to whom I may fly,

only till I can find a way to get to my poor

Father and Mother? Cannot Lady Davers be

made acquainted with my fad Story, by your

conveying a Letter to her? My poor Parents are follow in the World, they can do nothing

but break their Hearts for me; and that, I

fear, will be the End of it.

'My Master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in my present Lot, he will not come

down without my Consent. Alas! Sir, this

' is nothing: For what's the Promise of a Per-' fon, who thinks himself at Liberty to act as

he has done by me? If he comes, it must be

' to ruin me; and come, to be fure, he will,

when he thinks he has filenced the Clamours

of my Friends, and lulled me, as no doubt

he hopes, into a fatal Security.

' Now, therefore, Sir, is all the Time I have ' to work and struggle for the Preservation of my Honesty. If I stay till he comes, I am

'undone. You have a Key to the back Gar-

den-door; I have great Hopes from that.

' Study, good Sir, and contrive for me. I will

' faithfully keep your Secret. - Yet I should

be loth to have you suffer for me!

' I say no more, but commit this to the happy

Tiles, in the Bosom of that Earth, where I

hope my Deliverance will take Root, and

bring forth such Fruit, as may turn to my

' inexpressible Joy, and your eternal Reward,

both here and hereafter: As shall ever pray

' Your oppressed humble Servant.

#### THURSDAY.

THIS completes a terrible Week fince my fetting out, as I hoped, to see you, my dear Father and Mother. O how different were m Hopes then, from what they are now! Yet wh knows what these happy Tiles may produce!

BUT I must tell you, first, how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes! 'Tis very true!—

And thus it came about.

My Impatience was great to walk in the Garden, to see if any thing had offer'd, answerable to my Hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her; and said, She was not at Leisure. We had a great many Words about it; for I told her, It was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the Garden for a little Air; but must be dogg'd and watch'd worse than a Thief.

SHE still pleaded her Instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her Sight: And you had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you; for I have worse Orders than you have yet found. I remember, added she, your asking Mr. Williams, If there were any Gentry in the Neighbourhood? This makes me suspect you want to get away to them, to tell your sad dismal Story, as you call it.

My Heart was at my Mouth; for I feared by that Hint, she had seen my Letter under the Tiles: O how uneasy I was! At last she said, Well, since you are set upon it, you may take a Turn, and I will be with you in a Minute.

WHEN I was out of Sight of her Window, speeded towards the hopeful Place; but was oon forced to slacken my Pace, by her odious Voice: Hey-day! why so nimble, and whither so fast! said she: What! are you upon

Wager? I stopp'd for her, till her pursy Sides were waddled up to me; and she held by my Arm, half out of Breath: So I was forced to pass by the dear Place, without daring to look t it.

THE Gardener was at work a little further, and so we looked upon him, and I began to talk about his Art; but she said softly, My Instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the Servants. Why, said I, are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a Robbery upon my Master? May-be I am, said the odious Wretch; for to rob him of yourself, would

would be the worst that could happen to him,

in his Opinion.

AND pray, faid I, walking on, how came I to be his Property? What Right has he in me, but fuch as a Thief may plead to stolen Goods? -Why, was ever the like heard! says she.---This is downright Rebellion, I protest !--- Well, well, Lambkin, (which the Foolish often calls me) if I was in his Place, he should not have his Property in you long questionable. Why, what would you do, faid I, if you were he?----Not stand shill-I, shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your Pain .-Why, Jezebel, said I, (I could not help it) would you ruin me by Force?---- Upon this fhe gave me a deadly Slap upon my Shoulder: Take that, said she; who is it you call fezebel?

I was so surpris'd, (for you never beat me, my dear Father and Mother, in your Lives) that I was like one thunder-fruck; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but, alas! I had nobody; and faid, at last, rubbing my Shoulder, Is this also in your Instructions? ---- Alas! for me! Am I to be beaten too? And so I fell a-crying, and threw myself on the Grass-walk we were upon. ---- Said she, in a great Pet, I won't be call'd fuch Names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a Spirit: You must and shall be kept under. manage such little provoking Things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come, we'll go in-a-doors, and I'll lock you up, and you shall have no Shoes,

Shoes, nor any thing else, if this is to be the Case.

I DID not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me, and I blam'd myself for my free Speech; for now I had given her some Pretence; and Oh! thought I, here I have, by my Malepertness, ruin'd the only Project I had left.

THE Gardener faw this Scene; but she call'd to him, Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you're upon. And away he walked to another Quarter, out of Sight.

WELL, thought I, I must put on the Diffembler a little, I see. She took my Hand roughly; Come, get up, said she, and come in a-doors. ---- I'll Jezebel you, I will so!----Why, dear Mrs. Fewkes! faid I ---- None of your Dears, and your Coaxing! faid fhe; why not Jezebel again?---- She was in a fearful Passion, I saw, and I was out of my Wits. Thought I, I have often heard Women blam'd for their Tongues; I wish mine had been Thorter. But I can't go in, faid I, indeed I can't! ---- Why, faid she, can't you? I'll warrant I can take fuch a thin Body as you are, under my Atm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my Strength. Yes, but I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse, when I come in?---- So I arose, and she mutter'd to herself all the way, She to be a Fezebel with me, that had us'd me fo well! and fuch-like.

WHENI came near the House, I said, sitting down upon a Setttle-bench, Well, I will not

go in, till you say, you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. ---- If you will forgive my calling you that Name, I will forgive your beating me. ---- She sat down by me, and seem'd in a great Pucker, and said, Well, come, I will forgive you for this time; and so kissed me, as a Mark of Reconciliation. ---- But pray, said I, tell me where I am to walk, and go, and give me what Liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more.

Ay, said she, this is something like: I wish I could give you all the Liberty you desire; for you must think it is no Pleasure to me to tie you to my Petticoat, as it were, and not to let you stir without me. ---- But People that will do their Duties, must have some Trouble; and what I do, is to serve as good a Master, to be fure, as lives ---- Yes, faid I, to every body but me! He loves you too well, to be fure, reply'd she, and that's the Reason; so you ought to bear it. I say, love! repeated I. Come, said she, don't let the Wench see you have been crying, nor tell her any Tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I am fure; and I'll fend her, and you shall take another Walk in the Garden, if you will: May-be, it will get you a Stomach to your Dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep Life and Soul together. You are Beauty to the Bone, added the strange Wretch, or you could not look fo well as you do, with fo little Stomach, fo little Rest, and so much Pining and Whining Whining for nothing at all. Well, thought! fay what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad Tongue and Company: And I hope to find some Opportunity now, to come at my Sunflower. But I walked the other Way, to take

that in my Return, to avoid Suspicion.

I FORCED my Discourse to the Maid; but it was all upon general Matters; for I find the is asked after every thing I fay and do. came near the Place, as I had been devising, I faid, Pray, step to the Gardener, and ask him to gather a Sallad for me to Dinner. She called out, Jacob! ---- Said I, he can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a Cucumber too, if he has one. When she had stepp'd about a Bow-shot from me, I popp'd down, and whipp'd my Fingers under the upper Tile, and pulled out a Letter without Direction, and thrust it into my Bosom, trembling for Joy. She was with me, before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking, that I feared I should discover myself. You seem frighted, Madam, faid she. Why, faid I, with a lucky Thought, (alas! your poor Daughter will make an Intriguer by-and-by; but, I hope, an innocent one!) I stoop'd to smell at the Sunflower, and a great nasty Worm ran into the Ground, that startled me; for I can't abide Worms. Said she, Sun-flowers don't smell. So I find, reply'd I. And then we walked in; and Mrs. Jewkes said, Well, you have made hafte now. ----- You shall go another time.

I WENT up to my Closet, lock'd myself in, and, opening my Letter, found in it these Words:

" A M infinitely concerned for your Distress." " I most heartily wish it may be in my Power " to serve and fave so much Innocence, Beauty, " and Merit. My whole Dependence is upon " Mr. B. and I have a near View of being pro-" vided for, by his Favour to me. But yet I " would fooner forfeit all my Hopes in him, " (trufting in God for the rest) than not assist " you, if possible. I never look'd upon Mr. " B. in the Light he now appears in to me, " in your Case. To be sure; he is no professed " Debauchee. But I am intirely of Opinion, " you should, if possible, get out of his Hands, " and especially as you are in very bad ones in " Mrs. Jewkes's. " WE have here the Widow Lady Jones, " Mistress of a good Fortune, and a Woman " of Virtue, I believe. We have also old Sir " Simon Darnford, and his Lady, who is a " good Woman; and they have Two Daugh-" ters, virtuous young Ladies. All the rest " are but middling People, and Traders, at . " best. I will try, if you please, either Lady " Jones, or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take Refuge with them. I see no " Probability of keeping myself concealed in " this Matter; but will, as I said, risque all " things to serve you; for I never saw a Sweet-" ness and Innocence like yours; and your " hard

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" hard Case has attach'd me intirely to you?

" for I know, as you so happily express, if I can ferve you in this Affair, I shall thereby per-

" form all the Acts of Religion in one.

" As to Lady Davers, I will convey a Let-

ter, if you please, to her; but it must not be from our Post-house, I give you Caution; for

" the Man owes all his Bread to Mr. B. and his

" Place too; and I believe, by fomething that

dropp'd from him, over a Can of Ale, has his

"Instructions. You don't know how you are furrounded: all which confirms me in your

" furrounded; all which confirms me in your " Opinion, that no Honour is meant you, let

" what will be professed; and I am glad you

" want no Caution on that Head.

"GIVE me leave to say, that I had heard much in your Praise, but, I think, greatly

" short of what you deserve, both in Person

and Mind: My Eyes convince me of the

one, your Letter of the other. For fear we

fhould be deprived the present Opportunity, of corresponding, I am more tedious than

otherwise I should be. But I will not inlarge

any further than to assure you, that I am, to

the best of my Power,

# " Your faithful Friend and Servant,

#### " ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

" I will come once every Morning, and once every Evening, after School-time,

" to look for your Letters. I'll come in,
" and return without going into the

" House,

" House, if I see the Coast clear: Other-

" wife, to avoid Suspicion, I will come

" in."

I INSTANTLY, in Answer to this pleasing Letter, wrote as follows:

## " Reverend Sir,

"OHOW suited to your Function, and your Character, is your kind Letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to

" be happy. I should be forry to have you suf-" fer on my account; but I hope it will be

" made up to you an hundred-fold, by that

"God whom you fo faithfully ferve. I should the too happy could I ever have it in my

" be too happy, could I ever have it in my " Power to contribute in the least to it. But,

" alas! to serve me, must be for God's sake

" only; for I am poor and lowly in Fortune;

"tho' in Mind, I hope, too high to do a mean

" or unworthy Deed, to gain a Kingdom. But

" I lose Time. —

" ANY way you think best, Ishall be pleased with; for I know not the Persons, nor in

" what manner it is proper to apply to them. I

" am glad of the Hint you so kindly give me

" of the Man at the Post-house. I was think-

" ing of opening a way for myself by Letter,

" when I could have Opportunity; but I fee

" more and more, that I am indeed strangely sur-" rounded with Dangers; and that there is no

P 2 " De-

# 212 PAMELA; or,

"Dependence to be made on my Master's "Honour.

" I SHOULD think, Sir, if either of those " Ladies would give Leave, I might some way " get out by Favour of your Key; and as it is " impossible, watched as I am, to know when " it can be, suppose, Sir, you could get one " made by it, and put it, the next Opportunity, " under the Sun-flower? - I am fure no "Time is to be lost; because it is rather my "Wonder, that she is not thoughtful about " this Key, than otherwise; for she forgets not " the minutest thing. But, Sir, if I had this " Key, I could, if these Ladies would not shel-" ter me, run away any-whither. And if I was " once out of the House, they could have no " Pretence to force me in again; for I have " done no Harm, and hope to make my Story " good to any compassionate Body; and by " this means you need not to be known. Tor-

" this means you need not to be known. Tor" ture should not wring it from me, I assure
" you.

"ONE thing more, good Sir. Have you no "Correspondence with my Master's Bedford-

" fhire Family? By that means, may-be, I could be informed of his Intentions of coming hither, and when. I inclose you a Letter of a deceit-

" ful Wretch, (for I can trust you with any thing)

" poor John Arnold. Its Contents will tell why I inclose it. Perhaps, by his means,

" fomething may be discover'd; for he seems "willing to atone for his Treachery to me, by

" the Intimation of future Service. I leave the "Hint

"Hint for you to improve upon, and am, Re"verend Sir,

# " Your for ever obliged. " and thankful Servant.

"I hope, Sir, by your Favour, I could fend

" a little Packet, now-and-then, some-

" how, to my poor Father and Mother. I

" have a little Stock of Money, about

" Five or Six Guineas: Shall I put half

" into your Hands, to defray the Charge

"of a Man and Horse, or any other Inci-

" dents?"

I HAD but just time to transcribe this, before I was called to Dinner; and I put that for Mr. Williams, with a Waser in it, into my Bosom, to get an Opportunity to lay it in the dear Place.

O GOOD SIRS! Of all the Flowers in the Garden, the Sun-flower, sure, is the loveliest!

— It is a propitious one to me! How nobly my Plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my Writings may be discover'd; for they grow large: I stitch them hitherto in my Under-coat, next my Linen. But if this Brute should search me! — I must try to please her, and then she won't.

Well, I am but just come from a Walk in the Garden; and have deposited my Letter P 3 by

by a simple Wile. I got some Horse-beans; and we took a Turn in the Garden, to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promis'd me. She baited the Hook, and I held it, and foon hooked a lovely Carp. Play it, play it, faid she. I did, and brought it to the Bank. A fad Thought just then came into my Head; and I took it, and threw it in again; and O the Pleasure it feem'd to have, to flounce in, when at Liberty! - Why this? fays she. O Mrs. Tewkes! faid I, I was thinking this poor Carp was the unhappy Pamela. I was likening you and myfelf to my naughty Master. As we hooked and deceived the poor Carp, fo was I betrayed by false Baits; and when you said, Play it, Play it, it went to my Heart, to think I should sport with the Destruction of the poor Fish I had betray'd; and I could not but fling it in again: And did you not fee the loy with which the happy Carp flounc'd from us? O! faid I, may some good merciful Body procure me my Liberty in the same manner; for, to be fure, I think my Danger equal!

LORD bless thee! said she, what a Thought is there! — Well, I can angle no more, added I. I'll try my Fortune, said she, and took the Rod. Do, answer'd I, and I will plant Life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some Horse-beans here, and will go and stick them into one of the Borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my Garden.

So you see, dear Father and Mother, (I hope now you will soon see; for, may-be, if I can't get away so soon myself, I may send my Papers some how; I say you will see) that this surnishes me with a good Excuse to look after my Garden another time; and if the Mould should look a little freshish, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my Beans, for about the Length of sive Ells, on each Side of the Sun-slower; and easily deposited my Letter. And not a little proud am I of this Contrivance. Sure something will do at last!

## FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

HAVE just now told you a Trick of mine; now I'll tell you a Trick of this wicked Woman's. She comes up to me; fays she, I have a Bill I cannot change till To-morrow; and a Tradesman wants his Money most sadly; and I don't love to turn poor Trades folks away without their Money: Have you any about you? I have a little, reply'd I: How much will do ? Oh! faid she, I want Eight Pounds. Alack! faid I, I have but between Five and Six. Lend me that! faid she, till To-morrow. I did so; and she went down Stairs: And when she came up, she laugh'd, and said, Well, I have paid the. Tradesman. Said I, I hope you'll give it me again To-morrow. At that, the Assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what Occasion have P 4

you for Money? To tell you the Truth, Lambkin, I didn't want it. I only fear'd you might make a bad Use of it; and now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the Key of your Portmanteau; fo that you can neither corrupt her with Money nor fine Things. Never did any body look more filly than I!---- O how I fretted to be so foolishly outwitted! ---- And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put some in his Hands to defray the Charges of my fending to you. I cry'd for Vexation ! ---- And now I have not five Shillings left to support me, if I can get away! ----- Was ever such a Fool as I! I must be priding myself in my Contrivances, indeed !--- Said I, Was this in your Instructions, Wolfkin? for she called me Lambkin. Jezebel, you mean, Child! faid she. ---- Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss, and be Friends!---- Out upon you! faid I; I cannot bear you. But I durst not call her Names again; for I dread her huge Paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it, and blame myfelf.

This Night the Man from the Post-house brought a Letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one inclosed to me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good Master don't forget us. He has sent you a Letter; and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair Charge was well, happy, and contented: Ay, to be sure, said I, I can't chuse!

chuse!—That he did not doubt her Care and Kindness to me; that I was very dear to him; and she could not use me too well; and the like. There's a Master for you! said she: Sure you will love and pray for him. I desir'd her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there any Orders for taking my Shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about Jezebel neither. Well, return'd I, I cry Truce! for I have no Mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

#### My Letter is as follows:

# " My dear PAMELA,

BEGIN to repent already, that I have bound myself, by Promise, not to see you till you give me Leave; for I think the Time very tedious. Can you place so much Considence in me, as to invite me down? Assure yourself, that your Generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I the rather would press this, as I am uneasy for your Uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me, that you take your Restraint very heavily; and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; and I have too great an Interest in your Health, not to wish to shorten the Time of this Trial; which will be the Consequence of my coming

" down to you. John, too, has intimated to me your Concern, with a Grief that hardly

" gave him leave for Utterance, a Grief that a " little alarm'd my Tenderness for you. Not " that I fear any thing, but that your Difregard " to me, which yet my proud Heart will hardly " permit me to own, may throw you upon " fome Rashness that might encourage a daring " Hope: But how poorly do I descend, to be " anxious about such a Menial as he! - I will only fay one thing, that if you will give me " Leave to attend you at the Hall, (consider " who it is that requests this from you as a " Favour) I folemnly declare, that you shall " have Cause to be pleased with this obliging " Mark of your Confidence in me, and Con-" fideration for me; and if I find Mrs. Jewkes " has not behav'd to you with the Respect due " to one I so dearly love, I will put it intirely " into your Power to discharge her the House, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her " Place. This I say on a Hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that Quar-" ter. Dearest Pamela, answer favourably " this earnest Request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose Honour to you, " you may absolutely depend; and so much " the more, as you place a Confidence in it. I' am, and affuredly ever will be,

# " Your faithful and affectionate, &c.

"You will be glad, I know, to hear your "Father and Mother are well, and easy "upon

" upon your last Letter. That gave me " a Pleasure, that I am resolv'd you shall

" not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey

" to me your Answer."

I BUT flightly read this Letter for the prefent, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an Evening Turn, as I call'd it, in Mrs. Jewkes's Company; and walking by the Place, I faid, Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my Beans can have ftruck fince Yesterday? She laugh'd, and faid, You are a poor Gardener; but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good Friend had provided for me, and flipping it into my Bosom, (for her Back was towards me) Here, faid I, having a Bean in my Hand, is one of them; but it has not stirr'd. No, to be sure, said she, and turn'd upon me a most wicked Jest, unbecoming the Mouth of a Woman, about Planting, &c. When I came in, I hy'd to my Closet, and read as follows:

"I AM forry to tell you, that I have had a Repulse from Lady Jones. She is concern'd at your Case, she says; but don't care, to make herself Enemies. I apply'd to Lady, "Darnford, and told her, in the most pathetick manner I could, your sad Story, and shew'd her your more pathetick Letter. I found her well dispos'd; but she would ad-

" vise with Sir Simon, who, by-the-by, is not " a Man of an extraordinary Character for Vir-"tue; but he said to his Lady, in my Presence, "Why, what is all this, my Dear, but that " our Neighbour has a Mind to his Mother's "Waiting-maid! And if he takes care she " wants for nothing, I don't fee any great "Injury will be done her. He hurts no " Family by this" (So, my dear Father and Mother, it scems, that poor Peoples Honesty is, to go for nothing): " And I think, Mr. Wil-" liams, you, of all Men, should not engage. " in this Affair, against your Friend and Pa-" tron. He spoke this in so determin'd a man-" ner, that the Lady had done; and I had only to beg no Notice should be taken of the " Matter, as from me.

" I HAVE hinted your Case to Mr. Peters, " the Minister of this Parish; but I am con-" cern'd to fay, that he imputed felfish Views " to me, as if I would make an Interest in your "Affections, by my Zeal. And when I re-"presented the Duties of our Function, and " the like, and protested my Disinterestedness, " he coldly faid, I was very good; but was a young Man, and knew little of the World. And " tho' 'twas a thing to be lamented, yet when " he and I should set about to reform Man-" kind in this respect, we should have enough " upon our Hands; for, he said, it was too " common and fashionable a Case to be with-" flood by a private Clergyman or two: And " then he utter'd some Resections upon the

" Conduct

" Conduct of the present Fathers of the

" Church, in regard to the first Personages of

" the Realm, as a Justification of his Coldness

" on this fcore.

"I REPRESENTED the different Circum-

" stances of your Affair; that other Women

" liv'd evilly by their own Consent; but to

" ferve you, was to fave an Innocence that

" had but few Examples; and then I shew'd

" him your Letter.

" HE faid, It was prettily written; and he " was forry for you; and that your good In-

" tentions ought to be encourag'd: But what,

" faid he, would you have me do, Mr. Wil-

" liams? Why, suppose, Sir, said I, you give

" her Shelter in your House, with your Spouse " and Niece, till she can get to her Friends!---

"What, and embroil myself with a Man of

" Mr. B.'s Power and Fortune! No, not I, I'll

affure you! ---- And I would have you con-

" fider what you are about. Besides, she owns,

" continued he, that he promises to do ho-

" nourably by her; and her Shyness will pro-

" cure her good Terms enough; for he is no

" covetous nor wicked Gentleman, except in

" this Case; and 'tis what all young Gentlemen

" will do.

" I AM greatly concern'd for him, I affure " you; but am not discourag'd by this ill Suc-

" cess, let what will come of it, if I can serve

" you.

"I DON'T hear, as yet, that Mr. B. is " coming. I am glad of your Hint as to that " unhappy " unhappy Fellow John Arnold. Something, " perhaps, will strike out from that, which may

" be useful. As to your Pacquets, if you seal

"them up, and lay them in the usual Place, if

you find it not suspected, I will watch an

"Opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This

evil Woman, I find, mistrusts me much.

"I just hear, that the Gentleman is dying, whose Living Mr. B. has promis'd me. I

" have almost a Scruple to take it, as I am

" acting so contrary to his Desires; but I hope

" he'll one Day thank me for it. As to Money,
don't think of it at present. Be assured you

" may command all in my Power to do for

" you, without Referve.

"IBELIEVE, when we hear he is coming,

" it will be best to make use of the Key,

which I shall soon procure you; and I can

" borrow a Horse for you, I believe, to wait

within half a Mile of the Back-door, over

the Pasture; and will contrive by myself, or

" fomebody, to have you conducted fome "Miles distant, to one of the Villages there-

" abouts; so don't be discomforted, I beseech

" vou. I am, excellent Mrs. Pamela,

## " Tour faithful Friend, &c."

I MADE a Thousand sad Restections upon the former Part of this honest Gentleman's kind Letter; and, but for the Hope he gave me at last, should have given up my Case as quite desperate.

sperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind Endeavours; to lament the little Concern the Gentry had for my deplorable Case; the Wickedness of the World, first to give way to fuch iniquitous Fathions, and then plead the Frequency of them, against the Attempt to amend them; and how unaffected People were with the Distresses of others. I recall'd my former Hint, as to writing to Lady Davers, which I fear'd, I faid, would only ferve to apprife her Brother, that she knew his wicked Scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the fooner, and to be more determin'd on my Ruin; besides, that it might make Mr. Williams guess'd at, as a Means of conveying my Letter: And being very fearful. that if that good Lady would interest herself in my Behalf, (which was a Doubt, because she both lov'd and fear'd her Brother) it would have no Effect upon him; and that, therefore, I would wait the happy Event I might hope for from his kind Affistance in the Key and the Horse. I intimated my Master's, begging to be permitted to come down: Was fearful it might be fudden; and that I was of Opinion no Time was to be loft; for we might let flip all our Opportunities; telling him the Money-trick of this vile Woman, &c.

I HAD not Time to take a Copy of this Letter, I was so watch'd. But when I had it ready in my Bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her I would have her Advice upon the Letter I had receiv'd

from my Master; which Point of Considence in her, pleased her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like: And we'll take a Turn in the Garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walk'd into the Garden. I began to talk to her of the Letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the Contents; only that he wanted my Confent to come down, and hop'd she us'd me kindly, and the like. And I faid, Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your Advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely: E'en fend to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare fay you'll fare the better for it. How the better? faid I: - I dare say, you think yourself, that he intends my Ruin, I hate, said she, that foolish Word; your Ruin! - Why ne'er a Lady in the Land may live happier than you, if you will, or be more honourably us'd.

WELL, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I shall not at this time dispute with you about the Words Ruin or honourable; for I find, we have quite different Notions of both: But now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make Proposals to me, as to a kept Mistress, or kept Slave rather, or do you not? - Why, Lambkin, faid she, what dost thou think, thyself?—I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does, (for I know nothing of the Matter, I assure you) you may have your own Terms-I see that; for you

may do any thing with him.

ICOULD

I COULD not bear this to be spoken, tho' it was what I fear'd of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know. — No, no, said I, that cannot be — I neither desire nor expect it. His Condition don't permit me to have such a Thought, and that, and the whole Series of his Conduct, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my Ruin?

Tis what I would do, said she, in your Place; and if it was to be as you think, I should rather be out of my Pain, than live in continual Frights and Apprehensions, as you do. No, reply'd I, an Hour of Innocence is worth an Age of Guilt: and were my Life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest Minute my happy Time of Honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me!

Why, may-be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your Prayers and Tears; and for that Reason, should think, you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a Letter, because he expects an Answer, or may-be he will make that a Pretence to come down. How can it go?

I'LL take care of that, said she; it is in my Instructions — Ay, thought I, so I suppose, by the Hint Mr. Williams gave me, about the Post-house.

THE Gardener coming by, I said, Mr. 7acob, I have planted a few Beans, and I call the Place my Garden. It is just by the Door, outyonder, I'll shew it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turn'd the Alley, out of her Sight, and were near the Place, faid I, Pray step to Mrs. Yewkes, and ask her if she has any more Beans for me to plant? He smil'd, I suppose, at my Foolishness, and I popp'd the Letter under the Mould, and stepp'd back, as if waiting for his Return; which, being near, was immediate, and the follow'd him. What should I do with Beans? faid she - and fadly scar'd me; for she whisper'd me, I am afraid of some Fetch! You don't use to send on such simple Errands. -What Fetch ? faid I: It is hard I can neither ftir. nor speak, but I must be suspected. - Why, faid she, my Master writes, that I must have all my Eyes about me; for tho' you are as innocent as a Dove, yet you're as cunning as a Serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat me.

THEN I thought of my Money, and could have call'd her Names, had I dar'd: And I faid, Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my Money; for tho' I have no Occasion for it, yet I know you was but in Jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper Time, said she; but indeed, I was in Earnest to get it out of your Hands, for sear you should make an ill Use of it. And so

we cavilled upon this Subject as we walk'd in, and I went up to write my Letter to my Master; and, as I intended to shew it her, I resolv'd to write accordingly as to her Part of it; for I made little Account of his Offer of Mrs. Fervis to me, instead of this wicked Woman, (tho' the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my Escape from hence) nor indeed of any thing he said: For to be honourable, in the just Sense of the Word, he need not have caus'd me to be run away with, and confin'd as I am. I wrote as follows:

## " Honour'd Sir,

WHEN I consider how easily you might make me happy, fince all I defire is to " be permitted to go to my poor Father and " Mother: When I reflect upon your former " Proposal to me, in relation to a certain Per-" fon, not one Word of which is now men-" tion'd; and upon my being in that strange " manner run away with, and still kept here " a miserable Prisoner; do you think, Sir, " (pardon your poor Servant's Freedom; my " Fears make me bold; do you think, I fay) " that your general Assurances of Honour, " can have the Effect upon me, that, were " it not for these Things, all your Words ought " to have? - O good Sir! I too much appre-" hend, that your Notions of Honour and mine " are very different from one another. And I " have no other Hope but in your continu'd " Absence. Q 2

" Absence. If you have any Proposals to make " me, that are confiftent with your honourable " Professions, in my humble Sense of the "Word, a few Lines will communicate them " to me, and I will return fuch an Answer as " befits me. But Oh! What Proposals can " one in your high Station have to make to " one in my low one! I know what belongs to your Degree too well, to imagine, that " any thing can be expected but fad Tempta-" tions, and utter Distress, if you come down; " and you know not, Sir, when I am made " desperate, what the wretched Pamela dares " to do!

" WHATEVER Rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not " be forced upon any, that otherwise would " never enter into my Thoughts. Forgive, " me, Sir, my Plainness; I should be loth to " behave to my Master unbecomingly; but I " must needs say, Sir, my Innocence is so dear " to me, that all other Confiderations are, and, "I hope, shall ever be, treated by me as " Niceties, that ought, for that, to be dispens'd " with. If you mean honourably, why, Sir, " should you not let me know it plainly? " Why is it necessary to imprison me, to con-" vince me of it? And why must I be close " watch'd, and attended, hinder'd from stirring " out, from speaking to any body, from going " fo much as to Church to pray for you, who " have been till of late so generous a Benefa-" ctor to me? Why, Sir, I humbly ask, why.

" all this, if you mean honourably? - It " is not for me to exposulate so freely, but in " a Case so near to me, with you, Sir, so " greatly my Superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to any the least Desire of " feeing you, I cannot bear the dreadful Ap-" prehension. Whatever you have to propose, " whatever you intend by me, let my Assent " be that of a free Person, mean as I am, and " not of a fordid Slave, who is to be threaten'd " and frighten'd into a Compliance, that your " Conduct to her feems to imply would be " otherwise abhorr'd by her. - My Restraint " is indeed hard upon me: I am very uneafy " under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or -" But I will not dare to fay more, than that " I am

## " Your greatly oppressed unhappy Servant."

AFTER I had taken a Copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. Jewkes coming, just as I had done, sat down by me, and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my Advice, and consented to my Master's coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That's good, said she; then I'll love you dearly.—Said I, then you must not offer to alter one Word. I won't, reply'd she. So I read it to her, and she prais'd me much for my Wording it; but said, she thought I push'd the Matter very close; and it would better bear talking of, than writing about.

about. She wanted an Explanation or two, as about the Proposal to a certain Person; but I faid, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do fo more and more. feal'd up the Letter, and she undertook to convev it.

## SUNDAY.

OR my Part, I knew it in vain to expect Leave to go to Church now, and fo I did not ask; and I was the more indifferent, because, if I might have had Permission, the Sight of the neighbouring Gentry, who had despis'd my Sufferings, would have given me great Regret and Sorrow; and it was impossible I should have edify'd under any Doctrine preach'd by Mr. Peters: So I apply'd myself to my private

Devotions.

Mr. Williams came Yesterday, and this Day, as usual, and took my Letter; but having no good Opportunity, we avoided one another's Conversation, and kept at a Distance: But I was concern'd I had not the Key; for I would not have loft a Moment in that Cafe, had I been he, and he I. When I was at my Devotions, Mrs. Fewkes came up, and wanted me fadly to fing her a Pfalm, as the had often on common Days importun'd me for a Song upon the Spinnet; but I declin'd it, because my Spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor car'd to

be spoken to; but when she was gone, I, remembering the cxxxvii<sup>th</sup> Psalm to be a little touching, turn'd to it, and took the Liberty to alter it somewhat nearer to my Case. I hope I did not sin in it; but thus I turn'd it:

I.

WHEN sad I sat in B--n-hall, All guarded round about, And thought of every absent Friend, The Tears for Grief burst out.

II.

My Joys and Hopes all overthrown, My Heart-strings almost broke, Unsit my Mind for Melody, Much more to bear a Joke;

Ш.

Then she to whom I Pris'ner was, Said to me tauntingly, Now chear your Heart, and sing a Song, And tune your Mind to Joy.

IV.

Alas! Said I, how can I frame
My heavy Heart to sing,
Or tune my Mind, while thus enthrall'd
By such a wicked Thing!

#### V.

But yet, if from my Innocence.

I, ev'n in Thought should slide,
Then let my Fingers quite forget
The sweet Spinnet to guide.

#### VI.

And let my Tongue within my Mouth Be lock d for ever fast, If I rejoice, before I see My full Delivrance past.

#### VII.

And thou, Almighty, recompense.
The Evils I endure,
From those who seek my sad Disgrace,
So causeless, to procure.

### VIII.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes, When with a mighty Sound, She cries, Down with her Chastity, Down to the very Ground!

#### IX

Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked One, At length to Shame be brought; And happy shall all those be call d, That my Delivrance wrought.

#### X.

Tea, blessed shall the Man be call'd That shames thee of thy Evil; And saves me from thy vile Attempts, And thee, too, from the D----l.

## MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WED-NESDAY.

I WRITE now with a little more Liking, tho' less Opportunity, because Mr. Williams has got a large Parcel of my Papers safe, in his Hands, to send them to you, as he has Opportunity; so I am not quite uselessly employ'd; and I am deliver'd, besides, from the Fear of their being found, if I should be search'd, or discover'd. I have been permitted to take an Airing Five or Six Miles, with Mrs. Jewkes: But, tho' I know not the Reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by Consent, for these Three Days, the Sun-slower Correspondence.

THE poor Cook-maid has had a bad Mifchance; for she has been hurt much by a Bull in the Pasture, by the Side of the Garden, not far from the Back-door. Now this Pasture I am to cross, which is about half a Mile, and then is a Common, and near that a private Horse-road, where I hope to find an Opportunity for escaping, as soon as Mr. Williams can

get me a Horse, and has made all ready for me; For he has got me the Key, which he put under the Mould, just by the Door, as he found an

Opportunity to hint to me.

HE just now has signify'd, that the Gentleman is dead, whose Living he has had Hope of; and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. Jewkes of it; and so could speak this to her, before me. She wish'd him Joy. See what the World is! one Man's Death is another Man's Joy: Thus we thrust out one another! --- My hard Case makes me serious. He found means to slide a Letter into my Hands, and is gone away: He look'd at me with fuch Respect and Solemnness at Parting, that Mrs. Jewkes said, Why, Madam, I believe our young Parson is half in Love with you. — Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, said I, he knows better. Said she, (I believe to found me) Why I can't fee you can either of you do better; and I have lately been so touch'd for you, feeing how heavily you apprehend Dishonour from my Master, that I think it is Pity you should not have Mr. Williams.

I KNEW this must be a Fetch of hers, because instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watch'd me closer, and him too: and fo I said, There is not the Man living that I desire to marry. If I can but keep myself honest, it is all my Desire: And to be a Comfort and Assistance to my poor Parents, if it should be my happy Lot to be to, is the very Top of my Ambition. Well, but, faid she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. Williams would

would make you a good Husband; and as will owe all his Fortune to my Master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be oblig'd to him for a Wife of his chusing: Especially, said she, such a pretty one, and one so ingenious, and

genteelly educated.

THIS gave me a Doubt, whether she knew of my Master's Intimation of that fort formerly; I asked her, If the had Reason to surmise, that that was in View? No, she said; it was only her own Thought; but it was very likely, that my Master had either that in View, or something better for me. But, if I approv'd of it, she would propose such a Thing to her Master directly; and gave a detestable Hint, that I might take Resolutions upon it, of bringing such an Affair to Effect. I told her, I abhorr'd her vile Infinuation; and as to Mr. Williams, I thought him a good civil fort of Man; but as on one fide, he was above me; so on the other, I faid, of all Things, I did not love a Parson. finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the Subject.

I will open his Letter by-and-by, and give you the Contents of it; for she is up and down so much, that I am afraid of her surprising

me.

WELL, I see Providence has not abandon'd me: I shall be under no Necessity to make Advances to Mr. Williams, if I was (as I am sure I am not) dispos'd to it. This is his Letter:

"IKNOW

"I KNOW not how to express myself, lest I should appear to you to have a selfish " View in the Service I would do you. But I really know but one effectual and honourable "Way to disengage yourself from the danger-" ous Situation you are in. It is that of Marsi riage with some Person that you could make happy in your Approbation. As for my own " part, it would be, as Things stand, my appa-" rent Ruin; and, worse still, I should involve " you in Misery too. But yet, so great is my "Veneration for you, and so intire my Re-" liance on Providence upon fo just an Occa-" fion, that I should think myself but too " happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in " this Case, forego all my Expectations, and be vour Conductor to some safe Distance. But " why do I fay, in this Case? That I will do, whether you think fit to reward me so emi-" nently or not. And I will, the Moment I " hear of Mr. B.'s fetting out, (and I think " now I have fettled a very good Method of " Intelligence of all his Motions) get a Horse " ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer " myself wholly to your Goodness and Dire-" Aion, and am, with the highest Respect,

# " Your most faithful humble Servant.

"Don't think this a sudden Resolution. I

"always admir'd your hear say Character;

"and the Moment I saw you, wish'd to

"ferve so much Excellence."

What shall I say my dear Father and Mother, to this unexpected Declaration? I want, now, more than ever, your Blessing and Advice. But after all, I have no Mind to marry: I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a Man who begs from Door to Door, and has no Home nor Being, rather than endanger my Honesty. Yet, I cannot, methinks, hear of being a Wife. — After a thousand different Thoughts, I wrote as follows:

## " Reverend Sir,

" TAM greatly confus'd at the Contents of your last. You are much too generous, " and I can't bear you should risque all your " future Prospects for so unworthy a Creature. " I cannot think of your Offer without equal " Concern and Gratitude; for nothing but to " avoid my utter Ruin can make me think of " a Change of Condition; and fo, Sir, you " ought not to accept of fuch an involuntary " Compliance, as mine would be, were I, " upon the last Necessity, to yield to your very " generous Proposal. I will rely wholly upon " your Goodnessto me, in assisting my Escape; " but shall not, on your Account principally, " think of the Honour you propose for me, at " present; and never, but at the Pleasure of " my Parents, who, poor as they are, in such " a weighty Point, are as much intitled to my " Obedience and Duty, as if they were ever " so rich. I beg you therefore, Sir, not to

# 238 PAMELA; or,

" think of any thing from me, but everlasting " Gratitude, which will always bind me to " be

" Your most obliged Servant."

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATUR-DAT, the 14th, 15th and 16th of my Bondage.

TRS. Jewkes has receiv'd a Letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. Williams too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in Answer to mine to my Master. pose I put the Matter too home to him; and he is angry. I am not the more pleas'd for her Civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a whit less watchful. I laid a Trap to get at her Instructions, which she carries in the Bosom of her Stays; but it has not succeeded.

My last Letter is come safe to Mr. Williams, by the old Conveyance, so that he is not suspect-He has intimated, that tho' I have not come fo readily as he hop'd into his Scheme, yet his Diligence shall not be slacken'd, and he will leave it to Providence and myself, to difpose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has fignify'd to me, that he shall soon send a special Messenger with the Packet to you, and I

have added to it what has occurred fince.

#### SUNDAY.

A M just now quite astonish'd! --- I hope all I is right!—But I have a strange Turn to acquaint you with. Mr. Williams and Mrs. Tewkes came to me both together; he in Ecstafies, she with a strange stuttering fort of Air. Well, faid she, Mrs. Pamela, I give you Joy! I give you Joy! — Let nobody speak but me! Then she sat down, as out of Breath, puffing and blowing. Why, every thing turns as I faid it would! faid she: Why, there is to be a Match between you and Mr. Williams! Well, I always thought it. Never was fo good a Master! - Go to, go to, naughty mistrustful Mrs. Pamela, nay, Mrs. Williams, said the forward Creature, I may as good as call you; you ought on your Knees to beg his Pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

SHE was going on; but I said, Don't torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. Fewkes. Let me know all!—Ah! Mr. Williams, said I, take care, take care!—Mistrustful again! said she; why, Mr. Williams, shew her your Letter; and I will shew her mine: They were

brought by the same Hand.

I TREMBLED at the Thoughts of what this might mean; and faid, You have so surprised me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read! Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak Spirits? Said he, to Mrs.

Tewkes,

Jewkes, Shall we leave our Letters with Mrs. Pamela, and let her recover from her Surprize? Ay, faid she, with all my Heart; here is nothing but flaming Honour and Good-will! And so saying, they left me their Letters, and withdrew.

My Heart was quite fick with the Surprize; fo that I could not presently read them, not-withstanding my Impatience; but after a-while; recovering, I found the Contents thus strange and unexpected:

## " Mr. WILLIAMS,

"THE Death of Mr. Fownes has now given me the Opportunity I have long " wanted, to make you happy, and that in a double respect: For I shall soon put you in " Possession of his Living, and, if you have " the Art of making yourself well receiv'd, of one of the loveliest Wives in England. She " has not been used (as she has reason to think) according to her Merit; but when she finds " herself under the Protection of a Man of " Virtue and Probity, and a happy Compe-" tency to support Life, in the manner to " which she has been of late Years accustom'd, " I am perfuaded she will forgive those seeming " Hardships which have pav'd the Way to so " happy a Lot, as I hope it will be to you both. " I have only to account for and excuse the " odd Conduct I have been guilty of, which I " shall do, when I see you: But as I shall " foon set out for London, I believe it will not

" be yet this Month. Mean while, if you can " prevail with Pamela, you need not suspend " for that your mutual Happiness; only let me " have Notice of it first, and that she approves " of it; which ought to be, in fo material a " Point, intirely at her Option; as I affure you, " on the other hand, I would have it at yours, " that nothing may be wanting to complete " your Happiness. I am

#### " Your humble Servant."

Was ever the like heard! -- Lie still, my throbbing Heart, divided as thou art, between thy Hopes and thy Fears! - But this is the Letter Mrs. Yewkes left with me:

" Mrs. JEWKES,

" VOU have been very careful and diligent in the Task, which, for Reasons I shall " hereafter explain, I had impos'd upon you. "Your Trouble is now almost at an End; for " I have written my Intentions to Mr. Williams " so particularly, that I need say the less here, " because he will not scruple, I believe, to let " you know the Contents of my Letter. I " have only one thing to mention, that if you " find what I have hinted to him in the leaft " disagreeable to Either, you assure them Both, " that they are at intire Liberty to pursue their " own Inclinations. I hope you continue " your Civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy Pa-R " mela, VOL. I.

mela, who now will begin to think better of hers and

" Your Friend, &c."

I H A D hardly time to transcribe these Letters. tho, writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they came up again, in high Spirits; and Mr. Williams faid, I am glad at my Heart, Madam, that I was before-hand in my Declarations to you: This generous Letter has made me the happiest Man on Earth; and Mrs. Fewkes, you may be fure, that if I can procure this Fair-one's Consent, I shall think myself - I interrupted the good Man, and faid, Ah! Mr. Williams! take care, take care; don't let - There I stopp'd, and Mrs. Jewkes said, Still mistrussful! -I never faw the like in my Life! - But I fee, faid she, I was not wrong, whilst my old Orders lasted, to be wary of you both - I should have had a hard Task to prevent you, I find; for, as the Saying is, Nought can re-Brain Consent of Twain.

I DOUBTED not her taking hold of his joyful Indiscretion. — I took her Letter, and said,
Here, Mrs. Jewkes, is yours; I thank you for
it; but I have been so long in a Maze, that I
can say nothing of this for the present. Time
will bring all to Light. — Sir, said I, here is
yours: May every thing turn to your Happiness!
I give you Joy of my Master's Goodness in the
Living — It will be dying, said he, not a
Living, without you. — Forbear, Sir, said I:
While I've a Father and Mother, I am not my

own Mistress, poor as they are: And I'll see myself quite at Liberty, before I shall think myself sit to make a Choice.

MRS. Jewkes held up her Eyes and Hands, and said, Such Art, such Caution, such Cunning, for thy Years! — Well! — Why, said I, (that he might be more on his Guard, tho' I hope there cannot be Deceit in this; 'twould be strange Villainy, and that is a hard Word, if there should!) I have been so used to be made a Fool of by Fortune, that I can hardly tell how to govern myself; and am almost an Insidel as to Mankind. ——But, I hope, I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. Jewkes, you shall regulate my Opinions as you please, and I will consult you in every thing —— (that I think proper, said I to myself)——for to be sure, tho' I may forgive her, I can never love her.

SHE left Mr. Williams and me, a few Minutes, together; and I said, Consider, Sir, consider what you have done. 'Tis impossible, said he, there can be Deceit. I hope so, said I; but what Necessity was there for you to talk of your former Declaration? Let this be as it will, that could do no Good, especially before this Woman. Forgive me, Sir; they talk of Womens Promptness of Speech; but indeed I see an honest Heart is not always to be trusted with

itself in bad Company.

HE was going to reply; but, tho' her Task is faid to be ALMOST (I took Notice of that Word) at an End, she came up to us again; and said, Well, I had a good mind to shew you the

Way to Church To-morrow. I was glad of this, because, tho' in my present doubtful Situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encourag'd her Proposal, to be able to judge by her being in Earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. Williams again indiscreetly help'd her to an Excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it one Sunday, and till Matters were riper for my Appearance; and she readily took hold of it, and confirm'd his Opinion.

AFTER all, I hope the best; but if this should turn out to be a Plot, I fear nothing but a Miracle can save me. But sure the Heart of Man is not capable of such black Deceit. Bestides, Mr. Williams has it under his own Hand, and he dare not but be in Earnest; and then again, tho to be sure, he has been very wrong to me, yet his Education, and Parents Example, have neither of them taught him such very black Contrivances. So I will hope for the best!

MR. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I, have been all three walking together in the Garden; and she pull'd out her Key, and we walk'd a little in the Pasture to look at the Bull, an ugly, grim, surly Creature, that hurt the poor Cookmaid; who is got pretty well again. Mr. Williams pointed at the Sun-slower, but I was forced to be very reserved to him; for the good Gentleman has no Guard, no Caution at all.

We have just supp'd together, all three; and I cannot yet think but all must be right.—
Only I am resolv'd not to marry, if I c n help it; and I will give no Encouragement, I am

resolv'd, at least, till I am with you.

MR. Wi liams faid, before Mrs. Jewkes, he would fend a Meffenger with a Letter to my Father and Mother. — I think the Man has no Discretion in the world: But I desire you will give no Answer, till I have the Pleasure and Happiness, which now I hope for soon, of feeing you. He will, in fending my Pacquet, fend a most tedious Parcel of Stuff, of my Oppressions, my Distresses, my Fears; and so I will fend this with it (for Mrs. Fewkes gives me Leave to fend a Letter to my Father, which looks well); and I am glad I can conclude, after all my Sufferings, with my Hopes, to be foon with you, which I know will give you Comfort; and fo I rest, begging the Continuance of your Prayers and Bleflings,

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

My dear Father and Mother,

I HAVE so much Time upon my Hands, that I must write on to employ myself. The Sunday Evening, where I lest off, Mrs. Jewkes ask'd me, If I chose to lie by myself? I aid, Yes, with all my Heart, if she pleased. Well, said she, after To night you shall. I ask'd her

for more Paper, and she gave me a little Bottle of Ink, Eight Sheets of Paper, which she said was all her Store, (for now she would get me to write for her to our Master, if she had Occasion) and Six Pens, with a Piece of Sealing-wax.

This looks mighty well!

SHE preis'd me very much, when she came to-bed, to give Encouragement to Mr. Williams, and faid many things in his Behalf; and blam'd my Shyness to him. I told her, I was resolv'd to give no Encouragement, till I had talk'd to my Father and Mother. She faid, she fansy'd I thought of fomebody else, or I could never be so insensible. I affur'd her, as I could do very fafely, that there was not a Man on Earth I wish'd to have; and as to Mr. Williams, he might do better by far; and I had propos'd fo much Happiness in living with my poor Father and Mother, that I could not think of any Scheme of Life with Pleasure, till I had try'd that. I ask'd her for my Money; and she said it was above, in her strong Box, but that I shall have it To-morrow. All these Things look well, as I faid.

MR. Williams would go home this Night, tho' late, because he would dispatch a Messenger to you with a Letter he had propos'd from himself, and my Pacquet. But pray don't encourage him, as I said; for he is much too heady and precipitate as to this Matter, in my way of Thinking; tho', to be sure, he is a very good Man, and I am much ob-

lig'd to him.

MON-

## MONDAY Morning.

A LAS-A-DAY! we have had bad News from poor Mr. Williams. He has had a fad Mischance; fallen among Rogues in his Way home last Night; but by good Chance has sav'd my Papers. This is the Account he gives of it to Mrs. Jewkes:

## " Good Mrs. JEWKES,

" THAVE had a fore Misfortune in going " I from you. When I had got as near the " Town as the Dam, and was going to cross " the wooden Bridge, two Fellows got hold of me, and fwore bitterly they would kill me, " if I did not give them what I had. They ro-" mag'd my Pockets, and took from me my " Snuff-box, my Seal-ring, and Halt a Guinea, " and some Silver, and Half-pence; also my " Handkerchief, and two or Three Letters I " had in my Pocket. By good Fortune the " Letter Mrs. Pamela gave me was in my Bo-" fom, and so that escap'd; but they bruis'd " my Head and Face, and curfing me for having " no more Money, tipp'd me into the Dam, " Crying, Lie there, Parion, till To-morrow! " My Shins and Knees were bruis'd much in " the Fall against one of the Stumps; and I had " like to have been suffocated in Water and " Mud. To be sure, I shan't be able to stir out " this Day or two: For I am a fearful Spectacle! " My Hat and Wig I was forced to leave behind R 4

" me, and go home a Mile and a half without; " but they were found next Morning, and " brought me with my Snuff-box, which the " Rogues must have dropp'd. My Caslock is " fadly torn, as is my Band. To be fure, I " was much frighted; for a Robbery in these " Parts has not been known many Years, " ligent Search is making after the Rogues. " My humblest Respects to good Mrs. Pamela. " If she pities my Misfortunes, I shall be the " fooner well, and fit to wait on her and you. " This did not hinder me in writing a Letter, tho' " with great Pain, as I do this;" [To be fure, this good Man can keep no Secret!] " and " fending it away by a Man and Horse, this " Morning. I am, good Mrs. Fewkes,

## " Your most obliged humble Servant.

"God be prais'd, it is no worse! and I find
"I have got no Cold, tho' miserably wet
"from Top to Toe. My Fright, I believe,
"prevented me from catching Cold; for
"I was not rightly myself for some Hours,
and know not how I got home. I will
"write a Letter of Thanks this Night, if
"I am able, to my kind Patron, for his
"inestimable Goodness to me. I wish I
"was enabled to say all I hope, with regard to the better Part of his Bounty
"to me, incomparable Mrs. Pamela."

The wicked Brute fell a laughing, when she had read this Letter, till her fat Sides shook; said she, I can but think how the poor Parson look'd, after parting with his pretty Mistress in such high Spirits, when he found himself at the Bottom of the Dam! And what a Figure he must cut in his tatter'd Band and Cassock, and without Hat and Wig, when he got home. I warrant, added she, he was in a sweet Pickle!—I said, I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a Missortune: But she reply'd, As he was safe, she laugh'd; otherwise she should have been forry: And she was glad to see me so concern'd for him—It look'd promising, she said.

I HEEDED not her Reflection; but as I have been used to Causes for Mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this Thing: And their taking his Letters most alarms me. —How happy it was, they miss'd my Pacquet! I know not what to think of it! But why should I let every Accident break my Peace? Yet it will

do fo, while I stay here.

MRS. Jewkes is mightily at me, to go with her in the Chariot, to visit Mr. Williams. She is so officious to bring on the Affair between us, that being a cunning, artful Woman, I know not what to make of it. I have refus'd her absolutely, urging, that except I intended to encourage his Suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

IHAVE

## 250 PAMELA; or,

I HAVE strange Temptations to get away in her Absence, for all these fine Appearances. Tis sad to have nobody to advise with!——I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no Money, if I should, to buy any body's Civilities, or to pay for Necessaries or Lodging. But I'll go into the Garden, and resolve afterwards.—

I HAVE been in the Garden, and to the Back-door: And there I stood, my Heart up at my Mouth. I could not see I was watch'd; so this looks well. But if any thing should go bad afterwards, I should never forgive myself for not taking this Opportunity. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the Back-door in the Pasture.

To be fure, there is Witchcraft in this House; and I believe Lucifer is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the Shape of that nafty grim Bull, to watch me! For I have been down again, and ventur'd to open the Door, and went out about a Bow-shoot into the Pasture; but there stood that horrid Bull, staring me full in the Face, with fiery faucer Eyes, as I thought. So I got in again, for fear he should come at me. Nobody faw me, however. --- Do you think there are such things as Witches and Spirits? If there be, I believe in my Heart, Mrs. Fewkes has got this Bull on her Side. But yet, what could I do without Money or a Friend?----O this wicked Woman, to trick me fo! Every thing, thing, Man, Woman, and Beast, is in a Plot against your poor Pamela, I think!—Then I know not one Step of the Way, nor how far to any House or Cottage; and whether I could gain Protection, if I got to a House: And now the Robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great Danger, as I want to escape; nay, greater much, if these promising Appearances hold: And sure my Master cannot be so black, as that they should not!—What can I do?—I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken; and it will be worse for me; and this wicked Woman will beat me, and take my Shoes away, and lock me up.

But after all, if my Master should mean well, he can't be angry at my Fears, if I should escape; and nobody can blame me; and I can more easily be induced with you, when all my Apprehensions are over, to consider his Proposal of Mr. Williams, than I could here; and he pretends, as you have read in his Letter, he will leave me to my Choice: Why then should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my Heart misgives me, because of the Difficulties before me, in escaping; and being so poor and so friendless!—O good God! the Preserver of the Innocent! direct me what to

do!-

Well, I have just now a sort of strange Persuasion upon me, that I ought to try to get away, and leave the Issue to Providence. So, once more—I'll see, at least, if this Bull be still there!

ALACK-

ALACK-A-DAY! what a Fate is this! I have not the Courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The Gardener was in Sight last time! so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the Way, if I can!—For if I never should have such another Opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my Footsteps, and make smooth my Path and my Way to Sasety!

WELL, here I am, come back again! frighted, like a Fool, out of all my Purposes! O how terrible every thing appears to me! I had got twice as far again, as I was before, out of the Back-door; and I looked, and faw the Bull, as I thought, between me and the Door; and another Bull coming towards me the other Way: Well, thought I, here is a double Witchcraft, to be fure! Here is the Spirit of my Master in one Bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other: And now I am gone, to be fure! O help! cry'd I, like a Fool, and ran back to the Door, as fwift as if I flew. When I had got the Door in my Hand, I ventur'd to look back, to fee if these supposed Bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor Cows, a grazing in distant Places, that my Fears had made all this Rout about. But as every thing is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my Escape: For I shall be as much frighted at the first strange Man that I meet with. And I am perfuaded, that

that Fear brings one into more Dangers, than the Caution, that goes along with it, delivers one from.

ITHEN lock'd the Door, and put the Key in my Pocket, and was in a sad Quandary; but I was soon determined; for the Maid Nan came in Sight, and ask'd, If any thing was the matter, that I was so often up and down Stairs? God forgive me! but I had a sad Lye at my Tongue's End: Said I, Tho' Mrs. Jewkes is sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her: I go up, and I come down to walk about in the Garden: And not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself. Ay, said the Idiot, she is main good Company, Madam; no wonder you mis her.

So here I am again, and here likely to be; for I have no Courage to help myfelf any-where else. O why are poor foolish Maidens try'd with fuch Dangers, when they have fuch weak Minds to grapple with them!---I will, fince it is so, hope the best: But yet I cannot but observe how grievously every thing makes against me: For here the Robbers, tho' I fell not into their Hands myself, yet they gave me as much Terror, and had as great an Effect upon my Fears, as if I had: And here the Bull, has as effectually frighten'd me, as if I had been hurt by it instead of the Cook-maid; and so these join'd together, as I may fay, to make a very Dastard of me. But my Folly was the worst of all, because that depriv'd me of my Money; for had I had had that, I believe I should have ventur'd both the Bull and the Robbers.

## MONDAY Afternoon.

CO, Mrs. Jewkes is return'd from her Visit: Well, said she, I would have you set your Heart at Rest; for Mr. Williams will do very well again. He is not half fo bad as he fanfy'd. O these Scholars! faid she; they have not the Hearts of Mice! He has only a few Scratches on his Face; which, faid she, I suppose he got by grabbling among the Gravel, at the Bottom of the Dam, to try to find a Hole in the Ground, to hide himself from the Robbers. His Shin and his Knee are hardly to be seen to ail any thing. He fays in his Letter, he was a frightful Spectacle: He might be so indeed, when he first came in-a-doors; but he looks well enough now; and, only for a few Groans now-andthen, when he thinks of his Danger, I fee nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. Pamela, said she, I would have you be very easy about it. I am glad of it, said I, for all your Jokes, Mrs. Jewkes.

WELL, said she, he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him, I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the Man was out of his Wits, with his Gratitude to me: And so has laid open all his Heart to me, and told me all that has pass'd, and was contriving between you two. This alarm'd me prodi-

gioufly;

giously; and the rather, as I saw, by two or three Instances, that his honest Heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undefigning as himself. I said, but yet with a heavy Heart, Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, Mrs. Jewkes, this might have done with me, had he had any thing that he could have told you of. But you know well enough, that had we been disposed, we had no Opportunity for it, from your watchful Care and Circumspection. No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. Pamela; not so much as for that Declaration that he own'd before me, he had found Opportunity, for all my Watchfulness, to make you. Come, come, faid she, no more of these Shams with me! You have an excellent Head-piece for your Years; but may-be I am as cunning as you. - However, faid fhe, all is well now; because my Watchments are now over, by my Master's Direction. How have you employ'd yourfelf in my Absence?

I was so troubled at what might have pass'd between Mr. Williams and her, that I could not hide it; and she said, Well, Mrs. Pamela, since all Matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concern'd at his Discoveries: And make me your Consident, as he has done, and I shall think you have some Favour for me, and Reliance upon me, and perhaps you would not

repent it.

SHE was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; and I knew how, now, to account for her Kindness to Mr. Williams in

her Visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. Why, Mrs. Ferekes, said I, is all this Fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an End of your Watchments, as you call them! Nothing, faid she, but Womanish Curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out Matters. where there is such Privacy intended. Well, faid I, pray let me know what he has faid; and then I'll give you an Answer to your Curiosity. I don't care, faid she, whether you do or not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you any thing you han't a mind I should know, my little cunning Dear!---Well, said I, let him have said what he would, I care not: For I am fure he can fay no Harm of me; and so let us change the Talk.

I was the easier indeed, because, for all her Pumps, she gave me no Hint of the Key and the Door, &c. which had he communicated to her, she would not have forborn giving me a Touch of.—And so we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our Ends of each other. But I am sure he must have said more than he should.—And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has now been actually, these two Hours, shut up a writing; tho she pretended she had given me up all her Stores of Paper, &c. and that I should write for her. I begin to wish I had ventur'd every thing, and gone off, when I might. O when will this State of Doubt and Uncasiness end!

SHE has just been with me, and says she shall send a Messenger to Bedfordshire; and he shall carry a Letter of Thanks for me, if I will write it, for my Master's Favour to me. Indeed, said I, I have no Thanks to give, till I am with my Father and Mother: And, besides, I sent a Letter, as you know, but have had no Answer to it. She said, she thought his Letter to Mr. Williams was sufficient; and the least I could do, was to thank him, if but in two Lines. No need of it, said I; for I don't intend to have Mr. Williams: What then is that Letter to me? Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I DON'T like all this. O my foolish Fears of Bulls and Robbers!—For now all my Uneasiness begins to double upon me. O what has this uncautious Man said! That, no doubt,

is the Subject of her long Letter.

I WILL close this Day's writing, with just faying, that she is mighty filent and reserv'd, to what the was, and fays nothing but No, or Yes, to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt! I the rather think fo, because I find she does not keep her Word with me, about lying by myself, and my Money; to both which Points, the return'd suspicious Answers, saying, as to the one, Why, you are mighty earnest for your Money! I shan't run away with it: And to the other, Goodlack! you need not be so willing, as I know of, to part with me for a Bed-fellow, till you are sure of one you like better. This cut me to the Heart --- And at the same time stopp'd my Mouth. VOL. I. TUES-

#### TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

M. Williams has been here; but we have had no Opportunity to talk together: He feem'd confounded at Mrs. Jewkes's Change of Temper, and Reservedness, after her kind Visit, and their Freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He ask'd, if I would take a Turn in the Garden with Mrs. Yewkes and him. No, said she, I can't Said he, May not Mrs. Pamela take a Walk? - No, faid she, I desire she won't. Why, Mrs. Jewkes? faid he: I am afraid I have some-how disobliged you. Not at all, reply'd fhe; but I suppose you will soon be at Liberty to walk together as much as you please: And I have sent a Messenger for my last Instructions, about this and more weighty Matters; and when they come, I shall leave you to do as you both will; but till then, it is no matter how little you are together. alarm'd us both; and he seem'd quite struck of a Heap, and put on, as I thought, a felf-accusing Countenance. So I went behind her Back, and held my two Hands together, flat, with a Bit of Paper I had, between them, and looked at him; and he seemed to take me, as I intended, intimating the renewing of the Correspondence by the Tiles.

I LEFT them both together, and retired to my Closet, to write a Letter for the Tiles; but having no Time for a Copy, I will give you

the Substance only.

" I EXPO-

" ation

I EXPOSTULATED with him on his too great Openness and Easiness to fall into Mrs. fewkes's Snares; told him my Apprehensions of foul Play; and gave briefly the Reasons which mov'd me: Begg'd to know what he had said; and intimated, that I thought there was the highest Reason to resume our Project of the Escape by the Back-door. I put this in the usual Place, in the Evening, and now wait with Impatience for an Answer.

#### THURSDAY.

HAVE the following Answer:

" Dearest Madam,

I AM utterly confounded, and must plead I guilty to all your just Reproaches. " I were Master of but half your Caution and "Discretion! I hope, after all, this is only a "Touch of this ill Woman's Temper, to shew " her Power and Importance: For I think Mr. " B. neither can nor dare deceive me in so " black a manner. I would expose him all the "World over, if he did. But it is not, can-" not be in him. I have receiv'd a Letter from " John Arnold, in which he tells me, that his " Master is preparing for his London Journey; " and believes, he will come into these Parts " afterwards: But he fays, Lady Davers is at " their House, and is to accompany her Bro-" ther to London, or meet him there, he knows " not which. He professes great Zeal and Affe-

S 2

" ation to your Service: And I find he refers " to a Letter he sent me before, but which is " not come to my Hand. I think there can be " no Treachery; for it is a particular Friend at " Gainsborough, that I have order'd him to di-" rect to; and this is come fafe to my Hands by this means; for well I know, I durst trust " nothing to Brett, at the Post-house here. This ce gives me a little Pain; but I hope all will end well, and we shall soon hear, if it be necessary " to pursue our former Intentions. If it be, I " will lose no Time to provide a Horse for you, " and another for myself; for I can never do " either God or myself better Service, tho' I " were to forego all my Expectations for it here. " Iam

## " Your most faithful humble Servant.

"I was too free indeed with Mrs. Jewkes, " led to it by her Dissimulation, and by " her pretended Concern to make me " happy with you. I hinted, that I would " not have scrupled to have procured your " Deliverance by any means: And that I " had proposed to you, as the only ho-" nourable one, Marriage with me. But " I affur'd her, tho' fhe would hardly be-" lieve me, that you discourag'd my Ap-" plication: Which is too true! But not " a Word of the Back-door, Key, &c."

MRS. Jewkes continues still sullen and illnatur'd, and I am almost afraid to speak to her.

She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her Company as I do.

I HAVE just put under the Tiles these Lines, inspired by my Fears, which are indeed very strong; and, I doubt, not without Reason.

" SIR,

E VERY thing gives me additional Difturbance. The miss'd Letter of John "Arnold makes me suspect a Plot. Yet am "I loth to think myself of so much Importance, as to suppose every one in a Plot against "me. Are you sure, however, the London "Journey is not to be a Lincolnshire one? "May not John, who has been once a Traitor, be so again?---Why need I be thus in Doubt?---"If I could have this Horse, I would turn the "Reins on his Neck, and trust to Providence to guide him for my Safeguard! For I would not endanger you, now just upon the Edge of

" your Preferment. Yet, Sir, I fear your fatal." Openness will make you suspected as accessary,

" let us be ever so cautious.

"WERE my Life in question, instead of my Honesty, I would not wish to involve you or any body, in the least Difficulty for so worthless a poor Creature. But, O Sir! my Soul is of equal Importance with the Soul of a Princess; though my Quality is inserior to that of the meanest Slave.

"SAVE then, my Innocence, good Heaven, and preserve my Mind spotless; and happy fhall I be to lay down my worthless Life,

" and see an End to all my Troubles and " Apprehensions!

" FORGIVE my Impatience: But my pre-

- " faging Mind bodes horrid Mischiefs!— " Every thing looks dark around me; and this
- "Woman's impenetrable Sullenness and Silence,
- " without any apparent Reason, from a Conduct
- " so very contrary, bid me fear the worst. -----" Blame me, Sir, if you think me wrong; and
- " let me have your Advice what to do, which

" will oblige

" Your most afflicted Servant."

#### FRIDAY.

HAVE this half-angry Answer; but what is more to me than all the Letters in the World could be, yours, my dear Father, inclos'd.

### " Madam,

- I THINK you are too apprehensive by much. I am forry for your Uneasiness.
- "You may depend upon me, and all I can do. " But I make no Doubt of the London Jour-
- " ney, nor of John's Contrition and Fidelity.
- " I have just received, from my Gainsborough
- " Friend, this Letter, as I suppose, from your " good Father, in a Cover, directed for me, as
- "I had defir'd. I hope it contains nothing to
- " add to your Uneasiness. Pray, dearest Ma-
- " dam, lay aside your Fears, and wait a few Days
- " for the Isue of Mrs. Jewkes's Letter, and " mine

" mine of Thanks to Mr. B. Things, I hope, " must be better than you expect. Providence " will not desert such Piety and Innocence; and " be this your Comfort and Reliance: Which " is the best Advice that can at present be given, " by

" Your most faithful humble Servant."

#### N. B. The Father's Letter was as follows:

## " My dearest Daughter,

" OUR Prayers are at length heard, and we are overwhelm'd with Joy. O what " Sufferings, what Trials hast thou gone thro'! " Bleffed be the Divine Goodness, which has " enabled thee to withstand so many Tempta-" tions! We have not yet had Leisure to read " thro' your long Accounts of all your Hard-" ships. I say long, because I wonder how you " could find Time and Opportunity for them; " but otherwise, they are the Delight of our " spare Hours; and we shall read them over " and over, as long as we live, with Thankful-" ness to God, who has given us so virtuous and " fo discreet a Daughter. How happy is our " Lot, in the midst of our Poverty! O let none " ever think Children a Burden to them; when " the poorest Circumstances can produce so " much Riches in a Pamela! Persist, my dear " Daughter, in the same excellent Course; " and we shall not envy the highest Estate, but " defy them to produce such a Daughter as " ours.

#### PAMELA; or, 264

" I SAID, we had not read thro' all yours in " Course. We were too impatient, and so turn'd " to the End; where we find your Virtue within

" View of its Reward, and your Master's Heart

" turn'd to see the Folly of his Ways, and the

" Injury he had intended to our dear Child, " For, to be fure, my Dear, he would have

" ruin'd you, if he could. But seeing your

"Virtue, his Heart is touch'd, and he has,

" no doubt, been awakened by your good

« Example. "WE don't see, that you can do any way so " well, as to come into the present Proposal, " and make Mr. Williams, the worthy Mr. " Williams! God bless him! - happy. And " tho' we are poor, and can add no Merit, no " Reputation, no Fortune to our dear Child, " but rather must be a Disgrace to her, as the "World will think; yet I hope I do not fin " in my Pride, to fay, that there is no good " Man, of a common Degree, (especially as your " late Lady's Kindness gave you such good Op-" portunities, which you have had the Grace to " improve) but may think himself happy in you. " But, as you fay, you had rather not marry at " present, far be it from us to offer Violence to your Inclinations! So much Prudence as " you have shewn in all your Conduct, would " make it very wrong in us to mistrust it in this, " or to offer to direct you in your Choice.

" But, alas! my Child, what can we do for

" you? - To partake our hard Lot, and in-

" volve yourself into as hard a Life, would not " help

" help us; but add to our Afflictions. But it will be time enough to talk of these things, when we have the Pleasure you now put us in Hope of, of seeing you with us; which God grant. Amen, Amen, say

## " Your most indulgent Parents, Amen!

" Our humblest Service and Thanks to the "worthy Mr. Williams. Again, we say,

" God bless him for ever!

" O what a deal we have to fay to you! God " give us a happy Meeting! We under-

" stand the 'Squire is setting out for Lon-

" don. He is a fine Gentleman, and has

"Wit at Will. I wish he was as good.

" But I hope he will now reform."

O WHAT inexpressible Comfort, my dear Father, has your Letter given me! You ask, What can you do for me? - What is it you cannot do for your Child! - You can give her the Advice she has so much wanted, and still wants, and will always want: You can confirm her in the Paths of Virtue, into which you first initiated her; and you can pray for her, with Hearts fo fincere and pure, that are not to be met with in Palaces! Oh! how I long to throw myself at your Feet, and receive from your own Lips, the Bleffings of fuch good Parents! But, alas! how are my Prospects again overclouded, to what they were when I closed my last Parcel! - More Trials, more Dangers, I fear,

# 266 PAMELA; or,

I fear, must your poor Pamela be engag'd in: But thro' the Divine Goodness, and your Prayers, I hope, at last, to get well out of all my Dissipulties; and the rather, as they are not the Essect of my own Vanity or Presumption!

But I will proceed with my hopeless Story, I saw Mr. Williams was a little nettled at my Impatience; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him; especially as my Father, whose Respects I mention'd, had assured me, my Master was setting out for London, which he must have somehow from his own Family, or he would not have written me word of it,

## SATURDAY, SUNDAY.

Days, as usual; but is very indifferently receiv'd still by Mrs. Jewkes; and, to avoid Suspicion, I lest them together, and went up to my Closet, most of the Time he was here. He and she, I found by her, had a Quarrel; and she seems quite out of Humour with him; but I thought it best not to say any thing. And he said, he would very little trouble the House, till he had an Answer to his Letter, from Mr. B. And she return'd, The less, the better. Poor Man! he has got but little by his Openness, and making Mrs. Jewkes his Consident, as she bragg'd, and would have had me to do likewise.

I AM more and more fatisfied there is Mischief brewing, and shall begin to hide my Papers, and be circumspect. She seems mighty impatient for an Answer to her Letter to my Master.

# MONDAY, TUESDAY, the 25th and 26th Days of my heavy Restraint.

CTILL more and more strange Things to write! A Messenger is return'd, and now all is out! O wretched, wretched Pamela! What at last will become of me! - Such strange Turns and Trials sure never poor Creature, of my Years, experienced! He brought two Letters, one to Mrs. Jewkes, and one to me: But, as the greatest Wits may be fometimes mistaken, they being folded and fealed alike, that for me, was directed to Mrs. Jewkes; and that for her, was directed But both are stark naught, abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and faid, Here's a Letter for you: Long look'dfor is come at last. I will ask the Messenger a few Questions, and then I will read mine. So fhe went down, and I broke it open in my Clofer, and found it directed, To Mrs. PAMELA ANDREWS. But when I open'd it, it began, Mrs. lewkes. I was quite confounded; but, thought I, this may be a lucky Mistake; I may discover something. And so I read on these horrid Contents:

" Mrs. JEWKES,

IN HAT you write me, has given me no small Disturbance. This wretched " Fool's Plaything, no doubt, is ready to leap at " any thing that offers, rather than express the " least Sense of Gratitude for all the Benefits " fhe has receiv'd from my Family, and which " I was determined more and more to heap " upon her. I reserve her for my future Re-" sentment; and I charge you double your " Diligence in watching her, to prevent her " Escape. I send this by an honest Swis, who " attended me in my Travels; a Man I can " trust; and so let him be your Assistant: For " the artful Creature is enough to corrupt a " Nation by her feeming Innocence and Sim-" plicity; and she may have got a Party, per-" haps, among my Servants with you, as she has here. Even John Arnold, whom I con-" fided in, and favour'd more than any, has " prov'd an execrable Villain; and shall meet " his Reward for it. " As to that College Novice, Williams, I " need not bid you take care he fees not this " painted Bauble; for I have order'd Mr.

" painted Bauble; for I have order'd Mr. "Shorter, my Attorney, to throw him in"flantly into Gaol, on an Action of Debt, for "Money he has had of me, which I had intend"ed never to carry to account against him; 
for I know all his rascally Practices, besides "what you write me of his persidious Intrigue

" with that Girl, and his acknowledg'd Con-

" trivances

" trivances for her Escape; when he knew not, " for certain, that I design'd her any Mischief;

" and when, if he had been guided by a Sense

" of Piety, or Compassion for injur'd Inno-

" cence, as he pretends, he would have expo"fulated with me, as his Function, and my

" Friendship for him, might have allow'd him.

" But to enter into a vile Intrigue with the amia-

" ble Gewgaw, to favour her Escape in so base

" a manner, (to fay nothing of his difgraceful

" Practices against me, in Sir Simon Darnford's

"Family; of which Sir Simon himself has

" inform'd me) is a Conduct, that, instead of preferring the ungrateful Wretch, as I had

"intended, shall pull down upon him utter

" Ruin.

" Monsieur Colbrand, my trusty Swiss,

" will obey you without Reserve, if my other

" Servants refuse.

" As for her denying, that she encourag'd his

" Declaration, I believe it not. 'Tis certain

" the speaking Picture, with all that pretended

"Innocence and Bashfulness, would have run

" away with him. Yes, she would have run

" away with a Fellow that she had been ac-

" quainted with (and that not intimately, if

" you were as careful as you ought to be) but few Days; at a time, when she had the strongest

" Assurances of my Honour to her.

" WELL, I think I now hate her perfectly;

" and tho' I will do nothing to her myfelf, yet

" I can bear, for the sake of my Revenge, and

" my injur'd Honour, and slighted Love, to

" fee any thing, even what she most fears, be done to her; and then she may be turn'd loose " to her evil Destiny, and echo to the Woods and Groves her piteous Lamentations for the Loss of her fantastical Innocence, which the " romantick Idiot makes such a work about. I " shall go to London with my Sister Davers; " and the Moment I can disengage myself, which " may be in Three Weeks from this time, I " will be with you, and decide her Fate, and " put an End to your Trouble. Mean time, be "doubly careful; for this Innocent, as I have " warn'd you, is full of Contrivances. I am

#### Your Friend."

I HAD but just read this dreadful Letter thro, when Mrs. Jewkes came up, in a great Fright, gueffing at the Mistake, and that I had her Letter; and she found me with it open in my Hand, just finking away. What Business, said she, had you to read my Letter? and snatch'd it from me. You see, said she, looking upon it, it fays, Mrs. Jewkes, at top: You ought, in Manners, to have read no further. O add not, faid I, to my Afflictions! I shall soon be out of all your ways! This is too much! too much! I never can support this ----- And threw myself upon the Couch, in my Closet, and wept most bitterly. She read it in the next Room, and came in again afterwards: Why this, faid she, is a fad Letter indeed! I am forry for it: But I fear'd you world carry your Niceties too far !---Leave

Leave me, leave me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, for a-while: I cannot speak nor talk!--- Poor Heart! said she; well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own Letter; I wish you well; but this is a sad Mistake! And so she put down by me that which was intended for me. But I have no Spirit to read it at present. O Man! Man! hard-hearted, cruel Man! what Mischiefs art thou not capable

of, unrelenting Persecutor as thou art!

I sar ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the Terms of this wicked Letter; and had no Inclination to look into my own. The bad Names, Fool's Plaything, artful Creature, painted Bauble, Gewgaw, speaking Picture, are hard Words for your poor Pamela! and I began to think, whether I was not indeed a very naughty Body, and had not done vile Things: But when I thought of his having discover'd poor John, and of Sir Simon's base Officiousness, in telling him of Mr. Williams, with what he had refolv'd against him, in Revenge for his Goodness to me, I was quite despirited; and yet still more, about that fearful Colbrand, and what he could see done to me; for then I was ready to gasp for Breath, and my Heart quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the Words, that he will decide my Fate in three Weeks! Gracious Heaven, said I, strike me dead, before that time, with a Thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threaten'd Mischiefs! God forgive me, if I finn'd!

AT last, I took up the Letter directed for Mrs. Fewkes, but defign'd for me; and I find that little better than the other. These are the hard Terms it contains:

TITELL have you done, perverse, forward. artful, yet foolish Pamela, to convince " me, before it was too late, how ill I had done " to place my Affections on fo unworthy an "Object. I had vow'd Honour and Love to " your Unworthiness, believing you a Mirror " of bashful Modesty, and unspotted Inno-" cence; and that no perfidious Defign lurked " in so fair a Bosom. But now I have found " you out, you specious Hypocrite! and I see, " that the you could not repose the least Con-" fidence in one you had known fo many Years, " and who, under my good Mother's misplaced " Favour for you, had grown up, in a manner, " with you; when my Passion, in spite of my " Pride, and the Difference of our Condition, " made me stoop to a Meanness that now I " despise myself for; yet you could enter into " an Intrigue with a Man you never knew, till " within these few Days past, and resolve to " run away with a Stranger, whom your fair " Face, and infinuating Arts, had bewitched " to break thro' all the Ties of Honour and "Gratitude to me; even at a Time when the " Happiness of his future Life depended upon " my Favour.

"HENCEFORTH, for Pamela's fake, " whenever I fee a lovely Face, will I mistrust a deceitful Heart: And whenever I hear of the greatest Pretences to Innocence, will I " suspect some deep-laid Mischief. You were " determin'd to place no Confidence in me, "tho' I have folemnly, over and over, engag'd my Honour to you. What tho' I had alarm'd " your Fears, in fending you one way, when " you hop'd to go another; yet, had I not, to " convince you of my Resolution to do justly " by you, (altho' with great Reluctance, such "then was my Love for you) engaged not to " come near you without your own Consent? "Was not this a voluntary Demonstration of " the Generosity of my Intentions to you? Yet " how have you requited me? The very first " Fellow that your charming Face, and infi-" nuating Address, could influence, you have " practis'd upon, corrupted too, I may fay, " (and even ruin'd, as the ingrateful Wretch " shall find) and thrown your forward Self " upon him. As therefore you would place " no Confidence in me, my Honour owes you " nothing; and in a little time you shall find " how much you have err'd in treating, as you " have done, a Man, who was once

## " Tour affectionate and kind Friend.

" Mrs. Jewkes has Directions concerning 
" you: And if your Lot is now harder 
" than you might wish, you will bear it 
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" the

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"the easier, because your own rash Folly has brought it upon you."

ALAS! for me, what a Fate is mine, to be thus thought artful and forward, and ingrateful! when all I intended, was to preserve my Innocence; and when all the poor little Shifts, which his superior wicked Wit and Cunning have render'd inessectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary Defence!

WHEN Mrs. Fewkes came up to me again, she found me bathed in Tears. She seem'd, as I thought, to be moved to some Compassion; and finding myself now intirely in her Power. and that it is not for me to provoke her, I faid, It is now, I fee, in vain for me to contend against my evil Destiny, and the superior Arts of my barbarous Master. I will refign myself to the Divine Will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how this poor Mr. Williams is drawn in and undone; I am forry I am made the Cause of his Ruin :--- Poor, poor Man!--to be thus involv'd, and for my fake too! -But, if you'll believe me, faid I, I gave no Encouragement to what he propos'd, as to Marriage; nor would he have propos'd it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to fave me: And his principal Motive to it all, was Virtue and Compassion to one in Diffress. What other View could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you is, to let the poor Gentleman have Notice of my Master's Resentment; and let him sly

the Country, and not be thrown into Gaol: This will answer my Master's End as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from affifting

me, as if he was in a Prison.

Ask me, faid she, to do any thing that is in my Power, confistent with my Duty and Trust, and I will do it; for I am forry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no Correspondence with him, nor let you. I offer'd to talk of a Duty superior to that she mention'd, which would oblige her to help distressed Innocence, and not permit her to go the Lengths injoin'd by lawless Tyranny; but she plainly bid me be filent on that Head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her Trust. All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your Contrivances and Arts to get away, and make me your Friend, by giving me no Reason to suspect you; for I glory in my Fidelity to my Mafter: And you have both practis'd some strange sly Arts, to make such a Progress as he has own'd there was between you, fo seldom as, I thought, you saw one another; and I must be more circumspect than I have been.

THIS doubled my Concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watch'd than

before.

WELL, faid I, fince I have, by this strange Accident, discover'd my hard Destiny, let me read over again that fearful Letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my Distress, and make Calamity familiar to me. Then, faid she, let me read yours again. I gave her

her mine, and the lent me hers; and fo I took a Copy of it, with her Leave; because, as I said, I would, by it, prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinn'd it on the Head of the Couch: This, faid I, is the Use I shall make of this wretched Copy of your Letter's and here you shall always find it wet

with my Tears.

SHE faid, She would go down to order Supper, and infifted upon my Company to it: I would have excused myself; but she began to put on a commanding Air, that I durst not oppose. And when I went down, she took me by the Hand, and prefented me to the most hideous Monster I ever faw in my Life. Here, Monsieur Colbrand, faid she, here is your pretty Ward and mine; let us try to make her Time with us easy. He bow'd, and put on his foreign Grimaces, and feem'd to bless himself! and, in broken English, told me, I was happy in de Affections of de vinest Gentleman in de Varld! - I was quite frighten'd, and ready to drop down; and I will describe him to you, my dear Father and Mother, if now you will ever see this; and you shall judge if I had not Reason, especially not knowing he was to be there, and being appris'd, as I was, of his hated Employment, to watch me closer.

HE is a Giant of a Man, for Stature; taller, by a good deal deal, than Harry Mawlidge, in your Neighbourhood, and large-bon'd, and scraggy; and has a Hand! - I never saw such an one in my Life. He has great staring Eyes, like

like the Bull's that frighten'd me so; vast Jawbones sticking out; Eye-brows hanging over his Eyes; Two great Scars upon his Forehead, and One on his lest Cheek; and Two huge Whiskers, and a monstrous wide Mouth; blubber Lips; long yellow Teeth, and a hideous Grin. He wears his own frightful long Hair, ty'd up in a great black Bag; a black Crape Neckcloth, about a long ugly Neck; and his Throat sticking out like a Wen. As to the rest, he was dress'd well enough, and had a Sword on, with a nasty red Knot to it; Leather Garters, buckled below his Knees; and a Foot—near as long as my

Arm, I verily think.

HE said, He fright de Lady; and offer'd to withdraw; but she bid him not; and I told Mrs. Fewkes, That as the knew I had been weeping, the should not have call'd me to the Gentleman without letting me know he was there. I foon went up to my Closet; for my Heart ak'd all the time I was at Table, not being able to look upon him without Horror; and this Brute of a Woman, tho' she saw my Distress before this Addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more Terror into me. And indeed it had its Effect; for when I went to bed, I could think of nothing but his hideous Perfon, and my Master's more hideous Actions; and judg'd them too well pair'd; and when I dropp'd asleep, I dream'd they were both coming to my Bed-side with the worst Designs; and I jump'd out of Bed in my Sleep, and frighted Mrs. Yewkes; till, waking with the Terror, I told

told her my Dream: And the wicked Creature only laugh'd, and faid, All I fear'd was but a Dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such!

And now I am come to the Close of WED-NESDAY, the 27th Day of my Distress.

POOR Mr. Williams is actually arrested, and carried away to Stamford. So there is an End of all my Hopes from him. Poor Gentleman! his Over-security and Openness have ruin'd us both! I was but too well convinc'd, that we ought not to have lost a Moment's time; but he was half angry, and thought me too impatient; and then his fatal Confessions, and the detestable Artistice of my Master!—But one might well think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his Stratagems hitherto, that it was impossible to avoid them, would stick at nothing to complete them. I fear I shall soon find it so!

But one Stratagem I have just invented, tho' a very discouraging one to think of, because I have neither Friends nor Money, nor know one Step of the Way, if I was out of the House. But let Bulls, and Bears, and Lions, and Tygers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful Men, stand in my Way, I cannot be in more Danger than I am; and I depend nothing upon his Three Weeks: For how do I know, now he is in such a Passion, and has already begun his Vergeance on poor Mr. Williams, that he will not change his Mind, and come down to

Lincolnshire before he goes to London.

My Stratagem is this: I will endeavour to get Mrs. Fewkes to go to-bed without me; as the often does, while I fit lock'd up in my Closet; and as she sleeps very found in her first Sleep, of which she never fails to give Notice by Snoring, if I can but then get out between the Two Bars of the Window, (for you know, I am very stender, and I find I can get my Head thro') then I can drop upon the Leads underneath, which are little more than my Height, and which Leads are over a little Summer-parlour, that juts out towards the Garden; and as I am light, I can eafily drop from them; for they are not high from the Ground: Then I fhall be in the Garden; and then, as I have the Key of the Back-door, I will get out. But I have another Piece of Cunning still; good Heaven succeed to me my dangerous, but innocent Devices! - I have read of a great Captain, who being in Danger, leap'd over-board, into the Sea; and his Enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with Bows and Arrows, he unloofed his upper Garment, and took another Course, while they fluck that full of their Darts and Arrows; and so he escaped, and lived to triumph over them all. So what will I do, but strip off my upper Petticoat, and throw it into the Pond, with my Neck-handkerchief; for, to be fure, when they miss me, they will go to the Pond first, thinking T 4

thinking I have drown'd myself; and so, when they see some of my Cloaths floating there, they will be all employ'd in dragging the Pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be miss'd till the Morning, this will give me Opportunity to get a great way off; and I am fure I will run for it when I am out. And fo I truft, that Providence will direct my Steps to some good Place of Safety, and make some worthy Body my Friend; for sure, if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more Danger, nor in worse Hands, than where I am; and with fuch avowed bad Defigns.

O My dear Parents! don't be frighted when you come to read this! — But all will be over before you can see it; and so God direct me for the best. My Writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the Garden; for, to be fure, I shall be fearch'd, and used dreadfully, if I can't get off. And fo I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my Plot. Profper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed Innocence! this last Effort of thy poor Handmaid; that I may escape the crafty Devices and Snares that have begun to entangle my Virtue; and from which, but by this one Trial, I fee no way of escaping! And, Oh! whatever becomes of me, bless my dear Parents, and protect poor Mr. Williams from Ruin! for he was happy before he knew me!

of and they will so to the lord ort.

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Just now, just now! I heard Mrs. Jewkes, who is in her Cups, own to the horrid Colbrand, that the Robbing of poor Mr. Williams was a Contrivance of hers, and executed by the Groom and a Helper, in order to seize my Letters upon him, which they miss'd. They are now both laughing at the dismal Story, which they little think I overheard. — O how my Heart akes! for what are not such Wretches capable of! Can you blame me for endeavouring, thro any Danger, to get out of such Clutches!

### Past Eleven o'Clock.

MRS. Jewkes is come up, and gone to-bed; and bids me not stay long in my Closet, but come to-bed. O for a dead Sleep for the treacherous Brute! I never saw her so tipsy, and that gives me Hopes. I have try'd again, and find I can get my Head thro' the Iron Bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these and my other Papers, my last Work, and to thy Providence, O my gracious God, commit the rest! — Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy Meeting; if not here, in his heavenly Kingdom! Amen.

And every thing has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy Pamela! — Without any Hope lest, and ruin'd in all my Contriveances! But, Oh! my dear Parents, rejoice with me, even in this low Plunge of my Distress; for your poor Pamela has escap'd from an Enemy worse than any she ever met with; an Enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against: I mean, the Weakness and Presumption, both in one, of her own Mind; which had well nigh, had not the Divine Grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest, last Abyss of Misery and Perdition!

I will proceed, as I have Opportunity, with my fad Relation: For my Pen and Ink (in my now doubly-fecur'd Closet) is all I have to employ myself with: And indeed I have been so weak, that till yesterday Evening, I have not

been able to hold a Pen.

I rook with me but one Shift, besides what I had on, and Two Handkerchiefs, and Two Caps, which my Pocket held, (for it was not for me to encumber myself) and all my Stock of Money, which was but Five or Six Shillings, to set out for I knew not where; and got out of the Window, not without some Difficulty, sticking

sticking a little at my Shoulders and Hips; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. And it was further from the Leads than I thought, and I was afraid I had sprain'd my Ancle; and when I had dropp'd from the Leads to the Ground, it was still surther off; but I did pretty well there; at least, I got no Hurt to hinder me from pursuing my Intentions. So, being now on the Ground, I hid my Papers under a Rose-bush, and cover'd them over with Mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I hy'd away to the Pond: The Clock struck Twelve, just as I got out; and it was a dark misty Night, and very cold; but I felt it not then.

WHEN I came to the Pond-side, I flung in my Upper-coat, as I had defign'd, and my Neck-handkerchief, and a round-ear'd Cap, with a Knot; and then with great Speed ran to the Door, and took the Key out of my Pocket, my poor Heart beating all the Time against my Bofom, as if it would have forc'd its way thro' it: And beat it well might! For I then, too late, found, that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked Woman had taken off that Lock. and put another on; so that my Key would not open it. I try'd and try'd, and feeling about, I found a Padlock besides, on another Part of the Door. O then how my Heart funk!-I dropp'd down with Grief and Confusion, unable to stir, or support myself, for a while. But my Fears awakening my Refolution, and knowing

knowing that my Attempt would be as terrible for me, as any other Danger I could then encounter, I clamber'd up upon the Ledges of the Door, and upon the Lock, which was a great wooden one; and reached the Top of the Door with my Hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the Top of the Wall with my Hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill Luck! - no Escape for poor Pamela! The Wall being old, the Bricks I held by, gave way, just as I was taking a Spring to get up; and down came I, and received such a Blow upon my Head, with one of the Bricks, that it quite stunn'd me; and I broke my Shins and my Ancle besides, and

beat off the Heel of one of my Shoes,

In this dreadful way, flat upon the Ground, lay poor I, for I believe Five or Six Minutes; and then trying to get up, I funk down again two or three times; and my left Hip and Shoulder were very stiff and full of Pain, with Bruises; and besides my Head bled, and ak'd grievously with the Blow I had with the Brick. — Yet these Hurts I valued not; but crept a good way, upon my Feet and Hands, in Search of a Ladder I just recollected to have seen against the Wall Two Days before, on which the Gardener was nailing a Nectarine Branch, that was loosen'd from the Wall: But no Ladder could I find, and the Wall was very high. What, now, thought I, must become of the miserable Pamela! — Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my Closet, and to repent of

of my Attempt, which I now censured as rash, because it did not succeed.

Go'p forgive me! but a fad Thought came just then into my Head! - I tremble to think of it! Indeed my Apprehensions of the Usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! O my dear, dear Parents, forgive your poor Child; but being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myfelf on my staggering Feet; and away limp'd I! - What to do, but to throw myself into the Pond, and so pur a Period to all my Griefs in this World! But, Oh! to find them infinitely aggravated (had I not, by the Divine Grace, been with-held) in a miserable Eternity! As I have escap'd this Temptation, (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my Conflicts on this dreadful Occasion, that the Divine Mercies may be magniffed in my Deliverance; that I am yet on this Side the dreadful Gulph, from which there could have been no Return. ob or work flan

It was well for me, as I have fince thought, that I was so maim'd, as made me the longer before I got to the Water; for this gave me Time to consider, and abated that Impetuousness of my Passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurry'd me, in my first Transport of Grief, (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard Usage I had Reason to expect from my dreadful Keepers) to throw myself in; but my Weakness of Body made me move so slowly, that it gave Time, as I said, for a little Reflection.

flection, a Ray of Grace, to dart in upon my benighted Mind; and so, when I came to the Pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping Bank, and began to ponder my wretched Condition; and thus I reason'd with myself:

PAUSE here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful Leap; and confider whether there be no Way yet left, no Hope, if not to escape from this wicked House, yet from the Mischiess threatened thee

in it.

I THEN consider'd, and after I had cast about in my Mind, every thing that could make me hope, and faw no Probability; a wicked Woman, devoid of all Compassion! a horrid Helper, just arriv'd in this dreadful Colbrand! an angry and refenting Mafter, who now hated me, and threaten'd the most afflicting Evils! and, that I should, in all Probability, be depriv'd even of the Opportunity I now had before me, to free myself from all their Persecutions! - What hast thou to do, distressed Creature, said I to myself, but throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently I suffer) to avoid the merciless Wickedness of those who are determin'd on my Ruin?

AND then thought I, (and Oh! that Thought was furely of the Devil's Infligation; for it was very foothing and powerful with me) thefe wicked Wretches, who now have no Remorfe, no Pity on me, will then be mov'd to lament their Misdoings; and when they see the dead Corpse of the unhappy Pamela dragg'd

out to these dewy Banks, and lying breathless at their Feet, they will find that Remorfe to foften their obdurate Hearts, which, now, has no Place there! - And my Master, my angry Master, will then forget his Resentments, and say, O this is the unhappy Pamela! that I have so causlefly persecuted and destroy'd! Now do I see the preferr'd her Honesty to her Life, will he fay, and is no Hypocrite, nor Deceiver; but really was the innocent Creature she pretended to be! Then, thought I, will he perhaps shed a few Tears over the poor Corple of his persecuted Servant; and, tho' he may give out, it was Love and Disappointment, and that perhaps (in order to hide his own Guilt) for the unfortunate Mr. Williams; yet will he be inwardly griev'd, and order me a decent Funeral, and fave me, or rather this Part of me, from the dreadful Stake, and the Highway Interrment; and the young Men and Maidens around my dear Father's will pity poor Pamela! But O! I hope I shall not be the Subject of their Ballads and Elegies, but that my Memory, for the fake of my dear Father and Mother, may quickly slide into Oblivion!

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of Thinking, to throw myself in: But again, my Bruises made me slow; and I thought, What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela? How knowest thou, tho' the Prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted Eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human Means sail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore Afflictions.

Afflictions, if he had not given me Strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: And who knows, but that the very Presence I so much dread, of my angry and designing Malster, (for he has had me in his Power before, and yet I have escaped) may be better for me, than these persecuting Emissaries of his, who, for his Money, are true to their wicked Trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long Habit of Wickedness, against Compunction of Heart? God can touch his Heart in an Instant; and if this should not be done, I can then but put an End to my Life by some other Means, if I am so resolved.

But how do I know, thought I, that even these Bruises and Maims that I have gotten, while I pursued only the laudable Escape I had meditated, may not kindly have furnish'd me with the Opportunity I now am tempted with to precipitate myself, and of surrendering up my Life, spotless and unguilty, to that mer-

ciful Being who gave it!

THEN, thought I, who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a Power over thy Life? Who authoriz'd thee to put an End to it, when the Weakness of thy Mind suggests not to thee a way to preserve it with Honour? How knowest thou what Purposes God may have to serve, by the Trials with which thou art now exercised? Art thou to put a Bound to the Divine Will, and to say, Thus much will I bear, and no more? And wilt thou dare to say, That if the Trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt sooner die, than bear it?

THIS Act of Despondency, thought I, is a Sin, that, if I pursue it, admits of no Repentance, and can therefore hope no Forgiveness. -And wilt thou, to shorten thy transitory Griefs, heavy as they are, and weak as thou fansiest thyself, plunge both Body and Soul into everlasting Misery! Hitherto, Pamela, thought I, thou art the innocent, the suffering Pamela; and wilt thou, to avoid thy Sufferings, be the guilty Aggressor? And, because wicked Men persecute thee, wilt thou fly in the Face of the Almighty, and distrust his Grace and Goodness, who can still turn all these Sufferings to Benefits? And how do I know, but that God, who sees all the lurking Vileness of my Heart, may have permitted these Sufferings on that very score, and to make me rely folely on his Grace and Assistance, who perhaps have too much prided myself in a vain Dependence on my own foolish Contrivances?

THEN again, thought I, wilt thou suffer in one Moment all the good Lessons of thy poor honest Parents, and the Benefit of their Example, (who have persisted in doing their Duty with Resignation to the Divine Will, amidst the extreme Degrees of Disappointment, Poverty, and Distress, and the Persecutions of an ingrateful World, and merciless Creditors) to be thrown away upon thee; and bring down, as in all Probability this thy Rashness will, their grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, when they shall understand, that their beloved Daughter, slighting the Tenders of Divine Grace, de-

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spairing of the Mercies of a protecting God, has blemish'd, in this last Att, a whole Life, which they had hitherto approv'd and delighted in?

WHAT then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou here? thought I: Quit with Speed these perilous Banks, and fly from these curling Waters, that seem in their meaning Murmurs, this still Night, to reproach thy Rashness! Tempt not God's Goodness on the mossy Banks, that have been Witnesses of thy guilty Purpose; and while thou hast Power left thee, avoid the tempting Evil, left thy grand Enemy, now repuls'd by Divine Grace, and due Reflection, return to the Affault with a Force that thy Weakness may not be able to resist! And lest one rash Moment destroy all the Convictions, which now have aw'd thy rebellious Mind into Duty and Refignation to the Divine Will!

AND so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with' my Hurts, fo cold with the moift Dew of the Night, and the wet Grass on which I had fat, as also with the Damps arising from so large a Piece of Water, that with great Pain I got from this Pond, which now I think of with Terror; and bending my limping Steps towards the House, took Refuge in the Corner of an Out-house, where Wood and Coals are laid up for Family Use, till I should be found by my cruel Keepers, and confign'd to a more wretched Confinement, and worse Usage, than I had hitherto experienc'd; and there behind a Pile of Fire-wood I crept, and lay down, as you

may imagine, with a Mind just broken, and a Heart sensible to nothing but the extremest Woe and Dejection.

THIS, my dear Father and Mother, is the Issue of your poor Pamela's fruitless Enterprize; and who knows, if I had got out at the Backdoor, whether I had been at all in a better Case, moneyless; friendless; as I am, and in a strange Place! — But blame not your poor Daughter too much: Nay, if ever you fee this miserable Scribble, all bathed and blotted with my Tears, let your Pity get the better of your Reprehenfion! But I know it will. - And I must leave off for the present. - For, Oh! my Strength and my Will are at this time far unequal to one another. - But yet, I will add, that the I should have prais'd God for my Deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked Keepers, and my designing Master; yet I have more abundant Reason to praise Him, that I have been deliver'd from a worse Enemy, myself!

### I will continue my fad Relation.

It seems, Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till Daybreak; and not finding me in Bed, she call'd me; and no Answer being return'd, she relates, that she got out of Bed, and ran to my Closet; and missing me, searched under the Bed, and in another Closet, finding the Chamber-door, as she had left it, quite fast, and the Key, as usual, about her Wrist. For if I could have got out SHE says, she was excessively frighted, and instantly rais'd the Swifs, and the two Maids, who lay not far off; and finding every Door fast, she said, I must be carry'd away, as St. Peter was out of Prison, by some Angel. It is a Wonder she had not a worse Thought!

SHE fays, fhe wept and wrung her Hands, and took on fadly, running about like a mad Woman, little thinking I could have got out of the Closet Window, between the Iron Bars; and indeed I don't know whether I could do fo again. But at last finding that Casement open, they concluded it must be so; and ran out into the Garden, and found my Footsteps in the Mould of the Bed which I dropp'd down upon from the Leads: And so speeded away, all of them, that is to fay, Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, and Nan, towards the Back-door, to see if that was fast, while the Cook was fent to the Outoffices to raise the Men, and make them get Horses ready, to take each a several Way to purfue me.

BUT it seems, finding that Door double-lock'd and padlock'd, and the Heel of my Shoe, and the broken Bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some Means over the Wall;

and then, they fay, Mrs. Fewkes feem'd like a distracted Woman: Till at last Nan had the Thought to go towards the Pond, and there feeing my Coat, and Cap and Handkerchief in the Water, cast almost to the Banks by the Agitation of the Waves, she thought it was me, and screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and faid, O Madam, Madam! here's a piteous thing! — Mrs. Pamela lies drown'd in the Pond. — Thither they all ran; and finding my Cloaths, doubted not I was at the Bottom; and they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their Breasts, and made most dismal Lamentations; and Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the Men, to bid them get the Drag-net ready, and leave the Horses, and come to try to find the poor Innocent, as she, it seems, then call'd me, beating her Breast, and lamenting my hard Hap; but most what would become of them, and what Account they should give to my Master.

While every one was thus differently employ'd, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the Woodhouse; and there lay poor I, so weak, so low, and so dejected, and withal so stiff with my Bruises, that I could not stir nor help myself to get upon my Feet. And I said, with a low Voice, (for I could hardly speak) Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann!—The Creature was sadly frighted, but was taking up a Billet to knock me on the Head, believing I was some Thief, as she said; but I cry'd out, O Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann, help me, for Pity's sake, to Mrs. Jewkes! for I can-

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not get up. — Bless me! said she, what! you, Madam! — Why our Hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the Pond for you, believing you had drown'd yourself. Now, said

the, you'll make us all alive again!

AND without helping me, she ran away to the Pond, and brought all the Crew to the Wood-house. — The wicked Woman, as she entered, said, Where is she? — Plague of her Spells, and her Witchcrasts! She shall dearly repent of this Trick, if my Name be Jewkes; and coming to me, took hold of my Arm so roughly, and gave me such a Pull, as made me squeal out, (my Shoulder being bruis'd on that Side) and drew me on my Face. O cruel Creature! said I, if you knew what I have suffer'd, it would move you to pity me!

EVEN Colbrand seem'd to be concern'd, and said, Fie, Madam, sie! you see she is almost dead! You must not be so rough with her. The Coachman Robin seem'd to be sorry for me too, and said, with Sobs, What a Scene is here! Don't you see she is all bloody in her Head, and cannot stir? — Curse of her Contrivances! said the horrid Creature; she has frighted me out of my Wits, I'm sure. How the D—-1 came you here? — O! said I, ask me now no Questions, but let the Maids carry me up to my Prison; and there let me die decently, and in Peace! For indeed I thought I could not live two Hours.

THE still more inhuman Tygress said, I suppose you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my Master this

Minute;

Minute; let him come and watch you himself, for me; for there's no fuch thing as holding

you, I'm fure.

So the Maids took me up between them, and carry'd me to my Chamber; and when the Wretch faw how bad I was, she began a little to relent ----- while every one wonder'd, (at what I had neither Strength nor Inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass, which

they imputed to Sorcery and Witchcraft.

I was so weak, when I had got up-stairs, that I fainted away, with Dejection, Pain and Fatigue; and they undress'd me, and got me to-bed, and Mrs. Yewkes order'd Nan to bathe my Shoulder, and Arm, and Ancle, with some old Rum warm'd; and they cut the Hair a little from the back Part of my Head, and wash'd that; for it was clotted with Blood, from a pretty long, but not deep Gash; and put a Family Plaster upon it; for if this Woman has any good Quality, it is, it feems, in a Readiness and Skill to manage in Cases, where sudden Misfortunes happen in a Family.

AFTER this, I fell into a pretty found and refreshing Sleep, and lay till Twelve o'Clock, tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish, and aguishly inclin'd; and she took a deal of Care to fit me to undergo more Trials, which I had hop'd would have been more happily

ended: But Providence did not see fit.

SHE would make me rise about Twelve: but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the Bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as they

they faid, delirious some Part of the Afternoon. But having a tolerable Night on Thursday, I was a good deal better on Friday, and on Saturday got up, and eat a little Spoon-meat, and my Feverishness seem'd to be gone, and I was so mended by Evening, that I begg'd her Indulgence in my Closet, to be left to myself; which fhe confented to, it being double-barr'd the Day before, and I affuring her, that all my Contrivances, as she call'd them, were at an End. But first she made me tell her the whole Story of my Enterprize; which I did very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my Safety and Escape: And she seem'd to wonder at my Resolution and Venturesomeness, but told me frankly, that I should have found a hard Matter to get quite off; for that she was provided with a Warrant from my Master, (who is a Justice of Peace in this County, as well as the other) to get me apprehended, if I had got away, on Suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O HOW deep-laid are the Mischiess design'd to fall on my devoted Head! — Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy of all this Contrivance! — This too well shews me the Truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other House, that my Master swore he would have me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being his, in his own wicked Sense of the Adjuration!

pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridg'd

abridg'd me of Paper all but one Sheet, which I am to shew her, written or unwritten, on Demand; and has reduced me to one Pen; yet my hidden Stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. Williams, and any thing that she thinks will vex me.

# SUNDAY Afternoon.

MRS. Jewkes has thought fit to give me an Airing for three or four Hours this Afternoon, and I am a good deal better; and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserv'd. But Health is a Blessing hardly to be coveted in my Circumstances, since that but exposes me to the Calamity I am in continual Apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly State might possibly move Compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed Master; tho' I am sure I have done him no Harm!

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drown'd in crossing a Stream, a few Days ago, in pursuing his Game. What is the Matter, that, with all his ill Usage of me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other People! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet when I heard his Danger, which was very great, I could not in my Heart forbear rejoicing for his Sasety; tho his Death would have ended my Afflictions. Ungenerous

Ungenerous Master! if you knew this, you furely would not be fo much my Persecutor! But for my late good Lady's fake, I must wish him well; and O what an Angel would he be in my Eyes yet, if he would cease his Attempts,

and reform.

WELL, I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, that John Arnold is turn'd away, being detected in writeing to Mr. Williams; and that Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan the Butler, have incurr'd his Displeasure, for offering to speak in my Behalf. Mrs. Fervis too is in Danger; for all these Three, belike, went together to beg in my Fayour; for now it is known where I am.

MRs. Yewkes has, with the News about my Master, receiv'd a Letter; but she says the Contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I

have already known.

JUST now the horrid Creature tells me, as a Secret, that she has Reason to think he has found a way to fatisfy my Scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful Colbrand, and buying me of him on the Wedding day, for a Sum of Money! --- Was ever the like heard ?---She fays it will be my Duty to obey my Hufband; and that Mr. Williams will be forced, as a Punishment, to marry us; and that when my Master has paid for me, and I am surrender'd up, the Swifs is to go home again, with the Money, to his former Wife and Children; for fhe fays, it is the Custom of those People to have a Wife in every Nation.

Bur

But this, to be fure, is horrid romancing! Yet, abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some Plot now hatching! With what strange Perplexities is my poor Mind agitated! Perchance, some Sham-marriage may be design'd on purpose to ruin me: But can a Husband sell his Wife, against her own Consent?---- And will such a Bargain stand good in Law?

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WED-NESDAY, the 32d, 33d, and 34th Days of my Imprisonment.

TOTHING offers these Days but Squabblings between Mrs. Jewkes and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vex'd her Yesterday, because she talk'd nastily; and told her she talk'd more like a vile London Prostitute, than a Gentleman's Housekeeper; and she thinks the cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! fhe curses and storms at me like a Trooper, and can hardly keep her Hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly to make me say such harsh Words: Indeed it cannot be repeated; and she is a Disgrace to her Sex. And then fhe ridicules me, and laughs at my Notions of Honesty; and tells me, impudent Creature as she is! what a fine Bedfellow I shall make for my Master, (and such-like) with such whimsical Notions about me! - Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! Quite filthily! O what vile Hands am I put into! THURS-

### THURSDAY.

HAVE now all the Reason that can be, to apprehend my Master will be here foon; for the Servants are busy in setting the House to rights; and a Stable and Coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I ask Mrs. Fewkes, but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a Question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked Airs to me, purposely to make me wish for, what I most of all things dread, my Master's coming down. He talk of Love! -If he had any the least Notion of Regard for me, to be fure he would not give this naughty Body fuch Power over me: - And if he does come, where is his Promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But, it seems, His Honour owes me nothing! So he tells me in his Letter. And why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, he hates me perfectly; and it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the Mercy of this Woman; and, what is worse, to my woful Apprehensions.

FRIDAT, the 36th Day of my Imprisonment.

I TOOK the Liberty yesterday Asternoon, finding the Gates open, to walk out before the House; and ere I was aware, had got to the Bottom

Bottom of the long Row of Elms; and there I fat myself down upon the Steps of a fort of broad Stile, which leads into the Road that goes towards the Town. And as I fat musing about what always busies my Mind, I saw a whole Body of Folks running towards me from the House, Men and Women, as in a Fright. At first I wonder'd what was the Matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarm'd, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible Colbrand, running with his long Legs, well-nigh two Yards at a Stride; then there was one of the Grooms, poor Mr. Williams's Robber; then I 'spy'd Nan. half out of Breath; and the Cook-maid after her; and, lastly, came, waddling, as fast as the could, Mrs. Jewkes, exclaiming most bitterly as I found, against me. Colbrand said, O how have you frighted us all! - And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

Is a T still, to let them see I had no View to get away; for, besides the Improbability of succeeding, my last sad Attempt had cur'd me of enterprising again. And when Mrs. Jewkes came within hearing, I found her terribly incens'd, and raving about my Contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concern'd? Here I have sat a few Minutes, and had not the least Thought of getting away, or going surther; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous Creature struck at me with her horrid Fist, and,

I believe, would have fell'd me, had not Colbrand interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not feeming to have the least Inclination to stir. But this would not serve: She order'd the two Maids to take me each by an Arm, and lead me back into the House, and up-stairs; and there I have been lock'd up ever fince, without Shoes. In vain have I pleaded, that I had no Design, as indeed I had not the leaft; and last Night I was forced to lie between her and Nan; and I find she is resolv'd to make a Handle, of this against me, and in her own Behalf. ---- Indeed, what with her Usage, and my own Apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my Life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my Shoes, and has laid her insolent Commands upon me, to dress myself in a Suit of Cloaths out of the Portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against Three or Four o'Clock; for, she says, she is to have a Visit from Lady Darnford's. Two Daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the Key of the Portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a Shew of, nor see the Ladies. She left me, saying, It should be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

#### Five o' Clock is come.

A ND no young Ladies! — So that I fanfy—But, hold! I hear their Coach, I believe. I'll step to the Window. —I won't go down to them, I'am resolv'd.-----

GOOD Sirs! good Sirs! What will become of me! Here is my Master come in his fine Chariot!—Indeed he is! What shall I do? Where shall I hide mysels?—Oh! what shall I do? Pray for me! But, Oh! you'll not see this!—Now, good God of Heaven, preserve me! if it be thy blessed Will!

#### Seven o' Clock.

Tho' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I have not. To be sure something is resolving against me, and he stays to hear all her Stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to sorbear!—
Yet I cannot hold my Pen!——How crooked and trembling the Lines!——I must leave off, till I can get quieter Fingers!——Why should the Guiltless tremble so, when the Guilty can possess their Minds in Peace?

# SATURDAY Morning.

NOW let me give you an Account of what pass'd last Night; for I had no Power to write, nor yet Opportunity, till now.

This vile Woman held my Master till half an Hour after Seven; and he came hither about Five in the Asternoon. And then I heard his Voice on the Stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his Supper; for he said, I shall chuse a boil'd Chieken, with Butter and

Parsley. ---- And up he came!

HE put on a stern and majestick Air; and he can look very majestick when he pleases. Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful Runaway, said he, for my first Salutation! ---- You do well, don't you, to give me all this Trouble and Vexation? I could not speak; but throwing myself on the Floor, hid my Face, and was ready to die with Grief and Apprehension. ---- He said, Well may you hide your Face! well may you be asham'd to see me, vile forward one, as you are!---- I fobb'd, and wept, but could not fpeak. And he let me lie, and went to the Door, and call'd Mrs. Jewkes. ---- There, faid he, take up that fallen Angel!----- Once I thought her as innocent as an Angel of Light. But now I have no Patience with her. tle Hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my Weakness in her Favour, and that I'll raise her from the Floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, faid he, cruel Gentleman as he was! let fuch Fellows as Williams be taken in by her artful Wiles! I know her now, and fee, she is for any Fool's Turn, that will be caught by her.

ISIGHED,

And Mrs. Jewkes lifted me up upon my Knees; for I trembled fo, I could not stand. Come, said she, Mrs. Pamela, learn to know your best Friend! confess your Behaviour, and beg his Honour's Forgiveness of all your Faults. I was ready to faint; and he said, She is Mistress of Arts, I'll assure you; and will mimick a Fit, ten to one, in a Minute.

I was struck to the Heart at this; but could not speak presently; only listed up my Eyes to Heaven!—And at last made shift to say --- God forgive you, Sir!—He seem'd in a great Passion, and walk'd up and down the Room, casting sometimes an Eye upon me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but check'd himself—And at last he said, When she has acted this her first Part over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall soon know what she has to trust to.

AND so he went out of the Room: And I was quite sick at Heart! — Surely, said I, I am the wickedest Creature that ever breath'd! Well, said the Impertinent, not so wicked as that neither; but I am glad you begin to see your Faults. Nothing like being humble! — Come, I'll stand your Friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future: Come, come, added the Wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow Morning, if you are not a Fool. — Begone, hideous Woman! said I; and let not my Afflictions be added to by thy inexorable Cruelty, and unwomanly Wickedness.

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SHE gave me a Push, and went way in a violent Passion. And it seems, she made a Story of this; and said, I had such a Spirit,

there was no bearing it.

I LAID me down on the Floor, and had no Power to stir, till the Clock struck Nine; and then the wicked Woman came up again. You must come down-stairs, said she, to my Master; that is, if you please, Spirit!—Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send up Mons. Colbrand to carry you down.

I GOT up, as well as I could, and trembled all the way down-stairs. And she went before me into the Parlour; and a new Servant, that he had waiting on him instead of John, withdrew as soon as I came in. And, by-the-way, he had a new Coachman too, which looked as

if Bedfordsbire Robin was turn'd away.

I THOUGHT, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at Table with me, when I had not Company; but when I find you cannot forget your Original, but must prefer my Menials to me, I call you down to wait on me, while I sup, that I may have some Talk with you, and throw away as little Time as possible upon you.

SIR, faid I, you do me Honour to wait upon you:—And I never shall, I hope, forget my Original. But I was forced to stand behind his Chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a Glass of that Burgundy. I went to do it; but my Hand shook so, that I could not hold the Plate with the Glass in it, and spilt some of

the

the Wine. So Mrs. Jewkes pour'd it for me, and I carried it as well as I could; and made a low Court'fy. He took it, and said, Stand be-

hind me, out of my Sight.

Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you tell me, she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as to keep Life and Soul together. — And is always crying, you say, too? Yes, Sir, answer'd she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young Wenches will feed upon their Tears; and their Obstinacy will serve them for Meat and Drink. I think I never saw her look better, tho, in my Life!---- But I suppose she lives upon Love. This sweet Mr. Williams, and her little villainous Plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure: For Mischief, Love, and Contradiction, are the natural Aliments of a Woman.

POOR I was forced to hear all this, and be filent; and indeed my Heart was too full to

fpeak.

And so you say, said he, that she had another Project, but Yesterday, to get away. She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the Appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful Pucker about it. And I am glad your Honour is come, with all my Heart; and I hope, whatever be your Honour's Intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an Eel, I'll assure you!

SIR, said I, and clasp'd his Knees with my Arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on

my Knees, Have Mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked Woman's Ufage of me----

HE cruelly interrupted me, and faid, I am fatisfy'd she has done her Duty: It fignifies nothing what you say against Mrs. Fewkes. That you are here, little Hypocrite as you are, pleading your Cause before me, is owing to her Care of you; else you had been with the Parson. ----Wicked Girl! faid he, to tempt a Man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a Time when I was on the Point of making him happy for his Life!

I ROSE, but faid, with a deep Sigh, I have done!---- I have done!---- I have a strange Tribunal to plead before. The poor Sheep, in the Fable, had fuch an one; when it was try'd before the Vultur, on the Accufation of the Wolf!

So, Mrs. Fewkes, said he, you are the Wolf, I the Vultur, and this the poor harmless Lamb, on her Trial before us --- Oh! you don't know how well this Innocent is read in Reflection. She has Wit at Will, when she has a mind to display her own romantick Innocence, at the Price of other People's Characters.

WELL, faid the aggravating Creature, this is nothing to what she has call'd me; I have been a Jezebel, a London Prostitute, and what not ?---- But I am contented with her ill Names, now I fee it is her Fashion, and she can call your Honour a Vultur.

SAID I, I had no Thought of comparing my Mafter ---- And was going to fay on: But he said, Don't prate, Girl!---- No, said she, it

don't become you, I'm sure.

WELL, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my Peace: But there is a righteous Judge, who knows the Secrets of all Hearts!

and to Him I appeal.

SEE there! said he: Now this meek, good Creature is praying for Fire from Heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the Spirit of Christian Meekness, I'll assure you!------Come, Saucy-face, give me another Glass of Wine!

So I did, as well as I could; but wept fo, that he faid, I suppose I shall have some of your

Tears in my Wine!

WHEN he had fupp'd, he stood up, and said, O how happy for you it is, that you can, at Will, make your speaking Eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their Brilliancy! You have been told, I suppose, that you are most beautiful in your Tears! ---- Did you ever, faid he to her, (who all this while was standing in one Corner of the Parlour) fee a more charming Creature than this? Is it to be wonder'd at, that I demean myself thus to take Notice of her! --- See, faid he, and took the Glass with one Hand, and turn'd me round with the other, What a Shape! what a Neck! what a Hand! and what a Bloom in that lovely Face!---- But who can describe the Tricks and Artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful Heart! Tis no Wonder the poor Parson was infatuated with her! ---- I blame him less than I do her;

for who could expect such Artifice in so young a Sorceres!

I WENT to the further Part of the Room, and held my Face against the Wainscot; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobb'd, as if my Heart would break. He said, I am surpris'd, Mrs. Jewkes, at the Mistake of the Letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not astraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private Correspondencies, and reveal every Secret that comes to my Knowledge, and then corrupt People to carry my Letters, against their Duty, and all good Conscience.

Come hither, Hussy, said he; you and I have a dreadful Reckoning to make. — Why don't you come, when I bid you?—— Fie upon it! Mrs. Pamela, said she: What! not stir, when his Honour commands you to come to him! — Who knows but his Goodness will forgive you?

HE came to me, (for I had no Power to stir) and put his Arms about my Neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. Jewkes, if it were not for the Thought of this cursed Parson, I believe in my Heart, so great is my Weakness, that I could yet forgive this intriguing little

Slut, and take her to my Bosom.

O, SAID the Sycophant, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving indeed!---- But come, added the profligate Wretch, I hope you will be fo good, as to take her to your Bosom; and that,

by to-morrow Morning, you'll bring her to a

better Sense of her Duty!

Could any thing, in Womanhood, be so vile? I had no Patience: But yet Grief and Indignation choaked up the Passage of my Words; and I could only stammer out a passionate Exclamation to Heaven, to protest my Innocence: But the Word was the Subject of their Ridicule.

Was ever poor Creature worse beset!

HE faid, as if he had been confidering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither --- She has given me great Disturbance; has brought great Discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my Servants at the other House; has despised my honourable Views and Intentions to her, and fought to run away with this ingrateful Parson — And surely I ought not to forgive all this!-Yet, with all this wretched Grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his Hand in my Bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would die before I would be used thus. — Consider, Pamela, said he, in a threat'ning Tone, consider where you are! and don't play the Fool: If you do, a more dreadful Fate awaits you than you expect. But, take her up-stairs, Mrs. Fewkes, and I'll send a few Lines to her to consider of; and let me have your Answer, Pamela, in the Morning. Till then you have to resolve: And after that, your Doom is fix'd.

— So I went up stairs, and gave myself up to Grief, and Expectation of what he would fend: But yet I was glad of this Night's Reprieve! X 4 HE

He sent me, however, nothing at all. And about Twelve o'Clock, Mrs. Jewkes and Nancame up, as the Night before, to be my Bed-sellows; and I would go to-bed with some of my Cloaths on, which they mutter'd at sadly; and Mrs. Jewkes rail'd at me particularly: Indeed I would have sat up all Night, for Fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little Rest that Night, apprehending this Woman would let my Master in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me; but I answer'd her as little as I could.

He has Sir Simon Tell-tale, alias Darnford, to dine with him To-day, whose Family sent to welcome him into the Country; and it seems, the old Knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as Samson was, to make Sport for him — Here I am, and must bear it all!

# Twelve o'Clock, Saturday Noon,

JUST now he has fent me up, by Mrs. Jewkes, the following Proposals. So here are the honourable Intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear Parents, to make me a vile kept Mistress: Which, I hope, I shall always detest the Thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desir'd, could I have honestly promoted it, your Welfare and Happiness. I have answer'd

answer'd them, as I'm sure you'll approve; and I am prepar'd for the worst: For tho' I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and tho' my poor Strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of Crime in my Intention, and in the Sight of God; and to Him leave the avenging of all my Wrongs, in his own good Time and Manner. I shall write to you my Answer against his Articles; and hope the best, tho' I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruin'd and undone, and may not be able to look you in the Face; yet pity and inspirit the poor Pamela, to make her little Remnant of Life easy; for long I shall not furvive my Difgrace. And you may be affured it shall not be my Fault, if it be my Misfortune.

" ANDREWS.

" The following AR-" TICLES are

" proposed to your

" serious Consider-

" ation; and let me

bave an Answer,

" in Writing, to

" them; that I may

" take my Resolu-

" tions accordingly.

" Only remember,

" that I will not

" be trifled with; " and

" To Mrs PAMELA This is my ANSWER.

Forgive, good Sir, the Spirit your poor Servant is about to shew in her Answer to your ARTICLES. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an Occasion as the present, would shew a Degree of Guilt. that, I hope, my Soul abbors. I will not trifle with you, nor act " and what you give

" for Answer, will absolutely decide

" your Fate, with-

or further Trou-

u ble:

act like a Person doubtful of her own Mind; for it wants not one Moment's Consideration with me; and I therefore return the Answer following, let what will be the Consequence:

bas bachan lias " I. TF you can convince me, that the hated Parson has " had no Encourage-" ment from you in " his Addresses; and " that you have no In-" clination for him, in er Preference to me; then I will offer the " following Proposals " to you, which I will punctually make " good.

I. A Stothefirst Arti-A cle, Sir, it may behove me (that I may not deserve, in your Opinion, the opprobrious Terms of forward, and artful, and such-like) to declare solemnly, that Mr. Williams never had the least Encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal Motive was the apprehended Duty of his Function, quite contrary to his apparent Interest, to asfift a Person he thought in Distress. You may, Sir, the rather believe me, when I declare,

that I know not the Man breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the Gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting Dishonour.

"II. I will direct" ly make you a Present
" of 500 Guineas, for
" your own Use, which
" you may dispose of
" to any Purpose you
" please: And will give
" it absolutely into the
" Hands of any Person
" you shall appoint to
" receive it; and expect
" no Favour in Return,
" till you are satisfy'd
" in the Possession of
" it,

II. As to your second Proposal, let the Consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my Soul. Money, Sir, is not my chief Good: . May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is; and whenever, for the fake of that, I can give up my Title to that bleffed Hope which will stand me in stead, at a Time when Millions of Gold will not purchase one happy Moment of Reflection on a past mis-spent Life!

" III. I WILL like" wife directly make
" over to you a Pur" chafe I lately made

in

III. YOUR third Proposal, Sir, I reject, for the same Reason; and am sorry you could think

in Kent; which " brings in 250 l. " per Annum, clear of " all Deductions. This " shall be made over " to you in full Pro-" perty for your Life, " and for the Lives of " any Children, to Per-" petuity, that you " may happen to have: " And your Father " shall be immediately " put into Possession " of it in Trust for " these Purposes. And " the Management of it will yield a com-" fortable Subfiftence " to him and your Mo-"ther, for Life; and " I will make up any " Deficiencies, if such " fhould happen, to " that clear Sum, and " allow him 50 l. per " Annum besides, for " his Life, and that of " your Mother, for " his Care and Ma-" nagement of this " your Estate.

think my poor honest Parents would enter into their Part of it. and be concern'd for the Management of an Estate, which would be owing to the Proftitution of their poor Daughter. Forgive, Sir, my Warmth on this Occasion; but you know not the poor Man, and the poor Woman, my ever dear Father and Mother, if you think, that they would not much rather chuse to starve in a Ditch, or rot in a noifome Dungeon, than accept of the Fortune of a Monarch, upon fuch wicked Terms. I dare not fay all that my full Mind suggests to me on this grievous Occafion. ---- But indeed, Sir, you know them not; nor shall the Terrors of Death, in its most frightful Forms, I hope, thro' God's aflifting Grace, ever make

me act unworthy of fuch poor honest Parents!

"IV. I will, more over, extend my Fa" vour to any other of
" your Relations, that
" you may think wor" thy of it, or that are
" valued by you.

IV. Yo'UR Fourth Proposal, I take upon me, Sir, to answer as the Third. If I have any Friends that want the Favour of the Great, may they ever want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy Terms!

" V. IWILL, besides, order Patterns to be " fent you for chusing Four complete Suits " of rich Cloaths, that " you may appear with " Reputation, asif you " were my Wife. " And I will give you " the Two Diamond "Rings, and Two " Pair of Ear-rings, " and Diamond Neck-" lace, that were " bought to present to " Miss Tomlins, if the " Match that was pro-" posed between her " and

V. FINE Cloaths, Sir, become not me; nor have I any Ambition to wear them. I have greater Pride in my Poverty and Meanness, than I should have in Dress and Finery. Believe me, Sir, Ithink fuch things less become the humble-born Pamela, than the Rags yourgood Motherrais'd me from. Your Rings. Sir, your Necklace, and your Ear-rings, will better befit Ladies of Degree, than me: And to lofe

#### PAMELA; or, 318

and me had been " brought to Effect: " And I will confer " upon you still other

"Gratuities, as I shall

" find myself obliged,

" by your good Beha-

" viour and Affection.

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lose the best Tewel, my Virtue, would be poorly recompens'd by those you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my Finger, or faw, in the Glass, those Diamonds on my Neck, and in my Ears, but that they were the Price of my Honesty; and that I wore those Tewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly?

"VI. Now, Pamela, will you fee " by this, what a Va-" lue I fet upon the " Free-will of a Person " already in my Pow-" er; and who, if these " Proposals are not ac-"cepted, shall find, " that I have not taken " all these Pains, and " rifqued my Reputa-" tion, as I have done, " without refolving to " gratify my Passion " for you, at all Ad-" ventures;

VI. I KNOW, Sir, by woful Experience, that I am in your Power: I know all the Resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and perhaps stand me in little stead: I dread your Will to ruin me is as great as your Power: Yer, Sir, will I dare to tellyou, that I will make no Free-will Offering of my Virtue. All that I can do, poor as it is, I will do, to convince you,

" ventures; and if you " refuse, without mak-

" ingany Termsatall."

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you, that your Offers shall have no Part in my Choice; and if I cannot escape the Violence of Man, I hope, by God's Grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my Power to avoid my Difgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only Refuge and Protector, with this Consolation, That my Will bore no Part in the Violation.

"VII. You shall be
"Mistress of my Per"fon and Fortune, as
"much as if the fool"ish Ceremony had
"passed. All my Ser"vants shall be yours;
"and you shall chuse
"any Two Persons to
"attend yourself, ei"ther Male or Female,
"without any Con"troul of mine; and
"if your Conduct be
"such,

VII. I HAVE not once dared to look so high, as to such a Proposal as your Seventh Article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little, abortive Artissices to escape from the Confinement you have put me in; altho' you promis'd to be honourable to me. Your Honour, well I knew, would not let you stoop to so mean

" fuch, that I have " Reason to be satis-" fy'd with it, I know " not (tho' I will not " engage for this) but I " may, after a Twelve-" month's Cohabita-" tion, marry you; for " if my Love increases " foryou, asit has done " for many Months " past, it will be impos-" fible for me to deny " you any thing.

" AND now, Pame-" la, confider well, " it is in your Power " to oblige me on " fuch Terms, as " will make your-" felf, and all your " Friends, happy: " But this will be " overthis very Day, " irrevocably over; " and you shall find " all you would be " thought to fear, without the least " Benefit arifing " from it to your " felf. " AND

mean and so unworthy a Slave, as the poor Pamela: All I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native Meanness, unviolated. What have I done, Sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, tho' I would not have marry'd your Chaplain, yet would I have run away with your meanest Servant, if I had thought I could have got fafe to my beloved Poverty. I heard you once fay, Sir, That a certain great Commander, could live upon Lentils, might well refuse the Bribes of the greateft Monarch: And, I hope, as I can contentedly live at the meanest Rate, and think not myself above the lowest Condition, that I am also above making an Exchange of my Honesty for all the Riches of the Indies. When I come

" And I beg you

" will well weigh

" the Matter, and

" comply with my

" Proposals; and I

" will instantly set

" about securing to

" you the full Effect

" of them: And let

me, if you value

" yourself, experi-

" enceagrateful Re-

" turn on this Occa-

" fion; and I'll for-

" give all that's past."

I come to be proud and vain of gaudy Apparel, and outside Finery; then (which, I hope, will never be) may I rest my principal Good in such vain Trinkets, and despise for them the more solid Ornaments of a good Fame, and a Chastity inviolate!

GIVE me leave to fay, Sir, in Answer to what you hint, That you may, in a Twelve-

month's Time, marry me, on the Continuance of my good Behaviour; that this weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said. For, in the first Place, there is an End of all Merit, and all good Behaviour, on my Side, if I have now any, the Moment I consent to your Proposals. And I should be so far from expecting such an Honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most unworthy of it. What, Sir, would the World say, were you to marry your Harlot?—That a Gentleman of your Rank in Life, should stoop, not only to the base-born Pamela, but to a base-born Prostitute?—Little, Sir, as I know of the World, I am not to be caught with a Bait so poorly cover'd as this!

YET, after all, dreadful is the Thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy Vol. I. Y Creature,

Creature, am too fully in your Power! But permit me, Sir, to pray, as I now write, on my bended Knees, That before you resolve upon my Ruin, you will weigh well the Matter. Hitherto, Sir, tho' you have taken large Strides to this crying Sin, yet are you on this Side the Commission of it. - When once it is done, nothing can recal it! And where will be your Triumph? - What Glory will the Spoils of such a weak Enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my Poverty with Honesty, is all my Prayer; and I will bless you, and pray for you, every Moment of my Life! Think, O think! before it is yet too late! what Stings, what Remorfe will attend your dying Hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruin'd, perhaps, Soul and Body, a wretched Creature, whose only Pride was her Virtue! And how pleas'd you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous Moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul Crime, and to plead in your own Behalf, that you suffer'd the earnest Supplications of an unhappy Wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain fo! --- May God Almighty, whose Mercy fo lately fav'd you from the Peril of perishing in deep Waters, (on which, I hope, you will give me Cause to congratulate you!) touch your Heart in my Favour, and fave you from this Sin, and me from this Ruin! - And to Him do I commit my Cause; and to Him will I give the Glory, and Night and Day pray for you, you, if I may be permitted to escape this great Evil!—From

Your poor, oppressed, broken-spirited Servant.

I TOOK a Copy of this for your Perusal, my dear Parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again (for I hope my Conduct will be approved of by you); and at Night, when Sir Simon was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you considered my Proposals? Yes, Sir, said I, I have. And there is my Answer: But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your Bashfulness, said he, or your Obstinacy, that makes you not chuse I should read it before you?

I OFFER'D to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, Pamela, whether you comply with my Proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me! For he took my Hand. Said he, Did you well consider, before you answer'd? --- I did, Sir, faid I. If it be not what you think will please me, faid he, dear Girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute Answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not fue meanly, where I can command. Ifear, continued he, it is not what I like, by your Manner: And, let me tell you, That I cannot bear Denial. If the Terms I have offer'd are not fufficient, I will augment them to Two

Y 2 Thirds

# 324 PAMELA; or,

Thirds of my Estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful Oath, I cannot live without you: And since the thing is gone so far, I will not! ———And so he classed me in his Arms, in such a manner as quite frighted me; and kissed me two or three times.

I GOT from him, and ran up-stairs, and went to the Closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an Hour's time he call'd Mrs. Jewkes down to him; and I heard him very high in Passion: And all about poor me! And I heard her say, It was his own Fault; there would be an End of all my Complaining and Perverseness, if he was once resolv'd; and other most impudent Aggravations. I am resolv'd not togoto-bed this Night, if I can help it.—Lie still, lie still, my poor stuttering Heart!—What will become of me!

### Almost Twelve o' Clock SATURDAT Night.

HE sent Mrs. Jewkes, about Ten o'Clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll shew you, said she. I went down three or four Steps, and saw her making to his Chamber, the Door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go thither!—Don't be foolish, said she; but come; no Harm will be done to you!—Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go thither. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak

to her mysels! — Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my

Closet, expecting to be fetch'd by Force.

But she came up soon after, and bad me make haste to-bed: Said I, I will not go to-bed this Night, that's certain! - Then, faid she, you shall be made to come to-bed; and Nan and I will undress you. I knew neither Prayers nor Tears would move this wicked Woman: So I said, I am sure you will let my Master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty Piece of Undone! fhe faid: But he was too much exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would affure me! - Ay, faid she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you, for your Comfort: And I hope your Husband will have your Obedience, tho' nobody else can have it. No Husband in the World, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing. - She said, That would be foon try'd; and Nan coming in, What, faid I, am I to have Two Bed-fellows again, these warm Nights? Yes, said she, Slippery-one, you are, till you can have One good one instead of us. Said I, Mrs. Jewkes, don't talk nastily to me. I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may-be; for next to bad Actions, are bad Words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the Heart. — Come to-bed, Purity! faid she. You are a Nonfuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to-bed; and it will do you no Harm to let me fit all Night in the great Chair. Nan, faid she, undress my young Lady. If she won't Y 3

let you, I'll help you: And if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my Master to do it for us; tho', faid she, I think it an Office worthier of Monsieur Colbrand! — You are very wicked, faid I. I know it, faid she: I am a Jezebel, and a London Prostitute, you know. You did great Feats, faid I, totell my Mafter all this poor Stuff! But you did not tell him how you beat me. No, Lambkin, faid she, (a Word I had not heard a good while) that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it, if the Vultur had not taken the Wolf's Part, and bid the poor innocent Lamb be filent! — Ay, faid I, no matter for your Fleers, Mrs. Tewkes; tho' I can have neither Justice nor Mercy here, and cannot be heard in my Defence, yet a Time will come, may-be, when I shall be heard, and when your own Guilt will strike you dumb. - Ay! Spirit! faid she; and the Vultur too! Must we both be dumb? Why that, Lambkin, will be pretty! - Then, faid the wicked one, you'll have all the Talk to yourfelf! - Then how will the Tongue of the pretty Lambkin bleat out Innocence, and Virtue, and Honesty, till the whole Trial be at an End! - You're a wicked Woman, that's certain, faid I; and if you thought any thing of another World, could not talk thus. But no Wonder! — It shews what Hands I am got into! - Ay, fo it does, faid she; but I beg you'll undress, and come tobed, or I believe your Innocence won't keep you from fill worse Hands. I will come tobed, said I, if you will let me have the Keys in my

my own Hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, faid she, and then, hey for another Contrivance, another Escape! -- No, no, said I, all my Contrivances are over, I'll affure you! Pray let me have the Keys, and I will come to-bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge Arms, as if I was a Feather; faid she, I do this to shew you, what a poor Resistance you can make against me, if I pleased to exert myself; and fo, Lambkin, don't say to your Wolf, I won't come to.bed! - And fet me down, and tapp'd me on the Neck: Ah! faid she, thou art a pretty Creature, it's true; but so obstinate! so full of Spirit! If thy Strength was but answerable to that, thou wouldst run away with us all, and this great House too on thy Back! - But undress, undress, I tell you.

Well, said I, I see my Missortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: But I will love you, if you will humour me with the Keys of the Chamber-doors. — Are you sure you will love me? said she: — Now speak your Conscience! — Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given Reason to doubt it!——But I will love you as well as I can!——I would not tell a wilful Lye: And if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard Usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own!——But, Nan, pray pull off my young Lady's Shoes and Stockens.——No, pray don't, said I, I will come to-

bed prefently, fince I must.

Y 4

AND

AND so I went to the Closet, and scribbled a little about this idle Chit-chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to-bed; but with some of my Cloaths on, as the former Night; and she let me hold the Two Keys; for there are Two Locks, there being a double Door; and so I got a little Sleep that Night, having had none for two or three Nights before.

I CAN'T imagine what she means; but Nan offer'd to talk a little once or twice; and she snubb'd her, and said, I charge you, Wench, don't open your Lips before me! And if you are ask'd any Questions by Mrs. Pamela, don't answer her one Word, while I am here!—But she is a lordly Woman to the Maid-servants, and that has always been her Character. O how unlike good Mrs. Jervis in every thing!

### SUNDAY Morning.

A THOUGHT came into my Head; I meant no Harm; but it was a little bold. For feeing my Master dressing to go to Church, and his Chariot getting ready, I went to my Closet, and I writ,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desir'd for a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who labours under a Temptation to exert his great Power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless Maiden.

### AND also,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed Creature, for the Preservation of her Virtue and Innocence.

MRS. Jewkes came up: Always writing! faid she; and would see it. And strait, all that ever I could say, carry'd it down to my Master.

—He look'd upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her Prayers are answer'd. She is very bold: But as she has rejected all my Favours, her Reckoning for all is not far off. I look'd after him out of the Window, and he was charmingly dress'd: To be sure, he is a handsome sine Gentleman;——What Pity his Heart is not as good as his Appearance! Why can't I hate him?——But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his Vices all ugly him over, as I may say.

My Master sends Word, that he shall not come home to Dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir Simon Darnsford. I am much concern'd for poor Mr. Williams. Mrs. Jewkes says, he is confin'd still, and takes on much. All his Trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My Master, it seems, will have his Money from him. This is very hard; for it is three Fifty Pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a Salary for Three Years that he has been with him. But there

was no Agreement between them; and he abfolutely depended on my Master's Favour. To be fure, it was the more generous of him to run these Risques for the sake of oppressed Innocence; and I hope he will met with his Reward in due Time. Alas for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my Oppressor's Jealousy more. And I have not Interest to save myself!

## SUNDAY Evening.

MRS. Jewkes has received a Line from my Master. I wonder what it is; for his Chariot is come home without him. will tell me nothing; fo it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of Plots and Tricks, I know not what to do! Every thing I suspect; for now my Difgrace is avow'd, what can I think! To be fure the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my Soul in Prayer to God, for his blessed Protection. But if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful Survivor!---- Only let me not shorten my own Time sinfully!-----

THIS Woman left upon the Table, in the Chamber, this Letter of my Master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcrib'd it; you'll fee how tremblingly, by the Lines. I wish poor Mr. Williams's Release at any Rate; but this Letter makes my Heart ake. Yet I have

another Day's Reprieve, thank God!

### Mrs. JEWKES,

"THAVE been so press'd on Williams's " Affair, that I shall set out this Afternoon. " in Sir Simon's Chariot, and with Parson Pe-" ters, who is his Intercessor, for Stamford; " and shall not be back till to-morrow Even-" ing, if then. As to your Ward, I am tho-" roughly incenfed against her. She has with-" flood her Time; and now, would she fign " and seal to my Articles, it is too late. " shall discover something, perhaps, by him; " and will, on my Return, let her know, that " all her enfnaring Loveliness shall not save her " from the Fate that awaits her. But let her " know nothing of this, left it put her fruitful " Mind upon Plots and Artifices. Befure trust " her not without another with you at Night, " lest she venture the Window in her foolish "Rashness: For I shall require her at your " Hands.

" Tours, &c."

I HAD but just finished taking a Copy of this, and laid the Letter where I had it, and unbolted the Door, when she came up in a great Fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my Closet, and that lying as she lest it, she did not mistrust. O, said she, I was afraid you had seen my Master's Letter here, which I carelesly lest on the Table. I wish, said I, I had known

known that. Why fure, faid she, if you had, you would not have offered to read my Letter! Indeed, said I, I should, at this time, if it had been in my way. - Do, let me see it. -Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. Williams well off; I understand my Master is gone to make up Matters with him; which is very good. To be fure, added she, he is a very good Gentleman, and very forgiving! - Why, faid I, as if I had known nothing of the Matter, how can he make up Matters with him? Is not Mr. Williams at Stamford? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson Peters pleads for him, and he is gone with him to Stamford, and will not be back to-night: So, we have nothing to do, but to eat our Suppers betimes, and go to-bed. Ay, that's pure, said I; and I shall have good Rest, this Night, I hope. So, faid she, you might every Night, but for your own idle Fears. You are afraid of your Friends, when none are near you. Ay, that's true, faid I; for I have not one near me.

So have I one more good honest Night before me: What the next may be, I know not, and so I'll try to take in a good deal of Sleep, while I can be a little easy. Therefore here I say, Good-night, my dear Parents; for I have no more to write about this Night: And tho' his Letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

es Lener bard, which I care

### TUESDAT Night.

OR the future, I will always mistrust most, when Appearances look fairest. O your poor Daughter! what has she not suffer'd since what I wrote on Sunday Night! - My worst Trial, and my fearfullest Danger! O how I shudder to write you an Account of this wicked Interval of Time! For, my dear Parents, will you not be too much frighten'd and affected with my Distress, when I tell you, that his Journey to Stamford was all abominable Pretence? For he came home privately, and had well-nigh effected all his vile Purposes, and the Ruin of your poor Daughter; and that by fuch a Plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And Oh! you'll hear what a vile unwomanly Part that wicked Wretch, Mrs. Jewkes, acted in it.

I LEFT off with letting you know how much I was pleased, that I had one Night's Reprieve added to my Honesty. But I had less Occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by what I have said already. Take then the dread-

ful Story as well as I can relate it.

THE Maid Nan is a little apt to drink, if she can get at Liquor; and Mrs. Jewkes happen'd, or design'd, as is too probable, to leave a Bottle of Cherry-brandy in her way, and the Wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came to lay the Cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceiv'd it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many Faults of her own, to suf-

fer any of the like fort in any body elfe, if she can help it; and fhe bad her get out of her Sight, when we had supp'd, and go to-bed, to sleep off her Liquor, before we came to-bed. And so the poor Maid went muttering up-stairs.

ABOUT Two Hours after, which was near Eleven o'Clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to go to-bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming Night I should have. We lock'd both Doors, and faw poor Nan, as I thought, (but Oh! 'twas my abominable Master, as you shall hear by-and-by) fitting fast asleep, in an Elbowchair, in a dark Corner of the Room, with her Apron thrown over her Head and Neck. And Mrs. Fewkes faid, There is that Beaft of a Wench fast asleep, instead of being a-bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine Dose. I'll wake her, said I. No, don't, said she, let her sleep on; we shall lie better without her. Ay, faid I, fo we shall; but won't fhe get Cold?

SAID she, I hope you have no Writing to-No, reply'd I, I will go to bed with you, Mrs. Yewkes. Said she, I wonder what you can find to write about so much; and am fure you have better Conveniencies of that kind, and more Paper, than I am aware of; and I had intended to romage you, if my Master had not come down; for I fpy'd a broken Tea-cup with Ink, which gave me a Suspicion; but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own Fault.

ALL this time we were undressing ourselves: And I fetch'd a deep Sigh! What do you figh for?

for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes, answer'd I, what a sad Life I live, and how hard is my Lot. I am sure the Thief that has robb'd, is much better off than I, bating the Guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a Mercy, to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel Apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling Vein, I began to give a little History of myself, as I did once before to Mrs. Fervis; in this manner.

HERE, said I, were my poor honest Parents; they took care to instil good Principles into my Mind, till I was almost Twelve Years of Age; and taught me to prefer Goodness and Poverty to the highest Condition of Life; and they confirm'd their Lessons by their own Practice; for they were of late Years remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a Proverb; for, As honest as Goodman Andrews, was a Bye-word.

Well, then, said I, comes my late dear good Lady, and takes a Fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good Girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the Spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy Hours; and also taught me all manner of sine Needle-work; but still this was her Lesson, My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the Men at a Distance. Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, tho' I say it, they all loved me, and respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I was a Genltewoman.

But then, what comes next? — Why, it rleased God to take my good Lady; and then

comes my Master: And what says he? - Why, in Effect, it is, Be Not Virtuous, Pamela.

So here have I lived above Sixteen Years in Virtue and Reputation, and, all at once, when I come to know what is Good, and what is Evil, I must renounce all the Good, all the whole Sixteen Years Innocence, which, next to God's Grace, I owed chiefly to my Parents and my Lady's good Lessons and Examples, and chuse the Evil; and so, in a Moment's Time, become the vilest of Creatures! And all this, for what, I pray? Why truly for a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, a Necklace, and a Diamond Ring for my Finger; which would not become me: For a few paltry fine Cloaths; which, when I wore them, would make but my former Poverty more ridiculous to every body that faw me; especially when they knew the base Terms I wore them upon. But indeed, I was to have a great Parcel of Guineas beside; I forget how many; for had there been ten times more, they would not have been so much to me, as the honest Six Guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. Fewkes.

WELL, forfooth! but then I was to have I know not how many Pounds a Year for my Life; and my poor Father (there was the left of it!) was to be the Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his Daughter: And then, (there was the Jest again!) my kind, forgiving, virtuous Master, would pardon me all my Misdeeds.

YES, thank him for nothing, truly! And what, pray, are all these violent Misdeeds? -Why, Why, they are, for daring to adhere to the good Lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former; for not being contented, when I was run away with, in order to be ruin'd; but contriveing, if my poor Wits had been able, to get out of Danger, and preserve myself honest.

THEN was he once jealous of poor John, tho' he knew John was his own Creature, and

helped to deceive me.

THEN was he outrageous against poor Parfon Williams; and him has this good, merciful Master thrown into Gaol; and for what? Why truly, for that being a Divine, and a good Man, he had the Fear of God before his Eyes, and was willing to forego all his Expectations of Interest, and assist an oppressed poor Creature.

But to be fure, I must be forward, bold, saucy, and what not? to dare to run away from certain Ruin, and to strive to escape from an unjust Confinement; and I must be married to

the Parson, nothing so sure!

HE would have had but a poor Catch of me, had I consented; but he and you too, know, I did not want to marry any body. I only wanted to go to my poor Parents, and to have my own Liberty; and not to be laid under such an unlawful Restraint; and which would not have been attempted, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young Body, and have no Friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, here is my History in brief. And I am a very unhappy young Crea-

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why, because my Master sees something in my Person that takes his present Fancy; and because I would not be undone, — why therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be undone! — And this is all the Reason that can be given!

SHE heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any Interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the Two Closets, ever since an Affair of the Closet at the other House, tho he is so far off. And I have a good Mind to wake this poor Maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she'll get no Harm there; and if she wakes, she may come to-bed well enough, as long as there is a Candle in the Chimney.

So I looked into the Closets, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my Prayers, and this with my Under-cloaths in my Hand, all undress'd; and passed by the poor sleeping Wench, as I thought, in my Return. But, Oh! little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked Master in a Gown and Petticoat of hers, and her Apron over his Face and Shoulders. What Meannesses will not Lucifer make his Votaries from to the grain their abortinable Ends!

MRs. Jewkes by this time was got to-bed, on the further Side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the Maid, when she should awake, I got into Bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the Keys? tho, said I, I am not so much afraid To-night. Here, said the

the wicked Woman, put your Arm under mine, and you shall find them about my Wrist, as they used to be. So I did, and the abominable Defigner held my Hand with her Right-hand, as

my Right-arm was under her Left.

In less than a quarter of an Hour, I said. There's poor Nan awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to fleep, faid she, and not mind her: She'll come to-bed, when she's quite awake. Poor Soul! faid I. I'll warrant the will have the Headach finely To-morrow for this! Be filent, faid fhe, and go to fleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a Humour in my Life. Don't chide me, said I; I will fay but one thing more: Do you think Nan could hear me talk of my Master's Offers? No. no, faid she, she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, faid I; because I would not expose my Master to his common Servants: and I knew you were no Stranger to his fine Articles, Said she, I think they were fine Articles, and you were bewitch'd you did not close with them: But let us go to fleep. So I was filent; and the pretended Nan (O wicked, base, villainous Designer! what a Plot, what an unexpected Plot was this!) feem'd to be awaking; and Mrs. Yewkes, abhorred Creature! faid, Come, Nan! - What, are you awake at last? Prythee come to-bed, for Mrs. Pamela is in a talking Fit, and won't go to fleep one while.

Ar thar, the pretended She came to the Bedside; and sitting down in a Chair, where the Currain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor I HEARD her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs.

Ann? And still no Answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it! the pretended She came into Bed, but trembled like an Aspenleas; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much. — But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs.

WHAT Words shall I find, my dear Mother, (for my Father should not see this shocking Part) to describe the rest, and my Consusion, when the guilty Wretch took my Lest Arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procures held my Right; and then he class'd me round the Waist!

SAID I, Is the Wench mad? Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Cap of Thunder: Now, Pamela, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd! — I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said

Is wicked, abominable Woman! O God! my God! this Time, this one Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike me dead this Moment. And then I scream'd again and again.

SAYs he, One Word with you, Pamela; one Word, hear me but; and hitherto you fee. I offer nothing to you. Is this nothing, faid I, to be in Bed here? To hold my Hands between you? I will hear, if you will instantly leave the Bed, and take this villainous Woman from me!

SAID she, (O Disgrace of Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst.

SILENCE! faid he to her; I must say one Word to you, Pamela; it is this: You see, now you are in my Power! — You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offer'd any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my Proposals, I will not lose this Opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O SIR, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do. - Swear then to me, faid he, that you will accept my Proposals! - and then (for this was all detestable Grimace) he put his Hand in my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright, Terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myfelf foon; fo that they both, from the cold Sweats that I was in, thought me dying - And I remember no more, than that, when, with great Difficulty,

Z 3

culty, they brought me to myself, she was sir ting on one fide of the Bed, with her Cloaths on; and he on the other with his, and in his

Gown and Slippers.

Your poor Pamela cannot answer for the Liberties taken with her in her deplorable State of Death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my Bed, without any Regard to what Appearance I made, and nothing about my Neck; and he foothing me, with an Aspect of Pity and Concern, I put my Hand to his Mouth, and faid, O tell me, yet tell me not, what I have fuffer'd in this Diffress! And I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be fure, I was on the Point of Distraction.

HE most folemnly, and with a bitter Imprecation, vow'd, that he had not offer'd the least Indecency; that he was frighten'd at the terrible Manner I was taken with the Fit: That he would defift from his Attempt; and begg'd but to fee me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own Bed. Othen, faid I, take with you this most wicked Woman, this vile Mrs. Fewkes, as an Earnest that I may believe you!

AND will you, Sir, said the wicked Wretch, for a Fit or two, give up fuch an Opportunity as this? — I thought you had known the Sex better. - She is now, you see, quite well again!

THIS I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these Words, and at his clasping his Arms about me again. And when I came a little to myfelf, I saw him sit there,

there, and the Maid Nan, holding a Smellingbottle to my Nose, and no Mrs. Fewkes.

HE faid, taking my Hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the Moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's Nan knows, and will tell you, my Concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any Indecency to you. And fince I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the Maid's Bed, and the Maid shall lie with you To-night. And but promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But, said I, will not Nan also hold my Hand? And will not she let you come in again to me? — He said, By Heaven! I will not come in again To-night. Nan, undress yourself, go to-bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear Creature: And now, Pamela, said he, give me but your Hand, and fay you forgive me, and I will leave you to your Repose. I held out my trembling Hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, Sir, as you have been just in my Distress; and as you will be just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a Countenance of Remorfe, as I hoped; and fhe shut the Doors, and, at my Request, brought the Keys to-bed.

THIS, O my dear Parents! was a most dreadful Trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recal all the horrid Circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of Indecency; but have Reason to bless God, who, by disabling me in my Faculties, impower'd me to preserve my Innocence; and when all my Strength would have signified nothing, magnified himself in my Weakness,

I was so weak all Day on Monday, that I could not get out of my Bed. My Master shew'd great Tenderness for me; and I hope he is really forry, and that this will be his last Attempt; but

he does not fay so neither.

HE came in the Morning, as foon as he heard the Door open: And I began to be fearful. He stopp'd short of the Bed, and said, Rather than give you Apprehensions, I will come no further. I faid, Your Honour, Sir, and your Mercy, is all I have to beg. — He fat himself on the Side of the Bed, asked kindly, How I did? - begged me to be compos'd; faid, I still look'd a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good Sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. Fewkes; I doubt I cannot bear her Sight. She shan't come near you all this Day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, Sir, I will try. He pressed my Hand very tenderly, and went out. What a Change does this shew! — O may it be lasting! - But, alas! he feems only to have alter'd his Method of Proceeding; and retains, Idoubt, his wicked Purpose!

On Tuesday about Ten o'Clock, when my Master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the Parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said, Come nearer to me, Pamela. I did so, and he took my Hand, and said, You begin to look

well

well again: I am glad of it. You little Sluthow did you frighten me on Sunday Night!----Sir, faid I, pray name not that Night; and my Eyes overflow'd at the Remembrance, and I

turn'd my Head aside.

SAID he, Place some little Confidence in me: I know what those charming Eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: For I do affure you, that as foon as I faw you change. and a cold Sweat bedew your pretty Face, and you fainted away, I quitted the Bed, and Mrs. Tewkes did fo too. And I put on my Gown, and she fetch'd her Smelling-bottle, and we both did all we could to restore you; and my Passion for you was all swallow'd up in the Concern I had for your Recovery; for I thought I never faw a Fit fo strong and violent in my Life; and fear'd we should not bring you to yourself again; for what I saw you in once before, was nothing to it. This, faid he, might be my Folly, and my Unacquaintedness with what Passion your Sex can shew, when they are in Earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your Mind may be intirely comforted ----- Whatever I offer'd to you was before you fainted away; and that, I am sure, was innocent.

SIR, said I, that was very bad: And it was too plain, you had the worst Designs. When, said he, I tell you the Truth in one Instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare, beyond this lovely Bosom, your Sex; but that I did intend what you call the worst, is most certain: And the I would not too much

alarm.

alarm you now, I could curse my Weakness and my Folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your Sex, and cannot live without you. But, if I am Master of myself, and my own Resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again. Sir, said I, you may easily keep your Resolution, if you will send me out of your way, to my poor Parents; that is all I beg.

'T is a Folly to talk of it, faid he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be affur'd you would not attempt it, you should have better Usage, and your Confinement should be made casier to you. But to what End, Sir, am I to stay? faid I: You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good Resolutions; and do you think, if I wasto stay, when I could get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own Strength, or would tempt my Ruin? And as if I was not in Earnest to wish myselfsafe, and out of Danger? ---- And then, how long am I to flay? And to what Purpose? And in what Light must I appear to the World? Would not that censure me, altho' I might be innocent? And you will allow, Sir, that if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good Name, or fair Reputation, one must not despise the World's Censure, if one can avoid it.

Well, said he, I sent not for you on this Account, just now; but for Two Reasons: The first is, that you promise me, that for a Fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express Consent; and this I expect for your own sake, that I may give you a little more Li-

berty.

berty. And the second is, That you will see and forgive Mrs. Jewkes: She takes on much, and thinks, that, as all her Fault was her Obedience to me, it would be very cruel to sacrifice

her, as she calls it, to your Resentment.

As to the first, Sir, said I, it is a hard Injunction, for the Reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile unwomanly Wickedness, and her Endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning Goodness seem'd to have some Compassion upon me, it is still harder. But to shew my Obedience to your Commands, (for you know, my dear Parents, I might as well make a Merit of my Compliance, when my Refusal would stand me in no stead) I will consent to both; and to every thing else, that you shall be pleased to injoin, which I can do with Innocence.

THAT'S my good Girl! said he, and kis'd me. This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent Advantage of my Favour for you; and will, perhaps, stand you in

more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the Bell, and said, Call down Mrs. Jewkes. She came down, and he took my Hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. Jewkes, I am oblig'd to you for all your Diligence and Fidelity to me; but Pamela, I must own, is not; because the Service I employ'd you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wish'd she would have thought it; and you were not to sayour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first Word, she has

ence obliged me, by consenting to be Friends with you; and if she gives me no great Cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on fuch disagreeable Service again. - Now, therefore, be you once more Bed-fellows and Board-fellows, as I may fay, for some Days longer; and see that Pamela fends no Letters nor Messages out of the House, nor keeps a Correspondence unknown to me, especially with that Williams; and, as for the rest, shew the dear Girl all the Respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh Restraints. But your watchful Care is not, however, to cease: And remember, that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

MRS. Jewkes look'd very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good Turn,

if it lay in her Power.

I TOOK Courage then to drop a Word or two for poor Mr. Williams; but he was angry with me for it, and faid, he could not endure to hear his Name in my Mouth; fo I was forced to have done for that time.

ALL this time my Papers, that I had bury'd under the Rose-bush, lay there still; and I begg'd for Leave to send a Letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it sirst. But this did not answer my Design; and yet I would have sent you such a Letter as he might see, if I had been sure my Danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another Method, and what I am more assaid of, because,

and join Force with it, on Occasion, when I am least prepar'd: For now he seems to abound with Kindness, and talks of Love without Referve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the Liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it: but for a Master to do it at all to a Servant, has Meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest Body.

### WEDNESDAY Morning.

I FIND I am watched and suspected still very close: and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this Fortnight. I don't like this Fortnight, and it will be a tedious and

a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My Master just now sent for me down to take a Walk with him in the Garden. But I like him not at all, nor his Ways: For he would have all the Way his Arm about my Waist, and said abundance of fond Things to me, enough to make me proud, if his Defign had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little Alcove, on the further Part of the Garden; and really made me afraid of myself: For he began to be very tiezing, and made me sit on his Knee, and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I affure you. Indeed you make me afraid! - And what made me the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. Jewkes, and did not think I heard him, and which, tho always always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my Writing.

SHE, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his Wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful Trial; and I only heard what he answer'd.

SAID he, I will try once more; but I have begun wrong. For I fee Terror does but add to her Frost; but she is a charming Girl, and may be thaw'd by Kindness; and I should have melted her by Love, instead of freezing her by Fear.

Is he not a fad wicked Man for this?——To be fure I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has deliver'd me from the Paw of the Lion and the Bear, that is, his and Mrs. Jewkes's Violences, will also deliver me from this Philistine, myself, that I may not defy

the Commands of the Living God!

But, as I was faying, this Expression coming into my Thoughts, I was of Opinion, I could not be too much on my Guard, at all times; more especially when he took such Liberties: For he profess'd Honour all the Time with his Mouth, while his Actions did not correspond. I begg'd and pray'd he would let me go: And had I not appear'd quite regardless of all he said, and resolv'd not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded: For I was forced to fall down upon my Knees.

Ar last he walk'd out with me, still bragging of his Honour, and his Love. Yes, yes, Sir, said I, your Honour is to destroy mine; and your Love is to ruin me, I see it too plainly. But, indeed, said I, I will not walk with you, Sir, any more. Do you know, said he, whom

you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had Reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, Sir, I know it too well, and that I have no Creature to befriend me: And, as to whom I talk to, Sir, let me ask you, What you would have me answer?

Why tell me, said he, What Answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why then, Sir, said I, you cannot be my late good Lady's Son; for she lov'd me, and taught me Virtue. You cannot then be my Master; for no Master demeans himself so to his poor Servant.

He put his Arm round me, and his other Hand on, my Neck; which made me more angry and bold; and he faid, What then am I? Why, faid I, (struggling from him, and in a great Passion) to be sure, you are Lucifer himself in the Shape of my Master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great Liberties, saidhe, in Anger; and I desire, that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no Decency towards me, I'll have none towards you.

I was running from him; and he faid, Come back, when I bid you.—So, knowing every Place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to, I came back, at his Call; and feeing him look displeased, I held my Hands together. together, and wept, and said, Pray, Sir, forgive me. No, said he, rather say, Pray, Lucifer, forgive me; and now, since you take me for the Devil, how can you expect any Good from me?—How, rather, can you expect any thing but the worst Treatment from me—You have given me a Character, Pamela, and blame me not, that I act up to it.

SIR, said I, let me beg you to forgive me. I am really sorry for my Boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a Gentleman; and how can I express my Resentment, if I mince the

Matter, while you are so indecent?

PRECISE Fool! said he, What Indecencies have I offer'd you! --- I was bewitch'd I had not gone thro' my Purpose last Sunday Night; and then your licentious Tongue had not given the worst Name to little puny Freedoms, that shew my Love and my Folly at the same time. But begone, said he, taking my Hand, and tosting it from him, and learn another Conduct, and more Wit; and I will lay aside my foolish Regard for you, and affert myself. Begone, said he, again, with a haughty Air.

Pardon me, which I beg on my bended Knees. I am truly forry for my Boldness. — But I see how you go on: You creep by little and little upon me; and now sooth me, and now threaten me; and if I should forbear to shew my Resentment, when you offer Incivilities to me, would not that be to be lost by degrees? Would it not shew, that I could bear any thing from you, if

I did

I did not express all the Indignation I could express, at the first Approaches you make to what I dread? And have you not as good as avow'd my Ruin?—And have you once made me hope, you will quit your Purposes against me? How then, Sir, can I act, but by shewing my Abhorrence of every Step that makes towards my Undoing? And what is left me but Words?—And can these Words be other than such strong ones, as shall shew the Detestation, which, from the Bottom of my Heart, I have for every Attempt upon my Virtue? Judge for me, Sir, and pardon me.

PARDON you! said he, what! when you don't repent? — When you have the Boldness to justify yourself in your Fault? Why don't you say, you never will again offend me? I will endeavour, Sir, said I, always to preserve that Decency towards you which becomes me: But really, Sir, I must beg your Excuse for saying, That when you forget what belongs to Decency in your Actions, and when Words are all that are left me, to shew my Resentment of such Actions, I will not promise to forbear the strongest Expressions, that my distressed Mind shall suggest to me; nor shall your angriest Frowns deter me, when my Honesty is in Question.

What then, said he, do you beg Pardon for? Where is the Promise of Amendment, for which I should forgive you? Indeed, Sir, said I, I own that must absolutely depend on your Usage of me: For I will bear any thing you can instict upon me with Patience, even to the laying down of my Life, to shew my Obedience

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to you in other Cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my Virtue is at Stake! - It would be criminal in me, if I was.

HE faid he never faw fuch a Fool in his Life! And he walk'd by the Side of me some Yards, without faying a Word, and feem'd vex'd; and at last went in, bidding me attend him in the Garden after Dinner. So having a little Time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

## WEDNESDAY Night.

F, my dear Parents, I am not destin'd more furely than ever for Ruin, I have now more Comfort before me, than ever I yet knew: And am either nearer my Happiness, or my Misery, than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be his bleffed Will! I have now fuch a Scene to open to you, that I know will alarm both your Hopes and your Fears, as it does mine. And this it is:

AFTER my Master had din'd, he took a Turn into the Stables, to look at his Stud of Horses; and, when he came in, he open'd the Parlour-door, where Mrs. Fewkes and I fat at Dinner; and at his Entrance, we both rose up; but he faid, Sit still, fit still; and let me see how you eat your Victuals, Pamela. O, said Mrs. Fewkes, very poorly, indeed, Sir. No, faid I, pretty well, Sir, considering. None of your Considerings! said he, Pretty-face; and tapp'd

me on the Cheek. I blush'd, but was glad he was fo good-humour'd; tho' I could not tell how to fit before him, nor to behave myself. So he faid, I know, Pamela, you are a nice Carver: My Mother used to say so. My Lady, Sir, faid I, was very good to me, in every thing; and would always make me do the Honours of her Table for her, when she was with her few felect Friends that she lov'd. Cut up, faid he, that Chicken. I did fo. Now, faid he, and took a Knife and Fork, and put a Wing upon my Plate, let me see you eat that. Sir, faid I, I have eat a whole Breast of a Chicken already, and cannot eat fo much. But he faid, I must eat it for his fake, and he would teach me to eat heartily: So I did eat it; but was much confus'd at his fo kind and unufual Freedom and Condescension. And, good Sirs! you can't imagine how Mrs. Jewkes look'd and star'd, and how respectful she seem'd to me, and call'd me good Madam, I'll affure you, urging me to take a little Bit of Tart.

My Master took two or three Turns abour the Room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, I am going into the Garden: You know, Pamela, what I said to you before Dinner. I rose and court'sy'd, saying, I would attend his Honour; and he said, Do, good Girl!

Honour; and he said, Do, good Girl!

WELL, said Mrs. Jewkes, I see how things will go. O Madam, as she call'd me again, I am sure you are to be our Mistress! And then I know what will become of me. Ah! Mrs.

Jewkes, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, tis the most of my Ambition; and, I hope, no

Temptation shall make me otherwise.

NOTWITHSTANDING I had no Reason to be pleas'd with his Treatment of me before Dinner, yet I made haste to attend him; and I found him walking by the Side of that Pond, which, for want of Grace, and thro' a finful Despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me; and the Sight of which, ever fince, has been a Trouble and Reproach to me. was by the Side of this Pond, and not far from the Place where I had that dreadful Conflict, that my present Hopes, if I am not to be deceiv'd again, began to dawn; which I prefume to flatter myself with being an happy Omen for me, as if God Almighty would shew your poor finful Daughter, how well I did, to put my Affiance in his Goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my Ruin seem'd inevitable to my short-sighted Apprehension.

So he was pleased to say, Well, Pamela, I am glad you are come of your own Accord, as I may say: Give me your Hand. I did so; and he look'd at me very steadily, and pressing my Hand all the time, at last said, I will now talk

to you in a ferious manner.

You have a good deal of Wit, a great deal of Penetration, much beyond your *Tears*, and, as I thought, your *Opportunities*. You are possess'd of an open, trank and generous Mind; and a Person so lovely, that you excel all your Sex, in my Eyes. All these Accomplishments have

have engag'd my Affections fo deeply, that, as I have often faid, I cannot live without you; and I would divide, with all my Soul, my Estate with you, to make you mine upon my own These you have absolutely rejected; and that, tho' in faucy Terms enough, yet, in fuch a manner, as makes me admire you the more. Your pretty Chit-chat to Mrs. Fewkes. the last Sunday Night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful Simplicity, half difarm'd my Refolution, before I approach'd your Bed. And I fee you so watchful over your Virtue, that, tho I hop'd to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess, my Passion for you is increas'd by it. But now what shall I say further, Pamela? --- I will make you, tho' a Party, my Adviser in this Matter; tho' not perhaps my definitive ludge.

You know I am not a very abandon'd Profligate: I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile Actions. This of seizing you, and confining you thus, may, perhaps, be one of the worst, at least to Persons of real Innocence. Had I been utterly given up to my Passions, I should before now have gratify'd them, and not have shewn that Remorse and Compassion for you, which have repriev'd you more than once, when absolutely in my Power; and you are as inviolate a Virgin, as you were when

you came into my House.

But, what can I do? Consider the Pride of my Condition. I cannot endure the Thought of Marriage, even with a Person of equal or superior Degree to myself; and have declin'd feveral Proposals of that kind: How then, with the Distance between us, in the World's Judgment, can I think of making you my Wise?---Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the Thoughts of any other Man supplanting me in your Affections. And the very Apprehension of that has made me hate the Name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my Temper.

Now, Pamela, judge for me; and, fince I have told you thus candidly my Mind, and I fee yours is big with some important Meaning, by your Eyes, your Blushes, and that sweet Confusion which I behold struggling in your Bosom, tell me with like Openness and Candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you

would have me do. -

IT is impossible for me to express the Agitations of my Mind on this unexpected Declaration, so contrary to his former Behaviour. His Manner, too, had fomething fo noble, and fo fincere, as I thought, that, alas for me! I found I had Need of all my poor Discretion, to ward off the Blow which this Treatment gave to my most guarded Thoughts. I threw myself at his Feet; for I trembled, and could hardly stand: O Sir, faid I, spare your poor Servant's Confufion! O spare the poor Pamela! - Speak out, faid he, and tell me, when I bid you, What you think I ought to do? I cannot say what you ought to do, answer'd I: But I only beg you will not ruin me; and if you think me virtuous, if you think me fincerely honest, let me go to my poor Parents. I will vow to you, that

that I will never suffer myself to be engag'd

without your Approbation.

STILL he infifted upon a more explicit Answer to his Question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I said, As to my poor Thoughts, of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that, indeed, I think you ought to regard the World's Opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your Birth and Fortune; and therefore, if you really honour the poor Pamela with your Respect, a little Time, Absence, and the Conversation of worthier Persons of my Sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a Regard so unworthy of your Condition: And this, good Sir, is the best Advice I can offer.

CHARMING Creature! lovely Pamela! faid he, (with an Ardor that was never before so agreeable to me) this generous Manner is of a Piece with all the rest of your Conduct. But tell me still more explicitly, what you would

advise me to in the Case.

O Sir, said I, take not Advantage of my Credulity, and these my weak Moments: But were I the first Lady in the Land, instead of the poor abject *Pamela*, I would, I could tell

you. But I can fay no more -

O MY dear Father and Mother! now I know you will indeed be concern'd for me; — for now I am for myself:---- And now I begin to be lastraid, I know too well the Reason why all his hard Trials of me, and my black Apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

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But be affur'd ftill, by God's Grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your Pamela; and if I find, that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this Conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this World so vile and so odious; and nothing, if he be not the worst of his Kind, (as he fays, and I hope, he is not) fo desperately guileful as the Heart of Man.

HE generously faid, I will spare your Confu-But I hope, I may promise sion, Pamela. myfelf, that you can love me preferably to any other Man; and that no one in the World has had any Share in your Affections; for I am very jealous of what I love, and if I thought you had a secret Whispering in your Soul, that had not yet come up to a Wish, for any other Man breathing, I should not forgive myself to persist in my Affection for you; nor you, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my Knees, on the Grass Border by the Pond-side, he sat himself down on the Grass by me, and took me in his Arms: Why hesitates my Pamela, said he? Can you not answer me with Truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

O GOOD Sir, said I, it is not that; indeed it is not: But a frightful Word or two that you faid to Mrs. Jewkes, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes cross my Mind; and makes me dread, that I am in more Danger than ever I was in my Life.

You have never found me a common Lyar, said he, (too fearful and fooish Pamela!) nor will

will I answer how long I may hold in my prefent Mind; for my Pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you; and if you doubt me, I have no Obligation to your Confidence or Opinion. But at present I am really sincere in what I fay: And I expect you will be fo too; and answer directly my Question.

I FIND, Sir, faid I, I know not myself; and your Question is of such a Nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind Answer to it; or else, what I have to fay to your Question, may pave the Way to my Ruin, and shew a Weakness that I did not

believe was in me.

WELL, faid he, you may fay what you have overheard; for, in not answering medirectly, you put my Soul upon the Rack; and half the Trouble I have had with you, would have brought to my Arms one of the finest Ladies in England.

OSIR, said I, my Virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of the highest Quality; and my Doubts (for which you know I have had too much Reason) have made me troublesome. But now, Sir, I will tell you what I heard, which

has given me great Uneafiness.

You talk'd to Mrs. Yewkes of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with Terror; and of Frost, and such-like; - you remember it well: - and that you would, for the future, change your Conduct, and try to melt me, that was your Word, by Kindness.

I FEAR not, Sir, the Grace of God supporting me, that any Acts of Kindness would make me forget what I owe to my Virtue; but, Sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such Acts, than by Terror; because my Nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ingrateful; and if I should be taught a Lesson I never yet learnt, with what Regret should I descend to the Grave, to think, that I could not hate my Undoer! And, that, at the last Great Day, I must stand up as an Accuser of the poor unhappy Soul, that I could wish it in my Power to save!

EXALTED Girl! said he, what a Thought is that!---- Why, now, Pamela, you excel yourself! You have given me a Hint that will hold me long. But, sweet Creature, said he, tell me what is this Lesson, which you never yet learnt, and

which you are fo afraid of learning?

IF, Sir, faid I, you will again generously spare my Consusion, I need not speak it: But this I will say, in Answer to the Question you seem most solicitous about, That I know not the Man breathing that I would wish to be married to, or that ever I thought of with such an Idea. I had brought my Mind so to love Poverty, that I hop'd for nothing but to return to the best, tho' the poorest, of Parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, Sir, how you disappointed those Hopes, and my propos'd honest Pleasures, when you sent me hither.

WELL then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither the Parson, nor any other Man, is any the least secret Motive to your stedsast

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Refusal of my Offers? Indeed, Sir, said I, you may; and, as you was pleas'd to ask, I answer, that I have not the least Shadow of a Wish, or

Thought, for any Man living.

But, said he, (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shews my Fondness for you) have you not encouraged Williams to think you will have him? Indeed, Sir, said I, I have not; but the very contrary. And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his Means? I had resolved, Sir, said I, in my Mind, otherwise; and he knew it, and the poor Man --- I charge you, said he, say not a Word in his Favour! You will excite a Whirlwind in my Soul, if you name him with Kindness; and then you'll be borne away with the Tempest.

SIR, faid I, I have done! — Nay, faid he, but do not have done; let me know the Whole. If you have any Regard for him, speak out; for it would end fearfully for you, for me, and for him, if I found, that you disguis'd any Secret of your Soul from me, in this nice Particular.

SIR, faid I, if I have ever given you Cause to think me sincere — Say then, said he, interrupting me with great Vehemence, and taking both my Hands between his, Say, That you now, in the Presence of God, declare, that you have not any the most hidden Regard for Williams, or any other Man.

SIR, said I, I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my Innocence, I have not. Well, said he, I will believe you, Pamela; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that Man's Name.

And, if I am convinc'd that you are not prepoffess'd, my Vanity makes me assur'd, that I need not to fear a Place in your Esteem, equal, if not preferable, to any Man in *England*. But yet it stings my Pride to the quick, that you were so easily brought, and at such a short Acquaintance, to run away with that College Novice!

OGOOD Sir, said I, may I be heard one Word? And tho' I bring upon me your highest Indignation, I will tell you, perhaps, the unnecessary and

imprudent, but yet, the whole Truth.

My Honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not intitled to call it Honour) was in Danger. I faw no Means of fecuring myself from your avow'd Attempts. You had shew'd you would not flick at little Matters; and what, Sir, could any body have thought of my Sincerity, in preferring that to all other Confiderations, if I had not escaped from these Dangers, if I could have found any way for it? - I am not going to fay any thing for him; but indeed, indeed, Sir, I was the Cause of putting him upon affishing me in my Escape. I got him to acquaint me, what Gentry there were in the Neighbourhood, that I might fly to; and prevail'd upon him----Don't frown at me, good Sir, for I must tell you the whole Truth! ---- to apply to one Lady Jones; to Lady Darnford; and he was fo good to apply to Mr. Peters the Minister: but they all refus'd me; and then it was he let me know, that there was no honourable way but Marriage. That I declin'd; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.

Now, faid he, you are going --- I boldly put my Hand before his Mouth, hardly knowing the Liberty I took; Pray, Sir, faid I, don't be angry; I have just done --- I would only fay, That rather than have staid to be ruin'd, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest Beggar that ever the World saw, if I thought him honest. --- And I hope, when you duly weigh all Matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold and so forward as you have been pleas'd to call me.

Well, said he, even in this your last Speech, which, let me tell you, shews more your Honesty of Heart, than your Prudence, you have not overmuch pleas'd me. But I must love you; and that vexes me not a little. But tell me, Pamela; for now the former Question recurs; Since you so much prize your Honour, and your Virtue; since all Attempts against that, are so odious to you; and since I have avowedly made several of these Attempts, do you think it is possible for you to love me preferably to any other of my Sex?

AH! Sir, said I, and here my Doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously use me, to take

Advantage of my Credulity.

STILL perverse and doubting! said he: Cannot you take me as I am at present? And that, I have told you, is sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.

AH! Sir, reply'd I, what can I say?--- I have already said too much, if this dreadful Hereafter should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can---- And then, my Face glowing as the

the Fire, I, all abash'd, lean'd upon his Shoulder,

to hide my Confusion.

HE clasp'd me to him with great Ardour, and faid, Hide your dear Face in my Bosom, my beloved Pamela; your innocent Freedoms charm me! --- But then fay, How well --- what?

IF you will be good, faid I, to your poor Servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much! But if not, I am doubly undone! ----- Undone

indeed!

SAID he, I hope my present Temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable Hour, more fincere Pleasure, than I have experienced in all the guilty Tumults, that my desiring Soul compell'd me into, in the Hopes of possessing you on my own Terms. And, Pamela, you must pray for the Continuance of this Temper; and I hope your Prayers will get the better of my Temptations.

This fweet Goodness overpower'd all my I threw myself at his Feet, and embraced his Knees: What Pleasure, Sir, you give me, at these gracious Words, is not lent your poor Servant to express! ----- I shall be too much rewarded for all my Sufferings, if this Goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own Soul's fake, as well as mine! And Oh!

how happy should I be, if-----

HE stopp'd me, and said, But, my dear Girl, what must we do about the World, and the World's Censure? ---- Indeed, I cannot marry!

Now was I again struck all of a Heap. However, foon recollecting myself, Sir, said I, I have

have not the Presumption to hope such an Honour. If I may be permitted to return in Peace and Sasety to my poor Parents, to pray for you there; it is all I at present request! This, Sir, after all my Apprehensions and Dangers, will be a great Pleasure to me. And, if I know my own poor Heart, I shall wish you happy in a Lady of suitable Degree; and rejoice most sincerely in every Circumstance that shall make for the Happiness of my late good Lady's most beloved Son.

WELL, faid he, this Conversation, Pamela, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trufting yourself with me: But it is I, that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with you. - But before I fay any thing further on this Subject, I will take my proud Heart to Task; and, till then, let every thing be as if this Conversation had never pass'd. Only, let me tell you, that the more Confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: But your Doubts will only beget Cause of And with this ambiguous Saying, he faluted me in a more formal manner, if I may fo fay, than before, and lent me his Hand; and fo we walked towards the House, Side-by-Side, he feeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his Goodness.

WHAT shall I do, what Steps take, if all this be designing!--- O the Perplexities of these cruel Doubtings!--- To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far!

## THURSDAY Morning.

lay down my tir'd Pen for this Time.

the excellent Woman that bore him! — But much harder the Hap of your poor Pamela, who has fallen into such Hands! — But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best; and so

SOMEBODY rapp'd at our Chamberdoor this Morning foon after it was light: Mrs. Jewkes ask'd, Who it was? My Master said, Open the Door, Mrs. Jewkes! O, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. Jewkes, don't. Indeed, deed, said she, but I must. Then, said I, and clung about her, let me slip on my Cloaths sirst. But he rapp'd again, and she broke from me; and I was frighted out of my Wits, and solded myself in the Bed-cloaths. He enter'd, and said, What, Pamela, so fearful, after what passed Yesterday between us! O Sir, Sir, said I, I fear my Prayershave wanted their wish'd Essect. Pray, good Sir, consider.—He sat down at the Bed-side, and interrupted me, No need of your soolish Fears! I shall say but a Word or two, and goaway.

AFTER you went up-stairs, said he, I had an Invitation to a Ball, which is to be this Night at Stamford, on occasion of a Wedding; and I am going to call on Sir Simon, and his Lady and Daughters; for the Bride is a Relation of theirs: So I shall not be at home till Saturday. I come therefore to caution you, Mrs. Fewkes, before Pamela, (that she may not wonder at being closer confin'd, than for these three or four Days past) that nobody sees her, nor delivers any Letter to her in that Space; for a Person has been observ'd lurking about, and inquiring after her; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. Fervis, or Mr. Longman, has written a Letter, with a Defign of having it convey'd to her: And, said he, you must know, Pamela, that I have order'd Mr. Longman to give up his Accounts, and have dismiss'd Jonathan, and Mrs. Jervis, since I have been here; for their Behaviour has been intolerable, and they have made fuch a Breach between my Sister Davers and me, as we shall Vol. I. Bb never,

never, perhaps, make up. Now, Pamela, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your Chamber pretty much for the Time I am absent, and not give Mrs. Jewkes Cause of Trouble or Uneasiness; and the rather,

as you know she acts by my Orders.

ALAS! Sir, faid I, I fear all these good Bodies have fuffer'd for my fake! - Why, faid he, I believe so too; and there never was a Girl of your Innocence, that fet a large Family in fuch an Uproar, furely .-- But let that pass. You know both of you my Mind, and, in part, the Reason of It. I shall only say, that I have had such a Letter from my Sifter, as I could not have expected; and, Pamela, said he, neither you nor I have Reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps, at my Return. - I go in my Coach, Mrs. Fewkes, because I take Lady Darnford, and Mr. Peters's Niece, and one of Lady Darnford's Daughters along with me; and Sir Simon and his other Daughter go in his Chariot: So let all the Gates be fasten'd, and don't take any Airing in either of the Chariots, nor let any body go to the Gate, without you, Mrs. Fewkes. I'll be fure, faid she, to obey your Honour.

I will give Mrs. Jewkes no Trouble, Sir, faid I, and will keep pretty much in my Chamber, and not stir so much as into the Garden without her; to shew you I will obey in every thing I can. But I begin to sear — Ay, said he, more Plots and Contrivances, don't you? — But I'll assure you, you never had less Reafon; and I tell you the Truth; for I am really going

going to Stamford, this Time; and upon the Occasion I tell you. And so, Pamela, give me your Hand, and one Kiss, and then I am gone.

I DURST not refuse, and said, God bless you, Sir, where-ever you go! — But I am forry for

what you tell me about your Servants!

HE and Mrs. Jewkes had a little Talk without the Door; and I heard her fay, You may depend, Sir, upon my Care and Vigilance.

HE went in his Coach, as he said he should, very richly dress'd, which looks as if what he faid was likely: But really I have been used to fo many Tricks, and Plots, and Surprizes, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. Jervis. - So here is Parson Williams; here is poor naughty John; here is good Mrs. Fervis, and Mr. Longman, and Mr. 70nathan, turn'd away for me! - Mr. Longman is rich indeed; and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: And for poor Mr. Fonathan, I am sure it will cut that good old Servant to the Heart. Alas for me! What Mischiess am I the Occasion of?---- Or, tather, my Master, whose Actions towards me, have made so many of my kind Friends forfeit his Favour, for my fake!

I AM very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry, that his Servants loved me too. ---- I know not

what to think!

## FRIDAT Night.

I HAVE removed my Papers from under the Rose-bush; for I saw the Gardener begin to dig near that Spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

MRS. Jewkes and I were looking Yesterday thro' the Iron Gate that fronts the Elms, and a Gypsey-like Body made up to us, and said; If, Madam, you will give me some broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. I said, Let us hear our Fortunes, Mrs. Jewkes. She said, I don't like these fort of People; but we will hear what she will say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any Victuals, Woman; but I will give you some Pence, said she. But Nan coming out, she said, Fetch some Bread, and some of the cold Meat, and you shall have your Fortune told, Nan.

This, you'll think, like some of my other Matters, a very trisling thing to write about. But, mark the Discovery of a dreadful Plot, which I have made by it. O bless me! what can I think of this naughty, this very naughty Gentleman! --- Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:

MRS. Jewkes had no Suspicion of the Woman, the Iron Gate being lock'd, and she on the Outside, and we on the Inside; and so put her Hand thro'. She said, muttering over a Parcel of cramp Words, Why, Madam, you will marry soon,

foon, I can tell you. At that she seem'd pleas'd, and said, I am glad to hear that; and shook her fat Sides with laughing. The Woman look'd most earnestly at me all the Time, as if she had Meaning. Then it came into my Head, from my Master's Caution, that possibly this Woman might be employ'd to try to get a Letter into my Hands; and I was resolved to watch all her Motions. So Mrs. Jewkes said, What sort of a Manshall I have, pray?—Why, said she, a Man younger than yourself; and a very good Husband he'll prove.—I am glad of that, said she, and laugh'd again. Come, Madam, let us hear your Fortune.

THE Woman came to me, and took my Hand. O! faid she, I cannot tell your Fortune: Your Hand is so white and sine, I cannot see the Lines: But, said she, and, stooping, pull'd up a little Tust of Grass, I have a Way for that; and so rubb'd my Hand with the Mould-part of the Tust: Now, said she, I can see the Lines.

MRS. Jewkes was very watchful of all her Ways, and took the Tuft, and look'd upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the Woman said, Here is the Line of Jupiter crossing the Line of Life; and Mars — Odd, my pretty Mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself; for you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be marry'd, I can see; and will die of your first Child. Out upon thee, Woman! said I; better thou hadst never come hither!

SAID Mrs. Jewkes, whispering, I don't like this. It looks like a Cheat: Pray, Mrs. Pamela, go in this Moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of Fortune-telling. And in I went.

THE Woman wanted fadly to tell me more; which made Mrs. Jewkes threaten her, suspecting still the more: And away the Woman went, having told Nan her Fortune, that she would be drown'd.

This thing ran strongly in all our Heads; and we went, an Hour after, to see if the Woman was lurking about, and took Monsieur Colbrand for our Guard. Looking thro' the Iron Gate, he 'spy'd a Man sauntering about the middle of the Walk; which fill'd Mrs. Jewkes with still more Suspicions: And she said, Mr. Colbrand, you and I will walk towards this Fellow, and see what he saunters there for: And, Nan, do you and Madam stay at the Gate.

down towards the Man; and, guessing the Woman, if employ'd, must mean something by the Tust of Grass, I cast my Eye that way, whence she pull'd it, and saw more Grass seemingly pull'd up: Then I doubted not something was there for me; so I walk'd to it, and standing over it, said to Nan, That's a pretty sort of a wild Flower, that grows yonder near that Elm, the fifth from us on the Lest; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common Weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful Colours in a Weed.

WHILE she went on, I stoop'd, and pull'd up a good Handful of the Grass, and in it a Bit of Paper, which I put instantly into my Bosom, and dropp'd the Grass, and my Heart went pita-pat at the odd Adventure! Said I, Let us go in, Mrs. Anne. No, said she, we must stay till

Mrs. Fewkes comes.

I was all Impatience to read this Paper. And when Colbrand and she return'd, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some Reason for my Master's Caution: I can make nothing of this sauntering Fellow; but, to be sure, there was some Roguery in the Gypsey. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her Aim, you see! Ay, very true, said she; but that was owing to my Watchfulness; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.

I HASTED up-stairs to my Closet, and found the Billet to contain, in a Hand that seem'd disguised, and bad Spelling, the following

Words:

"TWENTY Contrivances have been thought of to let you know your Danger; but all have prov'd in vain. Your Friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this Caution, if it reaches your Hands. The 'Squire is absolutely determin'd to ruin you: And because he despairs of any other way, he will pretend great Love and Kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a Parson for this purpose in a few Days; but it is a sly artful Fellow of a broken At-B b 4. "torney.

# 376 PAMELA; or,

"torney, that he has hir'd to personate a Mi"nister. The Man has a broad Face, pitted
"much with the Small-pox, and is a very good
"Companion. So take care of yourself. Doubt
not this Advice. Perhaps you'll have had but
"too much Reason already to confirm you in
"the Truth of it. From your zealous Well"wisher,

SOMEBODY."

Now, my dear Father and Mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical Master! O how shall I find Words to paint my Griefs, and his Deceit! I have as good as confess'd I love him; but indeed it was on supposing him good. --- This, however, has given him too much Advantage. But now I will break this wicked, forward Heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black difmal Heart must be have! So here is a Plot to ruin me, and by my own Consent too! -- No wonder he did not improve his wicked Opportunities, (which I thought owing to Remorfe for his Sin, and Compassion for me) when he had such a Project as this in Reserve! — Here should I have been deluded with the Hopes of a Happiness, that my highest Ambition could not have aspir'd to!-But how dreadful must have been my Lot, when I had found myself an undone Creature, and a guilty Harlot, instead of a lawful Wife? Oh! this is indeed too much, too much for your poor Pamela to support! This is the worse, as I hoped all the Worst was over; and that I had the

the Pleasure of beholding a reclaim'd Gentleman, and not an abandon'd Libertine. What now must your poor Daughter do! Now all her Hopes are dash'd! And if this fails him, then comes, to be sure, my forc'd Disgrace! for this shews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me! — O the wretched, wretched Pamela!

### SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.

My Master is come home, and to be sure, has been where he said. So once he has told Truth; and this Matter seems to be gone off without a Plot: No doubt he depends upon this sham, wicked Marriage! He has brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

#### Two o' Clock.

I A M very forrowful, and still have greater Reason; for just now as I was in my Closet, opening the Parcel I had hid under the Rosebush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, Mrs. Jewkes came upon me by Surprize, and laid her Hands upon it: for she had been looking thro' the Key-hole, it seems.

I KNOW not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private Thoughts of him, and all my Secrets, as I may say. What a careless Creature I am!—To be sure I deserve to be punished.

You

You know I had the good Luck, by Mr. Williams's means, to fend you all my Papersdown to Sunday Night, the 17th Day of my Impriforment. But now these Papers contain all my Matters, from that Time, to Wednesday the 27th Day of my Distress: and, which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the Contents to you.

In these Papers, then, are included, " An " Account of Mrs. Jewkes's Arts, to draw me " in to approve of Mr. Williams's Proposal " for Marriage; and my refusing to do so; and " desiring you not to encourage his Suit to me. " Mr. Williams's being wickedly robb'd, and a " Visit of hers to him; whereby she discover'd " all his Secrets. How I was inclin'd to get off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously " prevented by my foolish Fears, &c. My having the Key of the Back-door. Mrs. " Fewkes's writing to my Master all the Secrets " she had discover'd of Mr. Williams; and her E Behaviour to me and him upon it. Contiunuance of my Correspondence with Mr. Wila liams by the Tiles; begun in the Parcel you had. My Reproaches to him for his revealing " himself to Mrs. Jewkes; and his Letter to me in Answer, threatening to expose my Maefter, if he deceiv'd him; mentioning in it John Arnold's Correspondence with him; and a Letter which John sent, and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the Correspond-ence being carried on by a Friend of his at Gainsborough: Of the Horse he was to pro-" vide

vide for me, and one for himself. Of what " Mr. Williams had own'd to Mrs. Jewkes; " and of my discouraging his Proposals. Then " it contain'd a pressing Letter of mine to him, " urging my Escape before my Master came; " with his half-angry Answer to me. Your " good Letter to me, my dear Father, sent to " me by Mr. Williams's Conveyance; in which " you would have me encourage Mr. Williams; " but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately " enough, you take Notice of my being unin-" clin'd to marry. - My earnest Desire to be with you. The Substance of my Answer to " Mr. Williams, expressing more Patience, &c. " A dreadful Letter of my Master to Mrs. " Jewkes; which, by Mistake, was directed " to me; and one to me, directed, by like " Mistake, to her; and very free Restections of " mine upon both. The Concern I expressed " for Mr. Williams's being taken in, de-" ceiv'd, and ruin'd. An Account of Mrs. " Jewkes's glorying in her wicked Fidelity. A " fad Description I gave of Monsieur Colbrand, " a Person he sent down to assist Mrs. Jewke's " in watching me. How Mr. Williams was " arrested and thrown into Gaol, and the Con-" cern I express'd upon it; and my free Reffe-" ctions on my Master for it. A projected " Contrivance of mine, to get away out of the "Window, and by the Back-door; and throw-" ing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the " Pond to amuse them, while I got off: An " Attempt that had like to have ended very " dreadfully " dreadfully for me! My further Concern for

" Mr. Williams's Ruin, on my Account: And, lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. Jewkes brag

" of her Contrivance to rob Mr. Williams, in

" order to get at my Papers; which, however,

" he preserv'd, and sent safe to you."

THESE, down to the Execution of my unfortunate Plot to escape, are, to the best of my Remembrance, the Contents of the Papers, which this merciles Woman seiz'd: For, how badly I came off, and what follow'd, Istill have safe, as I hope, sew'd in my Under-coat, about my Hips.

In vain were all my Prayers and Tears to her, to get her not to shew them to my Master. For she said, It had now come about, why I asserted to be so much alone; and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had sound these; for often and often had she search'd every Place she could think of, for Writings, to no Purpose, before. And she hop'd, she said, there was nothing in them but what any body might see; for, said she, you know, you are all Innocence!——Insolent Creature, said I; I am sure you are all Guilt!——And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself; and I see there is no Mercy to be expected from you.

Just now, my Master being coming up, she went to him upon the Stairs, and gave him my Papers. There, Sir, said she; you always said Mrs. Pamela was a great Writer; but I never could get any thing of hers before. He

took them, and, without coming to me, went down to the Parlour again. And what with the Gypsey Affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to Dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up-stairs, as soon as his Company is gone.

### SATURDAY, Six o' Clock.

MY Master came up, and in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, So, Pamela, we have seiz'd, it seems, your treasonable Papers? Treasonable! said I, very sullenly. Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great Plot-

ter; but I have not read them yet.

THEN, Sir, said I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you not to read them; but to give them to me again. To whom, says he, are they written? — To my Father, Sir; but I suppose, you see to whom. — Indeed, return'd he, I have not read Three Lines as yet. Then, pray, Sir, said I, don't read them, but give them to me again. No, that I will not, said he, till I have read them. Sir, said I, you serv'd me not well in the Letters I used to write formerly: I think it was not worthy your Character to contrive to get them into your Hands, by that salse John Arnold; for should such a Gentleman as you, mind what your poor Servant writes? — Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a Servant as my Pamela writes.

YOUR Pamela! thought I. Then the Sham-marriage came into my Head; and indeed

it has not been out of it, since the Gypsey Affair.—But, said he, have you any thing in these Papers you would not have me see? To be sure, Sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's Father and Mother is not for every body to see. Nor, said he, am I every body.

THOSE Letters, added he, that I did see by John's Means, were not to your Disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have

troubled myself about your Letters?

ALAS! faid I, great Pride to me that! For they gave you such an Opinion of my Innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what Advantage have they brought me?—who have been made a Prisoner, and used as I have been, between you and your House-

keeper.

Why, Pamela, said he, a little seriously, why this Behaviour, for my Goodness to you in the Garden?—This is not of a Piece with your Conduct and Softness there, that quite charm'd me in your Favour: And you must not give me Cause to think, that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! Sir, said I, you know best your own Heart and Designs! But I fear I was too open-hearted then; and that you still keep your Resolution to undo me, and have only changed the Form of your Proceedings.

WHEN I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more,

than

than by placing some Considence in me, I will let you know, that these soolish and perverse Doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the Cause of them, in these Papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your Father and Mother, tho' you begin to make me suspect you: For I tell you, perverse Girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what last passed in the Garden, if you were not preposses'd in some other Person's Favour. And let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such Effects, as will make every Vein in your Heart bleed.

HE was going away in Wrath; and I said, One Word, good Sir, one Word, before you read them, since you will read them: Pray make Allowances for all the harsh Resections, that you will find in them, on your own Conduct to me: And remember only, that they were not written for your Sight; and were penn'd by a poor Creature hardly used, and who was in constant Apprehension of receiving from you the worst Treatment, that you could institute upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of another Nature, that I cannot forgive, you have no Cause for Uneasiness; for I had as many Instances of your saucy Resections upon me in your former Letters, as there were Lines; and yet, you see, I have never upbraided you on that Score; tho, perhaps, I wish'd you had

been more sparing of your Epithets, and your Freedoms of that Sort.

Well, Sir, said I, since you will, you must read them; and I think I have no Reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or haveing, in any respect, told you a Falshood; because, tho' I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my Heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declar'd I thought myself right to endeavour to make my Escape from this forced and illegal Restraint; and so you must not be angry, that I would have done so, if I could.

I'LL judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a Pleader within me. And so went

down-stairs.

A BOUT Nine o'Clock he sent for me down into the Parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the Papers in his Hand, and said, Now, Pamela, you come upon your Trial. Said I, I hope I have a just Judge to hear my Cause. Ay, said he, and you may hope for a merciful one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

Sir, said I, that I encouraged his Proposal, or do you not? Why, said he, you discourage his Address in Appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning Sex do to ours, to make us

more eager in pursuing you.

Well, Sir, said I, that is your Comment; but it does not appear so in the Text. Smartly said! reply'd he; where a D—1 gottest thou, at these Years, all this Knowledge? And then thou hast a Memory, as I see by your Papers, that nothing escapes it. Alas! Sir, said I, what poor Abilities I have, serve only to make me more miserable!—I have no Pleasure in my Memory, which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never were, or everlastingly to

forget. WELL, said he, so much for that. - But where are the Accounts (fince you have kept fo exact a Journal of all that has befallen you) previous to these here in my Hand? My Father has them, Sir, faid I. - By whose Means, said he? By Mr. Williams's, faid I. Well answer'd, faid he. But cannot you contrive to get me a Sight of them? That would be pretty! faid I. I wish, I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your Sight. Said he, I must see them, Pamela, or I shall never be easy: For I must know how this Correspondence, between you and Williams, began: And if I can fee them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me Hope they will.

I CAN tell you, Sir, very faithfully, faid I, what the Beginning was; for I was bold enough Vol. I. Cc

to be the Beginner. That won't do, said he; for tho' this may appear a Punctilio to you, to me it is of high Importance. Sir, said I, if you please to let me go to my Father, I will send them to you by any Messenger you shall send for them. Will you so? But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the Trouble of such a Journey to yourself. And I beg you will.

I THINK, Sir, said I, as you have seen all my former Letters, thro' John's Baseness, and now these, thro' your faithful House-keeper's officious Watchfulness, you might see all the rest. But I hope you will not desire it, till I know how much my pleasing you in this Parti-

cular, will be of Use to myself.

You must trust to my Honour for that. But tell me, Pamela, said the sly Gentleman, since I have seen these, Would you have voluntarily shewn me those, had they been in your Possession!

I was not aware of his Inference, and faid, Yes, truly, Sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well, then, Pamela, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your Journal, I desire, while the former Part can come, that you will shew me the succeeding.

— O Sir, Sir, said I, have you caught me so!

— But indeed you must excuse me there.

Why, said he, tell me truly, Have you not continued your Account till now? Don't ask me, Sir, said I. But I insist upon your Answer, reply dhe. Why, then, Sir, said I, I will not tell

tell an Untruth; I have. — That's my good Girl, said he. I love Sincerity at my Heart. In another, Sir, said I, I presume, you mean! -Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is in you, and you cannot help it. But you will greatly oblige me, to shew me voluntarily what you have written. I long to see the Particulars of your Plot, and your Disappointment, where your Papers leave off. For you have so beautiful a Manner, that it is partly that, and partly my Love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; tho'a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little. And as I have furnish'd you with a Subject, I have a Title to see the Fruits of your Pen. — Besides, said he, there is such a pretty Air of Romance, as you relate them, in your Plots, and my Plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the Catastrophe of the pretty Novel.

IF I was your Equal, Sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the

Misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, SAID he, the Liberties you have taken with my Character, in your Letters, set us upon a Par, at least, in that respect. Sir, reply'd I, I could not have taken those Liberties, if you had not given me the Cause: And the Cause, Sir, you know, is before the Effect.

TRUE, Pamela, said he; you chop Logick very prettily. What the duce do we Men go to School for? If our Wits were equal to Womens, we might spare much Time and Pains in

our Education. For Nature teaches your Sex, what in a long Course of Labour and Study, ours can hardly attain to. — But indeed, every Lady is not a Pamela.

You delight to banter your poor Servant,

faid I.

NAY, continued he, I believe, I must assume to myself half the Merit of your Wit, too: for the innocent Exercises you have had for it from me, have certainly sharpen'd your Invention.

SIR, said I, could I have been without those innocent Exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a Beetle. But then, Pamela, said he, I should not have lov'd you so well. But then, Sir, reply'd I, I should have been safe, easy, and happy. — Ay, may-be so, and may-be not; and the Wise of some clouterly Ploughboy.

But then, Sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better then being a Princess, and not so. And may-be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty Face, some of us keen Fox-hunters would have found you out; and, in spite of your romantick Notions, (which then too, perhaps, perhaps, would not have had so strong a Place in your Mind) might have been more happy with the Plough-man's Wise, than I have been with my Mother's Pamela. I hope, Sir, said I, God would have given me more Grace.

WELL, but, resum'd he, as to these Writeings of yours, that follow your fine Plot, I must fee them. Indeed, Sir, you must not, if I can help it. Nothing said he, pleases me better, than that, in all your Arts, Shifts, and Stratagems, you have had a great Regard to Truth; and have, in all your little Pieces of Deceit, told very few wilful Fibs. Now I expect you will continue this laudable Rule in your Conversation with me. — Let me know then, where you have found Supplies of Pen, Ink, and Paper, when Mrs. Jewkes was so vigilant, and gave you but Two Sheets at a Time? — Tell me Truth.

Why, Sir, little did I think I should have such Occasion for them; but, when I went away from your House, I begg'd some of each of good Mr. Longman, who gave me Plenty. Yes, yes, said he, It must be good Mr. Longman! All your Confederates are good! every one of them; but such of my Servants as have done their Duty, and obey'd my Orders, are painted out, by you, as black as Devils; nay, so am I too, for that matter.

SIR, said I, I hope you won't be angry; but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the Parts

they acted require?

You say, saving myself, Pamela; but is not that Saving a mere Compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my Hands; Tell me truly. — Good Sir, excuse me; but I sansy I might ask you, Why you should think so, if there was not a little Bit of Conscience, that told you, there was but too much Reason for it?

HE kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very saucy, Pamela. ---- But, with your bewitching Chitchat, and pretty Impertinence, I will not lose my Question. Where did you hide your Paper,

Pens, and Ink?

SOME, Sir, in one Place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found.——That's a good Girl! said he: I love you for your sweet Veracity. Now tell me, where it is you hide your written Papers, your saucy Journal?——I must beg your Excuse for that, Sir, said I. But indeed, answer'd he, you will not have it; for I will know, and I will see them!——This is very hard, Sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this Time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my Hands, and said, Well said, my pretty Pamela, If you can help it! But I will not let you help it. Tell me, Are they in your Pocket? No, Sir, said I, my Heart up at my Mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright Fib for the World; but for Equivocation! no Jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, Are they in neither of your Pockets? No, Sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about your Stays? No, Sir, reply'd I: but pray, no more Questions; for ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

O, SAID he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the Criminals won't confess; torture them till they do. ---- But pray,

Sir, said I, Is this fair, just, or honest? I am no Criminal; and I won't confess.

O MY Girl! saidhe, many an innocent Perfon has been put to the Torture. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the

Question, as they call it abroad.

SIR, said I, the Torture is not used in England, and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably said! reply'd the naughty Gentleman.--But I can tell you of as good a Punishment: If a Criminal won't plead with us here in England, we press him to Death, ortill he does plead. And so now, Pamela, this is a Punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

TEARS stood in my Eyes, and I said, This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous. --- No matter, said he; it is but like your Lucifer, you know, in my Shape! And after I have done so many heinous things by you, as you think, you have no great Reason to judge so hardly of this; or

at least, it is but of a piece with the rest.

But, Sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some Notion they were about me) if you will be obey'd in this unreasonable manner, tho' it is sad Tyranny to be sure!---- let me go up to them, and read them over again, and you shall see so far as to the End of the sad Story that sollows those you have.

I'LL see them all, said he, down to this Time if you have written so far!—Or at least, till within this Week.—Then let me go up to them, said I, and see what I have written, and to what Day, to shew them to you; for you C c 4 won't

JODY

you won't defire to fee every thing. But I will. reply'd he. - But fay, Pamela, tell me Truth; Are they above? I was more affrighted. He faw my Confusion. Tell me Truth, said he. Why, Sir, answer'd I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry Mould in the Garden; fometimes in one Place, fometimes in another; and those you have in your Hand, were feveral Days under a Rose-bush in the Garden. Artful Slut! said he: 'What's this to my Question? Are they not about you? - If, faid I, I must pluck them out of my Hiding-place, behind the Wainscot, won't you fee me? Still more and more artful! faid he. -Is this an Answer to my Question? — I have fearched every Place above, and in your Closet, for them, and can't find them; fo I will know where they are. Now, faid he, it is my Opinion they are about you; and I never undress'd a Girl in my Life; but I will now begin to strip my. pretty Pamela, and hope I shall not go far, before I find them.

I FELL a crying, and faid, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, Sir, faid I, (for he began to unpin my Handkerchief) consider! Pray, Sir, do! - And, pray, faid he, do you consider. For I will see these Papers. But may-be, said he, they are ty'd about your Knees with your Garters; and stoop'd. Was ever any thing so vile, and so wicked! - I fell on my Knees, and faid, What can I do? What can I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them to you. Will you, faid he, on your Honour, let me fee them uncurtail'd, and not offer to make them away; no,

not a fingle Paper? - I will, Sir. - On your Honour? Yes, Sir. And so he let me go upstairs, crying fadly for Vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so served as I am.

I WENT to my Closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the Thoughts of giving up my Papers. Besides, I must all undress me, in a manner, to untack them. writ thus:

## "SIR,

"To expostulate with such an arbitrary Gentleman, I know will fignify no-" thing. And most hardly do you use the "Power you so wickedly have got over me. I " have Heart enough, Sir, to do a Deed that " would make you regret using me thus; and I " can hardly bear it, and what I am further to " undergo. But a superior Consideration with-" holds me; thank God, it does! - I will, " however, keep my Word, if you insist upon " it when you have read this; but, Sir, let me beg you to give me time till to-morrow " Morning, that I may just run them over, and " fee what I put into your Hands against me. " And I will then give my Papers to you, with-" out the least Alteration, or adding or diminish-" ing. But I should beg still to be excused, if. " you please. But if not, spare them to me, " but till to-morrow Morning. And this, fo " hardly am I used, shall be thought a Favour, " which I shall be very thankful for." IGUESSED

I GUESSED it would not be long before I heard from him: And he accordingly fent up Mrs. Jewkes for what I had promised. So I gave her this Note to carry to him: And he sent word, that I must keep my Promise, and he would give me till Morning; but that I must bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my Under-coat, and, with great Trouble of Mind, unsew'd them from it. And there is a vast Quantity of it. I will just slightly touch upon the Subjects; because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

THEY begin with an Account of " my at-" tempting to get away out of the Window first, and then throwing my Petticoat and Hand-" kerchief into the Pond. How fadly I was " disappointed; the Lock of the Back-door " being changed. How, in trying to climb " over the Door, I tumbled down, and was " piteously bruised; the Bricks giving way, " and tumbling upon me. How, finding " I could not get off, and dreading the hard " Usage I should receive, I was so wicked as to " think of throwing myself into the Water. " My sad Reflections upon this Matter. How " Mrs. Jewkes used me on this Occasion, when " she found me. How my Master had like to have " been drown'd in Hunting; and my Concern " for his Danger, notwithstanding his Usage " of me. Mrs. Jewkes's wicked Reports to " frighten me, that I was to be marry'd to an " ugly

"wedding-day to my Master. Her vile way of talking to me, like a London Prostitute. My Apprehensions on seeing Preparations made for my Master's coming. Her causeless Fears that I was trying to get away again, when I had no Thought of it; and my bad Usage upon it. My Master's dreadful Atrival; and his hard, very hard Treatment of me; and Mrs. Jewkes's insulting of me. His Jealousy of Mr. Williams and me. How Mrs. Jewkes vilely instigated him to Wicked-ness." And down to here, I put into one Parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it should not, I put into another Parcel the following, viz.

" A Copy of his Proposals to me, of a great " Parcel of Gold, and fine Cloaths and Rings, " and an Estate of I can't tell what a Year; and " 501. a Year for the Life of both you, my " dear Parents, to be his Mistress; with an In-" finuation, that, may-be, he would marry me " at a Year's End. All fadly vile; with Threat-" nings, if I did not comply, that he would " ruin me, without allowing me any thing. " A Copy of my Answer, refusing all, with " just Abhorrence; but begging at last his; " Goodness towards me, and Mercy on me, in " the most moving manner I could think of. " An Account of his angry Behaviour, and " Mrs. Jewkes's wicked Advice hereupon. His " trying to get me to his Chamber; and my " Refufal

" Refusal to go. A deal of Stuff and Chit-" chat between me and the odious Mrs. Fewkes; " in which she was very wicked, and very in-" fulting. Two Notes I wrote, as if to be " carried to Church, to pray for his reclaiming, " and my Safety; which Mrs. Fewkes feiz'd, " and officiously shew'd him. A Confession " of mine, that notwithstanding his bad Usage, " I could not hate him. My Concern for Mr. Williams. A horrid Contrivance of my " Master to ruin me; being in my Room, dis-" guis'd in Cloaths of the Maid, who lay with " me and Mrs. Jewkes. How narrowly I escap'd, " (it makes my Heart ake to think of it still!) " by falling into Fits. Mrs. Jewkes's detestable " Part in this fad Affair. How he seem'd " mov'd at my Danger, and forbore his abomin-" able Designs; and assur'd me he had offer'd no " Indecency. How ill I was for a Day or two " after; and how kind he scem'd. How he made " me forgive Mrs. Jewkes. How, after this, " and great Kindness pretended, he made rude " Offers to me in the Garden; which I escap'd. " How I resented them." Then I had written, " How kindly he behaved himself to me; and " how he prais'd me, and gave me great Hopes " of his being good at last. Of the too tender " Impression this made upon me; and how I " began to be afraid of my own Weakness and " Consideration for him, tho' he had used me so " ill. How fadly jealous he was of Mr. Wil-" liams, and how I, as I justly could, clear'd " myself as to his Doubts on that score, How, " just

" just when he had raised me to the highest "Hope of his Goodness, he dash'd me sadly

" again, and went off more coldly. My free

" Reflections upon this trying Occasion."

This brought Matters down from Thursday the 20th Day of my Imprisonment, to Wednesday the 41st. And here I was resolved to end, let what would come; for only Thursday, Friday and Saturday, remain to give an Account of; and Thursday he set out to a Ball at Stamford; and Friday was the Gypsey Story; and this is Saturday, his Return from Stamford. And, truly, I shall have but little Heart to write, if he is to see all.

So these two Parcels of Papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow Morning. To be sure I have always used him very freely in my Writings, and shew'd him no Mercy; but yet he must thank himself for it: for I have only writ Truth; and I wish he had deserved a better Character at my Hands, as well for his own sake, as mine. — So, tho' I don't know whether ever you'll see what I write, I must say, that I will go to bed, with remembring you in my Prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And so, my dear Parents, Good Night.

## SUNDAT Morning

I REMEMBER'D what he faid, of not being obliged to ask again for my Papers; and what I should be forced to do, and could not help,

help, I thought I might as well do in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose: Tho' I stomach'd this Matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in Readiness my two Parcels; and he, not going to Church in the Morning, bid Mrs. Jewkes tell me he

was gone into the Garden.

I KNE w that was for me to go to him; and fo I went; for how can I help being at his Beck! which grieves me not a little, tho' he is my Master, as I may say; for I am so wholly in his Power, that it would do me no Good to incense him, and if I resused to obey him in little Matters, my Resusal in greater would have the less Weight. So I went down to the Garden; but as he walked in one Walk, I took another; that I might not seem too forward neither.

HE soon 'spy'd me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and cross'd the Walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your Meditations

this good Day.

Was that the Case, said he, truly, and from your Heart? Why, Sir, said I, I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts sometimes; tho' not towards me!—I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you, as I do. But where are the Papers?—I dare say, you had them about you Yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your Writings in the Garden, for fear you should be search'd, if you did not escape. This, added he,

he, gave me a glorious Pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all Night, that I did not strip you Garment by Garment, till I had sound them. O sie, Sir! said I; let me not be scar'd with hearing that you had such a Thought in earnest.

WELL, said he, I hope you have not now the Papers to give me; for I had rather find

them myself, I'll assure you.

I DID not like this way of Talk at all; and thinking it best, not to dwell upon it, said, Well, but, Sir, you will excuse me, I hope,

giving up my Papers.

Don't trifle with me, said he: Where are they?—I think I was very good to you last Night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminished, and have not strictly kept your Promise, woe be to you! Indeed, Sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminish'd. But here is the Parcel, that goes on with my said Attempt to escape, and the terrible Consequences it had like to have been follow'd with. And it goes down to the naughty Articles you sent me. And, as you know all that has happened since, I hope these will satisfy you.

HE was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more, And I must beg you, Sir, to read the Matter savourably, if I have exceeded in any Liberties of my Pen.

Wonder at my Patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abus'd as I am by such a saucy Slut.—Sir, said I, I have wonder'd you should

Now, pray, Sir, don't be angry at my Boldness, in telling you so freely my Thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least mistaken, when you think of your bad Sign: God forbid!

So I took out my Papers; and faid, Here, Sir, they are. But if you please to return them, without breaking the Seal, it will be very generous: And I will take it for a great Favour, and a good Omen.

HE broke the Seal instantly, and open'd them. So much for your Omen! reply'd he. I am sorry for it, said I, very seriously; and was walking away. Whither now? said he. I was going in, Sir, that you might have Time to read them, if you thought sit. He put them into his Pocket, and said, You have more than these. Yes, Sir; but all they contain, you know as well as I.—But I don't know, said he, the Light you put Things in, and so give them me, if you have not a mind to be search'd.

SIR, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly Word.—Give me then no Reason, Reason for it. Where are the other Papers? Why then, unkind Sir, if it must be so, here they are. And so I gave him out of my Pocket the second Parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this Superscription; From the naughty Articles, down, thro sad Attempts, to Thursday the 42d Day of my Imprisonment. This is last Thursday, is it?—Yes, Sir; but now you will see what I write, I will find some other way to employ my Time: For I can neither write so free, nor with any Face, what must be for your Perusal, and not for those I intended to divert with my melancholy Stories.

YES, said he, I would have you continue your Penmanship by all means; and I assure you, in the Mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And, I have another thing to tell you, added he: That if you send for those from your Father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my Scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any Bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a Truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffer'd frightful Indecencies.

Vol. I.

HE led me then to the Side of the Pond; and fitting down on the Slope, made me fit by him. Come, faid he, this being the Scene of Part of your Project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your Cloaths, I will just look upon that Part of your Relation. Sir, faid I, let me then walk about at a little Distance; for I cannot bear the Thought of it. Don't go far, faid he.

WHEN he came, as I suppose, to the Place where I mention'd the Bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the Door, and look'd upon the broken Part of the Wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my Hand, and put it under his Arm.

WHY, this, said he, my Girl, is a very moving Tale. It was a very desperate Attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great Danger; for you had a very bad and lonely Way; and I had taken fuch Measures, that let you have been where you would, I should have

had you.

You may see, Sir, said I, what I ventur'd rather than be ruin'd; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the Sincerity of my Profesfion, that my Honesty is dearer to me than my Life. Romantick Girl! faid he, and read on.

HE was very serious at my Reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my Reasonings, about "throwing myself into the Water, he said, Walk gently before; and feem'd fo moy'd, that he turn'd

turn'd away his Face from me; and I bless'd this good Sign, and began not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful Part of my

Story.

HE put the Papers in his Pocket, when he had read my Reflections, and Thanks for escapeing from myself; and said, taking me about the Waist, O my dear Girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful Relation, and your sweet Reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable, had it taken Effect. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a Mercy you stood Proof in that satal Moment.

THEN he most kindly folded me in his Arms; Let us, say I too, my Pamela, walk from this accursed Piece of Water; for I shall not with Pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my Fair-one. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my Will, since I could not move you by Love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obey'd me, when the Terrors of your Return, after your Disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly Courage to withstand them; but had like to have made so fatal a Choice, to escape the Treatment you apprehended.

O SIR, said I, I have Reason, I am sure, to bless my dear Parents, and my good Lady, your Mother, for giving me something of a religious Education; for, but for that, and God's Grace, I should, more than upon one Occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate Act: And I the less wonder how poor Creatures, who have not

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the Fear of God before their Eyes, and give way to Despondency, cast themselves into Perdition.

COME, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me, for pushing you into so much Danger and Distress. If my Mind hold, and I can see these former Papers of yours, and that these in my Pocket give me no Cause to alter my Opinion, I will endeavour to defy the World, and the World's Censures, and make my Pamela Amends, if it be in the Power of my whole Life, for all the Hardships I have made her undergo.

ALL this look'd well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turn'd. For this Sham-marriage then came into my Mindagain; and I said, Your poor Servant is far unworthy of this great Honour; for what will it be, but to create Envy to herself, and Discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor Pa-

rents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful Passion then. And is it thus, said he, in my fond conceding Moments, that I am to be despised and answer'd? —— Precise, perverse, unseasonable Pamela! be gone from my Sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful Prospect, as in a distressful State; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the Shadow of my Notice.

I was startled, and going to speak: But he stamp'd with his Foot, and said, Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this stupid romantick

Folly.

ONE Word, said I; but one Word, I beseech

vou. Sir.

He turn'd from me in great Wrath, and took down another Alley, and so I went in with a very heavy Heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a Time when he was so condescending: But if it was a Piece of Art of his Side, as I apprehended, to introduce the Sham-wedding, (and to be sure he is very full of Stratagem and Art) I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my Closet; and wrote thus far, while he walk'd about till Dinner was ready; and he is now set down to it, as I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of Humour; and she asks, what I have done to him? — Now, again, I dread to see him!—

When will my Fears be over?

## Three o'Clock.

WELL, he continues exceeding wroth. He has order'd his travelling Chariot to be got ready with all Speed. What is to come next, I wonder!—

SURE I did not say so much! — But see the Lordliness of a high Condition! — A poor Body must not put in a Word, when they take it into their Heads to be angry! What a fine Time a Person of unequal Condition would have of it, if she were even to marry such an one! — His poor dear Mother spoil'd him at first. Nobody must speak to him, or contradict him, as Ihave

I have heard, when he was a Child; and so he has not been used to be controul'd, and cannot bear the least Thing that crosses his violent Will. This is one of the Blessings attending Men of high Condition! Much good may do them with their Pride of Birth, and Pride of Fortune! say I:—All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is to multiply their Disquiets, and every body's else, that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end! — Mrs. Jewkes has been with me from him, and she says, I must get out of the House this Moment! — Well, said I, but whither am I to be carried next? Why, home, said she, to your Father and Mother. And, can it be? said I: — No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that! — To be sure, some bad Design is on soot again! To be sure, some bad Design is on foot again! To be sure it is! — Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, he has not sound out some other House-keeper worse than you! She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

SHE came up again. Are you ready? faid fhe. Bless me! said I, you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a Quarter of an Hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind Friends in this House to take leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a Fool, I can't help crying. Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, If I may not have my Papers?

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an Answer; and so I will put up these few Writings in my Bosom, that I have left.

I DON'T know what to think ---- nor how to judge; but I shall ne'er believe I am with you, till I am on my Knees before you, begging both your Blessings. Yet I am forry he is so angry with me! I thought I did not say so much.

THERE is, I see, the Chariot drawn out, the Horses too, the grim Colbrand going to get on Horse-back. What will be the End of all this?

The End of Vol. I.